THE LITERARY DIGEST
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TOPICS OF THE DAY

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Acme News picture

International Newsreel photograph

THE MAJOR WHO WON THE PRIZE GIVER THE MINOR WHO WON

In the center is William C. Durant, automobile magnate, who announced last summer that he would give a prize of $25,000 for the best plan for a solution of the Prohibition-enforcement problem. At the reader's left is Maj. Chester P. Mills, former enforcement officer in New York, who received a check for $25,000 on Christmas day for his winning plan. At the right is Malcolm D. Almack, fifteen years old, who won the $5,000 prize in the school contest on the same subject; he receives $1,000 and the rest goes to his high school in Palo Alto, California.

THE BIG THREE OF THE PROHIBITION PRIZE CONTEST

HOW ENFORCE PROHIBITION?

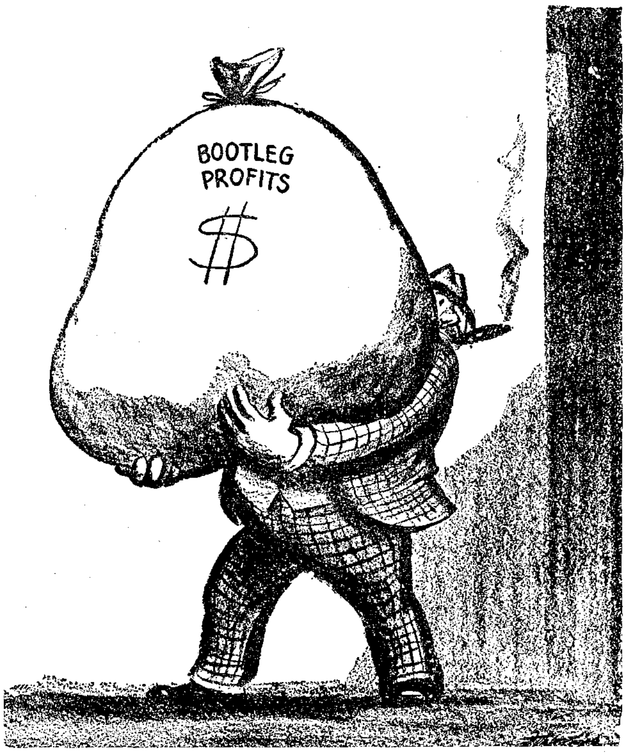
A CHALLENGE TO THE NEW PRESIDENT is contained in the publication of the winning plan in the Durant $25,000 prize contest for a method of enforcing Prohibition, thinks so experienced a political observer as David Lawrence, for he sees Mr. Hoover committed by his campaign pledges to better enforcement of Prohibition and the Durant award is "the first incident in what is going to prove a vital problem for the new Administration." And so we have political Washington, enforcement officials, leading wets, and leading drys all agog over the award to Maj. Chester P. Mills. For the Mills plan—with its chief emphasis on keeping industrial alcohol from the bootleggers—was only one of 23,230 suggestions, varying widely and serving, as the Chicago *Daily News* points out, "only to emphasize the intricacy and difficulty of the Prohibition problem." In less than two months a new President will go into office, the New York *Telegram* reminds us—

> "He has exprest the wish that Prohibition may succeed. What will he bring to bear that the Durant prize offer failed to call forth? Does Hoover see the way out? Or does he merely wish? The answer to those two questions will provide one of the most interesting chapters in American history."

There are plenty of editorial smiles at the idea that any prize like that offered by William C. Durant can solve the Prohibition problem, the Springfield *Union* remarking that "the effort in this case to obtain through a sizable prize offer something that nobody has ever thought of or something transcendently effective appears to have followed the precedents set by similar efforts in the past." And yet, the publication of the Durant award was followed by the offer of a $25,000 prize by William Randolph Hearst for the best plan for repealing the Eighteenth Amendment and substituting some other method of bringing about temperance.

The Durant competition, as has already been noted, brought forth thousands of enforcement suggestions. They came from every State, from every walk of life, from many foreign lands. Half of them were from women, especially notable contributions coming from women describing themselves respectively as "a sorrowing mother," "a drunkard's widow," and "a rum-runner's deserted wife." Among the 64,000 suggestions made by the 23,230 participants, were 6,996 for more effective use of the organization machinery. Only 774 wanted to modify the Eighteenth Amendment, but 5,340 urged a modification of the Volstead Law, including 1,536 favoring government sale of intoxicants, and 400 wanting light wines and beer. According to the information sent out from Mr. Durant's New York office, there were 19,108 recommendations for education and propaganda, and 5,369 contestants advocating a national publicity campaign with use of newspapers, magazines, billboards, and the radio. Many suggestions were made for changing enforcement procedure—more men, better men, informers, spies, heavier penalties. Along with the $25,000 enforcement-plan prize, it will be remembered, Mr. Durant offered a $5,000 prize for the best schoolboy essay on the subject; this was won by a youth in President-elect Hoover's home town, and will be mentioned again later on.

And now we come to the prize-winning plan submitted by Maj. Chester P. Mills, former Prohibition Administrator in New York City. This ex-Army officer declares the Volstead Law to be "well-conceived and well-written," and capable of enforcement as it stands. In general, Major Mills would have a single definite enforcement plan consistently pushed to a conclusion. He would avoid any violation of personal rights. He believes that the importation of alcoholic beverages is well under control, perhaps less than 2 per cent. of the present supply being imported. Here the Coast Guards' policy is considered vindicated. The domestic supply is therefore the essential factor to control. There should be a decentralized administration so as to determine the source of supply in each district and to work out an appropriate plan for suppression; this should include full publicity. On the political angle, Major Mills would have the President announce that patronage and political interference can not be tolerated. To make his plan concrete, Major Mills points out that in the New York City district, with which he is familiar, the bulk of the alcohol comes either from the large distilleries, or from independent denaturing plants which secure it from the distilleries, or from firms holding permits to use denatured alcohol in manufacture. Major Mills thinks that the independent denaturing plant can be done away with, as the large distilleries can furnish the necessary supply for industry directly. The chief source of supply for the bootlegger, we are told, comes by way of crooked manufacturers who hold government permits to use denatured alcohol, but allow the alcohol to slip through to the bootleggers via alleged wholesalers, or "cover houses." So Major Mills calls for and outlines a scheme for closer supervision of the manufacturing activities of these permit-holders which, he believes, "will practically eliminate their opportunities to divert specially denatured alcohol to the bootlegger." It is recalled that by the use of such a policy in New York the cost of alcohol to the bootlegger was raised from $1.10 a gallon in March, 1926, to $5.20 a gallon in June, 1927. As the prize-winner concludes:



THE WINNER OF THE WET PRIZE
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

"It is not unwarranted to state that as the use of this alcohol approaches legitimate consumption, its cost to the bootlegger will rise to such an extent as to make it unprofitable for him to operate, and when this point is reached, the solution of alcohol diversion will also be reached.

"The conditions of the Durant Prize Contest limiting the words to 2,000 forbid further examples. I selected the hardest and most difficult source of diversion to control alcohol, but each of the other sources—wine, whisky, beer, and stills—may be as clearly defined, and the method of control similarly illustrated.

"This plan is predicated on the sound economic theory that when the cost of the product exceeds the capacity of the consumer to pay, the demand ceases.

"Therefore, this is the quickest and most economical way of suppressing the bootlegger and speak-easy."

In dry circles the Mills plan occasions both applause and criticisms. Dr. D. Leigh Colvin, Chairman of the National Committee of the Prohibition party, believes that "Major Mills has hit the nail on the head." President Ella E. Boole of the Women's Christian Temperance Union believes that the Major's plan is "practical and possible." Dr. Ernest C. Cherrington, General Secretary of the World League Against Alcohol, calls the plan "a real contribution." But others associated with the dry cause and dry enforcement are left cold. Many of them think it is "old stuff," that the basic principle has been utilized by the enforcement authorities, and that the present difficulties of enforcement lie in quite a different direction. This, in general, is the opinion of former Congressman Andrew J. Volstead; of Major Maurice Campbell, who now holds Major Mills's old post in New York; and of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman. It seems obvious to Dr. F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, that the Mills plan "does not go far enough; control of industrial alcohol is merely one incident in the whole situation." "It's a case of old stuff for new money," comments Dr. James M. Doran, Federal Prohibition Commissioner, who explains that the Mills solution was obvious about two years ago, but that to-day the biggest source of bootleg liquor "is pure grain alcohol, illicitly distilled from foreign sugar, while moonshine distilled from the straight corn and rye in many cities runs a close second."

With such a difference of opinion on the part of those interested in enforcement, it is only natural to find even wider variation of opinion in the daily press. It seems to the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* that the Major's plan "carries more weight than that of the amateur theorist who may be swayed more by prejudice than by personal contacts with the problem." The Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman* says the plan "has abundant merit and offers some improvement on the present enforcement situation." Here is "something of rather definite value," declares the Palm Beach *Post.* "Major Mills's plan is simple, practical, not unduly expensive, and sounds like good common sense," agrees the Boston *Post,* which continues:

"If the Government could suspend all manufacture of industrial alcohol for a month and lock up all reserve stocks, 75 per cent. of the bootleggers would be put out of business. A year's suspension would dry up almost completely the larger part of the country. Of course this is not practicable. After a time, also, the bootleggers would be distilling their own alcohol, even tho this offers some difficulties.

"But once the Government got a firm grip on the distribution of industrial alcohol, and was really able to control its course from manufacture to use, bootlegging would get a body-blow.

"If Congressmen were in the mood to sanction a real fight against bootlegging, and hit the industry in a vital spot, Major Mills's plan gives them the cue."

"The biggest thing the Federal Government can do is to adopt the Mills plan," declares the Raleigh *News and Observer.* And the Jersey City *Journal* feels convinced that the basic principle of the Mills plan will figure in Mr. Hoover's first attack on the enforcement problem:

"Industries that use alcohol in their business honestly will have nothing to fear, for as a business engineer, as well as a mining and civil engineer, Mr. Hoover may be expected to establish a check

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE ?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What are the two theories of the origin of life? (p. 17).
2. Where has the effort to abolish "purdah" helped to cause an uprising? (p. 13).
3. Why did marriages increase in Nevada and Arizona in 1927? (p. 27).
4. Who is the King of the Xingu, and how is his power threatened by Henry Ford? (p. 50).
5. For what purpose might the farmer cultivate weeds? (p. 18).
6. What King promised his mother to read the Bible every day? (p. 27).
7. What popular game is an outgrowth of "shinny on the ice"? (p. 56).
8. What of Sierra's plays have been performed in America? (p. 21).
9. Where has the weather abolished short skirts? (p. 14).
10. What percentage of Sing Sing's population saw service in the World War? (p. 25).
11. What well-known wit remarked that the mission of the Waldorf was "to purvey exclusiveness to the masses"? (p. 32).
12. What was the death-rate from tuberculosis in the United States in 1928? (p. 19).
13. What is "giving him the butt-end" in hockey? (p. 60).
14. When was the Bradley Martin ball, and why was it criticized? (p. 33).
15. What, besides throwing them into the Grand Canyon, can you do with old razor blades? (p. 18).
16. Why do the guards in Sing Sing not carry guns or other weapons? (p. 25).
17. In what country have schoolgirls worked for months at a time building roads? (p. 38).
18. What American figures inspired Ernest Bloch's symphony "America"? (p. 22).
19. What scandal, like the Panama and Humbert, now convulses France? (p. 15).
20. Why must the King of England change his official religion when he goes north of the River Tweed? (p. 27).
21. On what occasion was a bucket brigade organized in a famous New York hotel to serve royalty with a hot bath? (p. 31).
22. What faith must the King of England assume before he is crowned? (p. 27).
23. How many bartenders served at the Waldorf-Astoria bar in its prime? (p. 33).
24. What famous football coach ridicules the "All-America team"? (p. 62).
25. Is divorce growing or shrinking in America? (p. 26).

system that will assure industries the amount of alcohol really needed in their business and check the diversion of alcohol to bootleggers that is now being perpetrated."

But this "dry plan is all wet," in the words of the Miami *Herald*, and in the opinion of what would seem to be a majority of the daily papers. The Philadelphia *Record* doesn't believe "the Mills scheme is worth a nickel." More seriously the Indianapolis *Star* concludes that the country will not abate its enforcement campaign, but it is not likely to find the task any easier as a result of the Mills plan."

Turning to specific criticisms we find *The Wall Street Journal* attacking Major Mills's conclusion that much could be accomplished by making alcohol more expensive, since the demand ceases when the price rises beyond the consumer to pay. This, we are told, "ignores the economic theory that if the cost of producing a commodity can be reduced, the demand therefor is not only preserved, but proportionately increased":

> "If diverted industrial alcohol is the basis of the bootleg industry, it is because such alcohol has been the cheapest means of obtaining intoxicating liquor. If that source were substantially diminished, the demand would turn to other sources not similarly affected by rising prices. It is the competition of cheap synthetic whisky rather than border guards or coast patrol-boats that keeps imported liquor in a secondary place."

The New York *World* agrees that cutting off the industrial alcohol supply would simply stimulate other sources:

> "The one source of supply with which the Federal Government is powerless to deal is home-brew. There is strong reason to believe that if the Government actually succeeded in abolishing the bootlegger the effect would be to stimulate to unheard-of proportions the art of making liquor in the home."

"Mr. Mills has devised a plan for reducing the sale of liquor in New York, but it is not a plan for America as a whole," declares the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, one of several papers to point out that while denatured alcohol may provide most of the illicit liquor consumed in two or three of our largest cities, in other regions, particularly the West and South, "the moonshine distillery and the domestic wine-press constitute the chief source of supply." To quote another Virginia paper, the Lynchburg *News:*

> "All the illegally diverted alcohol in the country could be bottled up securely, and still nearly everywhere the problem of Prohibition enforcement would remain unsolved. Moonshine distillers and drinkers wouldn't know anything about it except what they read in the newspapers."

And the idea of Major Mills to take enforcement out of politics is just as impractical, in the opinion of the Tampa *Times*, which declares that all its life Prohibition enforcement "has been shot through with politics." But, after all, says the El Paso *Times*, the fault with the Mills plan and all the others, "is that they do not work when a law is unpopular, discriminatory, and obnoxious to at least half the population."

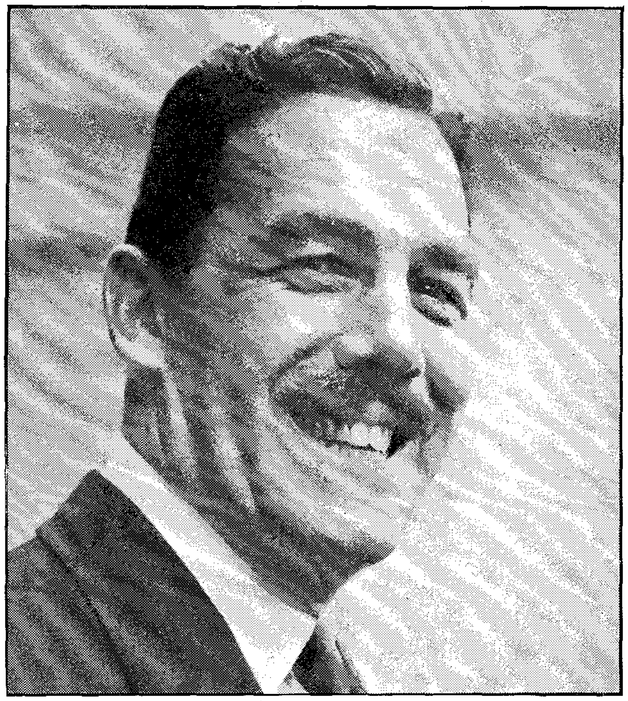
Several papers are led from such statements to the declaration that the plan offered by Major Mills is really inferior to that which won the school-boy prize. This plan, in the words of the Washington *Post*, "puts Major Mills's to shame." The winner of this prize—$5,000 divided between the writer and his school—is Malcolm D. Almack, of Palo Alto, California, who summarizes his own program as follows:

> "1. Teach what the law is.
>
> "2. Convince people that it is a good thing, and persuade them to support it.
>
> "3. Provide a research division to study the effect and administration of the law.
>
> "4. Lead people to cooperate in the enforcement of the law.
>
> "5. Provide an efficient and well-organized body of enforcement officers.
>
> "6. Improve the courts through specializing duties, adding to the number of judges, and electing capable and honest persons.
>
> "7. Adopt supplementary enforcing legislation in all the States."

Finally, a number of papers comment on the lack of enthusiasm over the Mills plan or any of the others made public, and confess to a sense of futility. The weekly *Nation* doubts "if the most perfect plan to enforce Prohibition will change the American practise by so much as a single cocktail as long as public opinion is so sharply divided." Certain wet newspapers like the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Evening Post* are convinced by all these recent developments that, in the words of the Chicago paper, "Prohibition is in defeat and retreat." On the other hand, the Nashville *Tennessean* considers it "fairly well established now that the United States is committed irrevocably to the Prohibition of the liquor traffic." And the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* concludes: "Business and industry eventually will settle the Prohibition question with the help of honest authorities."

GROVER WHALEN'S SENSATIONAL POLICE METHODS

A POLICE SHAKE-UP in a great city is always exciting, and the one now going on in New York, following the appointment of Grover A. Whalen to succeed Joseph A. Warren as Police Commissioner, is no exception. The entire press of the country seems to be interested in Mr. Whalen's handling of his new office, and metropolitan newspapers have carried front-page accounts of his doings every day for upward of two weeks. A large part of this publicity is undoubtedly due to the engaging and forceful personality of Mr. Whalen and to his sensational methods. It is also, however, in part due to political undercurrents. The Utica *Press* speaks of "the strategy of Mayor Walker, aimed to win renomination and reelection next fall"; and Frank G. Holmes, in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, thinks that Mr. Whalen accepted the appointment as a stepping-stone to further political advancement. "The public," he says, "can explain his giving up of his far more remunerative post with the Wanamaker organization for the $10,000-a-year commissionership on no other basis than that he has his eyes on the Mayoralty." In view of a recent statement of George W. Olvany, Tammany leader, that Mayor Walker will not be a candidate for reelection, Mr. Whalen, according to this interpretation, "would become a powerful contender if—and that 'if' is important—he achieves the success for which he hopes in the administration of his present office."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"THERE IS FORCE BENEATH HIS SUAVE EXTERIOR"

Writes Ernest K. Lindley of Grover Aloysius Whalen, New York's new Police Commissioner, of whom he tells us further: "He has a jaw and a neck which look as if they could withstand a battering ram." But "if you were to put him into judicial robes, whiten his hair and lengthen his mustache and turn up its tips, you would have a picture not unlike that of Supreme Court Justice Holmes."

A reorganization initiated at Police Headquarters by Mr. Whalen with characteristic vigor went ahead so speedily as to take the breath of old-timers. Two of the veterans of the force, Chief Inspector Lahey and Deputy Chief Inspector Coughlin, were the first to be sacrificed. Mr. Whalen proceeded to demote Deputy Chief Inspector Valentine, and to abolish Valentine's personal investigation bureau, known as "the gum-shoe squad." He saw no necessity for having a "gum-shoe staff" attached to his office or for having any wire-tapping done inside the department. Then came the abolition of the homicide squad under Inspector Arthur A. Carey. "The records of the homicide squad," said Mr. Whalen, "show that from January 1 to December 20, 1928, there were 228 cases of violent homicides reported to the squad for investigation, and that arrests were made in only two cases. A record of that kind does not deserve any consideration." Against the system represented by the homicide squad Mr. Whalen is substituting one which aims at decentralization and at what he calls a "narrowing" of authority. Another of his innovations consists of six strong-arm squads, recruited from the hardest-hitting men in the department.

On the day he assumed office Mr. Whalen declared war on "speak-easies, gambling resorts, and other disorderly places," and imprest on inspectors his belief that there is "a lot of law in a nightstick." He revived a practise, adopted by Theodore Roosevelt when he was police commissioner, of strolling about the streets incognito to make sure that his men were performing their duties properly, and he personally congratulated a poker player who shot down two gangsters attempting to "stick-up" the players in a game in Brooklyn. The culmination of his efforts was reached, toward the end of December, in two round-ups, during successive week-ends, of hundreds of crime suspects.

One of the reasons given for Mr. Warren's retirement in favor of the new Commissioner was the failure of the former to make any substantial progress in the discovery of the murderer of the notorious gambler, Arnold Rothstein, killed in New York City more than two months ago. It was charged that the Department was out of date and unable to cope with a type of criminal far different from the lawbreaker of twenty years back. According to a writer in the New York *Times:*

"The old type was a petty thief, a burglar, forger or pickpocket, or perhaps just a confidence man, and usually he played a lone hand. Only the most desperate characters carried a gun. To-day the criminal is often a youngster who not only carries a gun but does not hesitate to use it. Murder is no longer a casual affair, it is a trade. The criminal travels in gangs, uses automobiles to make his getaway, and steels his nerves with drugs.

"Crime has become organized. The gangster is a hold-up man, playing for big stakes in the form of pay-rolls; he is a blackmailer who levies tribute on small industries under the guise of protection, he bootlegs liquor, hi-jacks the liquor of rival gangs, and has half a dozen other 'rackets,' each more or less profitable. Moreover, he pays off his own scores in his own way, bringing gunmen from other cities to put out of the way men who have not played the game according to gang ethics.

"The criminal world of other times was proscribed by society and warred against as a common enemy. The criminal world of to-day intermingles with every social order. It boasts of protection, political influence, money, and brains. This is the age of the 'racket,' a new word in the terminology of crime."

Mr. Whalen's system in handling his men, as he explained it to Joseph Lilly, a New York *Evening Telegram* staff writer, bears some resemblance to the organization of a Ford factory. The Ford method of producing thousands of automobiles every day on an endless belt, Mr. Lilly declares, is Commissioner Whalen's ideal of operating the Police Department. He tells us further:

"Ford's method of mass production is, as every one knows, very simple. The main idea is that every man has one definite thing to do, for which he alone is responsible. If he fails, his immediate superior must correct the error, and if the first superior fails, the next above does the correcting, and so on up to the factory superintendent, who, in the Police Department, is Whalen.

"In this conception the bluecoat pounding a beat corresponds to the factory hand who stands alongside the moving belt and attaches his particular bolt. The precinct captain is the room foreman; the deputy inspector is the boss of a group of foremen; the inspector the head factotum of one building.

"There being five boroughs in the city, there are, according to the Fordian notion, five factory buildings. Each of these is run by a deputy chief inspector. The chief inspector, who might be the executive officer at Dearborn, is head of these, and sits at headquarters within call of the Commissioner or, as Ford would say, the general superintendent of mass production.

"This is Whalen's idea as developed by himself, and, as he summarized it, it is at once his philosophy and his method."

After talking with Commissioner Whalen, Mr. Lilly came to the conclusion that there will be no general assault upon speak-easies during his tenure of office. He quotes the Commissioner as saying:

"Every patrolman must know the conditions on his beat. Every day they report where they find speak-easies. These lists are turned over to the Federal authorities, and when they wish to act we will cooperate with them in making arrests. As you know, there are strict means of obtaining evidence, and we cooperate with them, just as the police have in the past.

"I am interested in closing those which breed crime. But there are several times as many speak-easies in the city as there are patrolmen, and the situation, therefore, seems obvious. There hardly could be a general onslaught on speak-easies."

Nevertheless, we learn from the New York *Evening Telegram*, he has ordered his men to deal directly and vigorously with all speak-easies selling liquor containing wood alcohol and other poisons. Says the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"A daily average of 500 letters commending police activity against crime-breeding speak-easies and filing complaints against such resorts have been received at Headquarters since the police drive against such places was begun after Grover A. Whalen became Commissioner.

"Most of these letters were written by the mothers, wives, and daughters of men they said had been ruined by poisonous liquor since the Prohibition law became effective. They told of poverty-stricken homes and families in need of food because the bread-winner was spending his weekly wage in the speak-easy.

"Commissioner Whalen after reading many of these letters turned them over to Chief Inspector John O'Brien with the admonition:

"'Get after every one of these places. I want to make this city a decent place in which to live.'"

The new Police Commissioner has had a good press throughout the country, and is greeted, in the main, by sympathetic comment. It is said that Magistrate David Hirshfield, of Brooklyn, has referred to him as "a snobbish, self-centered, would-be society Police Commissioner in high hat, long-tail coat, striped trousers, and light spats," and that a staff writer on the Brooklyn *Citizen* attacks his spectacular performances. "The judicious grieve," this writer remarks, "whenever the groundlings applaud." But, on the other hand, *The Ohio State Journal* (Columbus) hopes that Mr. Whalen may become "the outstanding police commissioner of the nation," and the Boston *Globe* comments:

"Here is an innovation in policing a city that the world will watch with interest.

"In moments of desperation other cities have drafted soldiers for the job of protecting the public. Philadelphia borrowed General Butler from the Marines, and no less a personage than Lord Byng of Vimy now stands guard over London.

"New York, however, has ideas of its own. As chairman of the Mayor's committee on receptions to distinguished guests, Mr. Whalen has evolved a technique which, while more refined than the soldier's, may be no less effective.

"Prior to entering the services of the city, he was a highly paid department-store manager, successful on a job that had driven several predecessors to despair.

"A greeter he has always been, and a greeter he will remain. It is apparently the Mayor's idea that Mr. Whalen's new duties will dovetail very nicely with his old ones.

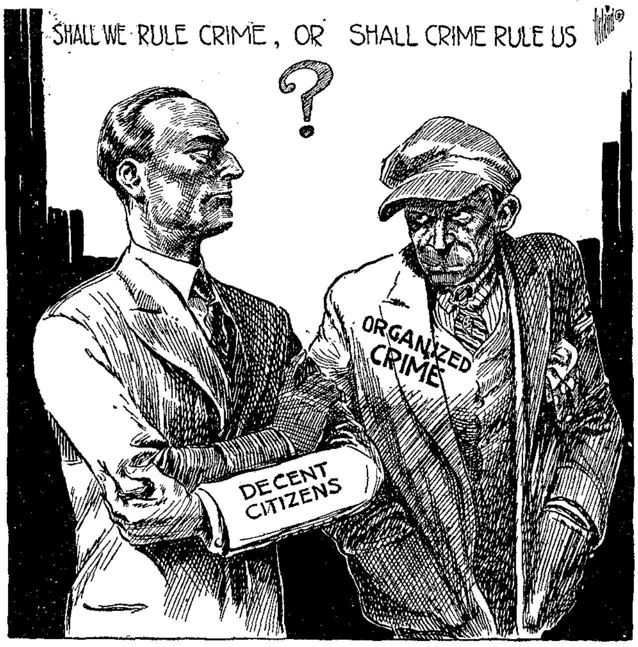
"An expert in handling crowds, he will now in his dual capacity have complete charge when the city's normal congestion is rendered acute by the arrival of celebrities.

"And what, indeed, is the major function of the head policeman in a large city, if not to receive distinguished guests and make them feel at home?

"Any criminal in New York hereafter who is contemplating surrender to the police may do so with the assurance that he will be tendered as formal and fitting a reception as his exploits warrant."

The fears exprest in Police Headquarters, on the day of Mr. Whalen's appointment, to the effect that a man so debonair and elegant would be unable to wrestle with the underworld, are heard no longer. "In less than two weeks," says Ernest K. Lindley, in the New York *World*, "he has imprest upon the hardest boiled cop that there is force beneath his suave, immaculate exterior." Mr. Lindley goes on to give the following description of the new Commissioner's personal traits:

"He is a well-carved man. If his black hair was a trifle mussed, if his small, close-trimmed mustache was drawn to less fine points, if he wore a flannel shirt, he would be an excellent candidate for the 'strong-arm squad' he is reviving to intimidate gangsters.


SHALL WE RULE CRIME, OR SHALL CRIME RULE US
?
ORGANIZED CRIME
DECENT CITIZENS

FACE TO FACE WITH OUR MOST VITAL QUESTION

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

"For he has the ideal full-back's build, he used to be a good boxer, and he has a jaw and a neck which look as if they could withstand a battering ram.

"On the other hand, if you were to put him in judicial robes, whiten his hair and lengthen his mustache and turn its tips, you would have a picture not unlike that of Supreme Court Justice Holmes.

"Such is the reputation that goes with meticulous dress that few people know how much of a Spartan Mr. Whalen is. When he had the cuspidor, from time immemorial considered an indispensable furnishing to the Police Commissioner's office, unceremoniously removed, there was a suspicion that it offended him esthetically. Probably it did. And when the ash-trays followed the cuspidor, it was surmised that Mr. Whalen was merely making a pretty gesture out of sympathy for his uniformed men, who are not supposed to smoke while on duty.

"However, he does not smoke. Neither does he drink, tho so elegantly does he lift a cocktail glass to his lips to celebrate a toast and so unobtrusively does he later dispose of the glass and its contents that many of his hosts have not become aware of his abstention.

"He keeps fit by walking, riding in Central Park, and playing handball. He had a handball court built on the roof of Wanamaker's. He thinks bicycling excellent exercise, and has indulged in it during winter vacations in the South.

"He eats at home whenever possible. When he goes to a public dinner—as he does with frequency—he eats at home before he goes.

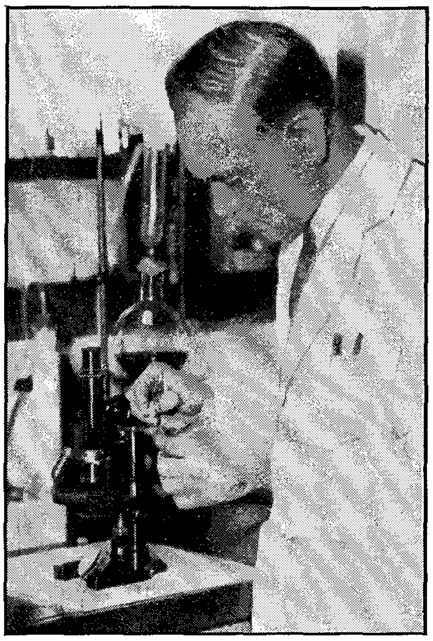
"He is neither a wit nor a wise-cracker. He can tell humorous stories, but his collection of them is not noted for brilliancy.

"He seems always to show the proper reaction to what is said and to do the fitting thing. He makes people feel at ease without descending from his dignity.

"Most unusual, perhaps, is his ability to work in his immaculate attire. He is a very industrious man, especially when organization is to be done. And he likes organization as complete and harmonious in slightest detail as his clothes."

GLIMPSES OF THE MARCH OF SCIENCE

"OLD AGE A DISEASE, Life Span Unlimited"; "All Man's Bones Testify to Evolution"; "Humans Children of the Sun"; "Thinks Growth of Humans May Be Controlled"; "Race Needs No Supermen"; "Rock Bubbles Rose as Continents"; "Chemists Picture the World Made Over"; "World Lore Revised by 5,000 Scientists"; "Savants Organize Sixty-two-Ring Circus for Speeding of Scientific Facts." In such head-lines the press plays up popularized reports of some of the estimated 2,000 papers or addresses given during the holiday-week sessions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and kindred societies in New York. The attitude of many editors is exprest by the Washington *Post* in saying:



Acme News picture

SCIENTIFIC FATHER OF "PITUITARY TWINS"

Dr. Oliver Kamm, isolator of two hormones of the pituitary gland, to whom the American Association for the Advancement of Science awards its $1,000 prize for the most noteworthy contribution during the year.

"Only a fraction of the theories expounded at the present conclave will stand the test of time, but each of these will undoubtedly result in further research. There are few finalities in science. Scientific opinion is relentlessly torn down and set aside each time a new discovery is made, but this process of advancing from the known to the unknown has resulted in a greater extension of knowledge than has ever been known before."

Probably the keenest popular interest is excited by discoveries for disease prevention and cure, suggests the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

"Professor Abel and Dr. Jensen of Johns Hopkins report, for example, that they have isolated the hormone which makes insulin operative and will save diabetes patients if injected into their blood. The hormone secretions of the ductless glands are held to control life functions. Only three of them have been isolated—adrenalin, thyroxin, and pituitin. Synthesis, enabling the artificial production of these secretions, may come later."

The Association awarded its annual prize of $1,000 to Dr. Oliver Kamm, head of chemical research of Parke Davis and Company, for his work in isolating from a ductless endocrine gland two hormones popularly called "the pituitary twins." The discovery promises to reduce suffering in childbirth and cut down the loss of life in surgical cases and among victims of severe burns by raising blood-pressure and controlling water deposits in tissues of the body. Only a few grams of the highly purified alpha and beta hormones are yet available, since the cost ranges from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000 a pound, but "here, clearly enough," continues *The Eagle*, "science is merely on the threshold of discovery. It is estimated that a cheap supply of the 'pituitary twins' would eliminate the greater part of humanity's defectives, bringing them back to normality, with immense saving to organized society and very large additions to the man-power of civilization."

Dr. Fisk of the Life Extension Institute, in his paper, claimed that science can lengthen life, denied that man's life cycle is fixt, and insisted that old age is a disease, and death is always due to pathology. He says that the human life cycle within the last hundred years has been extended about thirty-seven years, and adds:

"While personal hygiene and periodic health examinations can extend human life ten or fifteen years, any greater extension, say beyond a hundred years, must be attained by some specific means, especially by control of the endocrine glands; nothing can hold back human effort in that direction."

Concerning the always fascinating but elusive question of the age of the earth, before and after man appeared on it, the New York *World* notes that—

"Dr. Berkey of Columbia reported the discovery of tools used by human beings in the Gobi region of Asia, indicating an age of 40,000 to 200,000 years. Fossil remains go back to an 'abrupt break' about a million years ago. Professor Lane of Tufts, reasoning from the proportion of salt in the sea and from geological evidence, said that those physicists who estimate the age of the world at 900,000,000 years are nearer the truth than those who set its age at 500,000,000 years. According to these estimates, taken together, a dead and waiting world, a world without animal life, existed a thousand years for every single year since the development upon it of the lowest forms of animal life."

The first human being, known as the Piltdown man, lived in a universally mild climate, before the first glacial age, about 1,250,000 years ago, according to Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History. Man survived three succeeding glacial periods, and the fourth, about 100,000 years ago, according to Dr. Hobbs of the University of Wisconsin, drove man to caves for thought and invention. Professor Daly of Harvard considers the last glacial period about half over.

By means of the seismograph, which records the tremors of earthquakes, Dr. Willis of Leland Stanford said that geologists know that there are two parts of the earth:

"An envelop 2,000 miles thick, which consists of elastic rock, and a core that is 2,000 miles in radius and apparently inelastic. The core is of very heavy material, probably largely iron.

"The inelastic condition of the core is characteristic of melted substances. The core is exceedingly hot, and it may be melted, but even so it must be an excessively sluggish, viscous body because of the pressure of the envelop, which rests upon the core with all its weight, something over twenty million pounds a square inch."

Bodies of molten rock scores of miles below the earth's crust, spreading in a flattened bubble or blister form called asthenolith, perhaps several hundred miles across and ten to twenty miles thick, eventually erupt, and form continents, according to Dr. Willis. This retiring President of the Geological Society also declares that science, in line with the Pharaohs's mystical belief that they were offspring of the rising sun, proves that we all have that majestic lineage:

"It is no longer a distinction. We share it with all races of men, with the beasts of the field, with the serpents that crawl, the fishes that swim, and the microbes that multiply—even the rocks are our kin. From them to you and me runs the heritage of substance and energy, all of which come from the sun by virtue of which we are children of the sun."

Contrary to the theory that cosmic space is illimitable, scientists now project the conception of a "closed universe" of definite limits within which light may travel back ultimately to the point whence it started. This idea grew out of an observation by Dr. Walter Adams, director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, where the present largest 100-inch telescope recently picked up a most distant spiral nebulæ moving away at an apparent tho possibly fictitious speed of 2,500 miles a second—nearly double the velocity of any cosmic object observed before. This discovery is said to corroborate the Einstein theory of relativity.

"BLOODLESS REVOLUTION" IN ROUMANIA

WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT, the peasantry of Roumania, the largest and, in natural resources, the richest of the stormy Balkan States as they emerged from the World War, obtained complete control of the Government last month through what has been called the first free election ever held there. Not merely the sweep of the victory, which gives both Houses of Parliament a national Peasant party membership of approximately 90 per cent., but the overturn of entrenched oligarchy by peaceful democratic methods, the press finds extremely significant and dramatic. It was a king of Roumania "who, in the early days of the war, emitted the famous utterance: 'We kings must stand together,'" says the Newark *Evening News*, which adds: "With the peasants in control of the Government it is a different Roumania now." "The Green International, that mighty upswinging of South European farmers," observes the Boston *Globe*, "is again making head, and with policies and ideals in interesting contrast with those of the Red International in Russia." Calling this "the most remarkable revolution Europe has ever witnessed," the Philadelphia *Record* remarks that "there will not be any sidestepping or filibustering or waiting for a special session in the matter of Roumania's farm-relief problem." The rise of the new leader, Premier Juliu Maniu, is meat for editors, for it was to "Doctor"-lawyer Maniu that the Regency for little King Michael and Dowager Queen Marie turned when all efforts to secure foreign financing of Greater Roumania fell down, and it was Maniu, dissolving Parliament, who ordered the people's election that climaxed the revolution. Maniu declared that Lincoln's "government of the people, for the people, and by the people" was his model. Naturally, the prevailing note in our press comment is full of congratulations and hopes for a successful new régime. "There is a fresh wind blowing in Roumania," says the Brooklyn *Eagle*. "It is a democratic breeze from the country's fields and farms which brings health and vigor. The world will look upon Roumania with quite a different eye if this wind continues to blow." Similarly the Boston *Globe* says of the "peasant triumph":

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE ROUMANIAN "EMANCIPATOR"

Premier Juliu Maniu, leader of the victorious Peasants' Party, who says Lincoln's "government of the people, for the people, and by the people" is his model, and also declares that he wants "to introduce American efficiency and scientific management" into Roumania.

> "The new Premier, Juliu Maniu, and his party are placed in a position of overwhelming advantage over their opponents, the Bratianu clique in Bucharest, which has run the nation with a mailed fist ever since the present royal dynasty was created in the nineteenth century. The very laws forced through the Parliament by former Premier Bratianu for the purpose of preventing the masses in Roumania from ever having a fair chance to control the Government, have been turned against the reactionary gang that devised them.
>
> "Roumania will bear watching from now on. This is the first election in which the rank and file of her people have ever been able to vote without coercion. They have risen to the occasion splendidly. The progressive democracy represented by their party's leader and his political and economic program, the fact that the Peasants have drawn to their side two of the largest racial minority groups in the nation, the fact that the Premier himself, tho leading the Peasants, is not a peasant, and tho head of the Government is yet a native of Transylvania (one of the post-war territorial additions to Roumania), means that new blood, new vision, new life and ideas are at last liberated in one of the Balkan States which till now has been most feudal and reactionary."

Much favorable press comment is tempered with suggestions that the situation will test every quality of statesmanship on the part of Premier Maniu and his following. As the Minneapolis *Journal* puts it:

> "Roumania has a new government, and the new government has a job on its hands. Not that Juliu Maniu and his associates, leaders of the National Peasant party, have anything more than they bargained for, when they set out to oust the old government. It is true they have discovered a fifty-five-million-dollar deficit, but it is doubtful if that surprized them, as they had always had a low opinion of the Bratianu crowd that had been running things. But the fact remains that there are enormous problems ahead of this novice government.
>
> "The National Peasant party has come up since the World War, along with creation of great numbers of peasant proprietors of land and submergence of the old feudal families. That submergence was accompanied by disappearance of the old Conservative party and the shift of the Liberal party to the old Conservative position. The new party appears to have come fully into power. It now must demonstrate its ability to continue there. Its aims are stated by its leader, Maniu:
>
> "'Our foremost objects are honesty in government, free elections, abolition of graft, untrammeled opportunity for domestic and foreign capital, and equality for every citizen. We shall remove the Government from the harmful influences of the big banks, corporations, and oil companies, and place it in the hands of the common people.'"

It is important to remember, notes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, that the Peasants' party, "the nucleus of which was the National party of Transylvania, is by no means a strictly agrarian organization":

> "The professional classes are strongly represented in it; so are the landed proprietors and the business men. Thus it is not infected with radicalism to any appreciable extent. On the contrary, it stands for that honest and efficient administration of public affairs in which the Bratianus too often fell short. Perhaps the degree of corruption has been exaggerated; but there was undoubtedly a good deal of bureaucratic tyranny."

Press dispatches report that among evidences of corruption and graft under the old régime, the new government has discovered that a $4,000,000 State railroad has disappeared, tracks, rolling stock, and signals! Many papers refer to the fact that the dictatorship of the Bratianu family was maintained through the Army and control of the national banking organization. The Maniu government immediately abolished martial law except in a zone six miles wide along the Russian border, and censorship is lifted. The peasant government, according to press reports, obtained 355 of 376 seats in the Lower House and 110 of 113 contested seats in the Senate. It is noteworthy that a Zionist is elected to the Senate, and Jewish writers hail with joy the opportunity opened by Maniu whereby for the first time in the history of the Roumanian Kingdom Jews are able to vote for representation in the national Parliament.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

*(**An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"**)*

A Hollywood wedding is, as a rule, a re-take.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

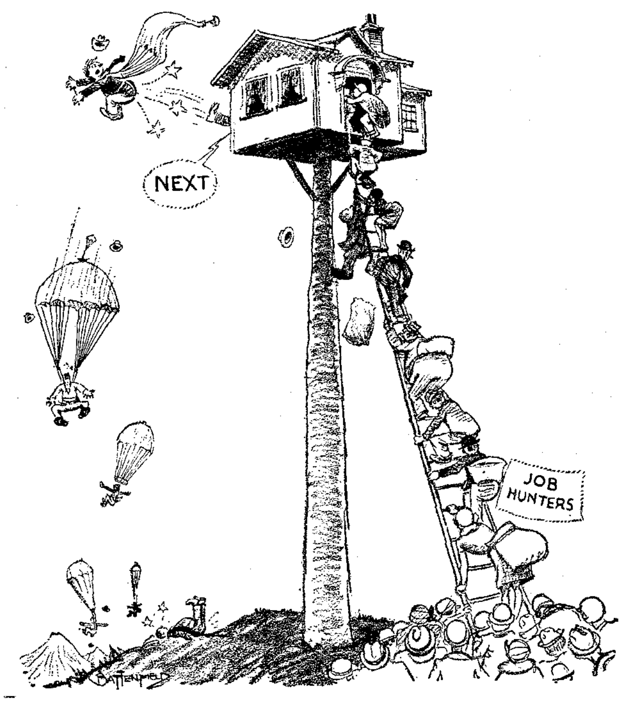
The new Radio-Victor combination ought to be able to out-talk any rival.—*Macon Herald.*

Wright is becoming famous as the man who made Lindy possible.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

New York will be pleased to note that its new police head favors shake-ups instead of shake-downs.—*Indianapolis News.*

Well, the more ships John Bull and Uncle Sam build in competition, the more they'll have to help one another in time of trouble.—*Erie Times.*

The farmers who need immediate relief are those who drive forty miles to hear a speech about their woes and are unable to find parking space.—*Publishers Syndicate.*



A SUGGESTION FOR THAT EXTRA WHITE HOUSE

—Battenfield in the Chicago *Journal.*

Mr. Brisbane thinks planes will make battle-ships obsolete. But how can a President fish from a plane?—*Harrisburg (Pa.) News.*

The American who has not seen an automobile is now hard to find. But not the man who has not seen one in time. —*Boston Herald.*

Scientists say plants make love like human beings, but somehow we can't imagine the poison ivy talking baby talk. —*Macon Telegraph.*

As we see it, the Chaco scenery will look all the better for not being cluttered up with monuments to dead Paraguayans and Bolivians.—*Dallas News.*

Scientists are working to create a telephone pole that will withstand the impact of a car going forty-five miles an hour. It would be much better to have poles that could jump out of the way.—*Toledo Blade.*

"Putting Planes Within Reach of the Man in the Street," says The Digest. Well, the automobile shouldn't have a monopoly of the hit-and-run sport.—*Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.*

Feeding the office seekers in time of peace will tax Mr. Hoover more than Belgium or Poland did in time of war.—*Springfield Republican.*

Again comes assurance that the wets are to be smitten hip and thigh; the former, at least, is a singularly vulnerable point. —*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

In preventing war between Bolivia and Paraguay, the League of Nations spent $28,000 in cablegrams and telegrams—but it was dirt cheap at that.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

A scientist tells us that through chemical treatment trees will soon be available for human food. He may have the stakes and we'll stick to the steaks.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

It is rather hard to understand how so few folks seem to be really worrying over the prophecy of a Columbia professor that a bad time is coming for the best minds.—*Manchester Union.*

The prize-winning prohibition-enforcement plan has been characterized "old stuff," which is more than is being said for the product it is designed to eliminate.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

The teeth in the Volstead Law seem to need plenty of gold filling.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

You can get along at Christmas without holly, but you must have the berries.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Spooks! The proposed change in the calendar would give us thirteen Fridays the 13th.—*Toledo Blade.*

It looks now as tho the New York police force and the underworld of that city are in for a Whalen.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Evangeline Booth says there are no flop houses where women drop in just to sleep. She should visit the great American home.—*Washington Post.*

When you see a gentleman rolling a peanut along the highway with his nose, that is punishment for not reading The Literary Digest.—*Los Angeles Times.*

We suppose that when Mussolini talks to himself the Fascist press head-lines read: "Premier in Conference."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

One of the eight cruisers authorized by Congress, and now under construction, has been named *Chicago*. And still we talk of peace.—*Judge.*

When the meek inherit the earth it is going to be worth walking across town to see the unmeek take it away from them.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Illinois is said to be making rapid progress as a fruit-growing State. We hope the figures aren't based on pineapple production.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A Kansas prophet says that the world will come to an end in October, 1932. He's all wrong. That is the time when The Literary Digest will tell us who is to be elected in November.—*Peoria Star.*

The coming national census will cost $19,000,000. Much of this expense might be avoided, and the population greatly increased, by turning the estimates over to municipal chambers of commerce.—*San Diego Union.*

"Women's feet are two sizes larger than in 1890." Her feats, however, have increased in even greater proportion.—*Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.*

When you hear a man say that poverty is a great thing for the character, the chances are that you're listening to a millionaire.—*San Diego Union.*

Bolivia and Paraguay have agreed to mediation. It begins to look as if we would never have any more wars except among the highly civilized countries.—*The New Yorker.*

The extent of radicalism in this country is pretty well measured by the discovery that William Z. Foster got 48,000 out of 36,000,000 votes in the last election.—*San Diego Union.*

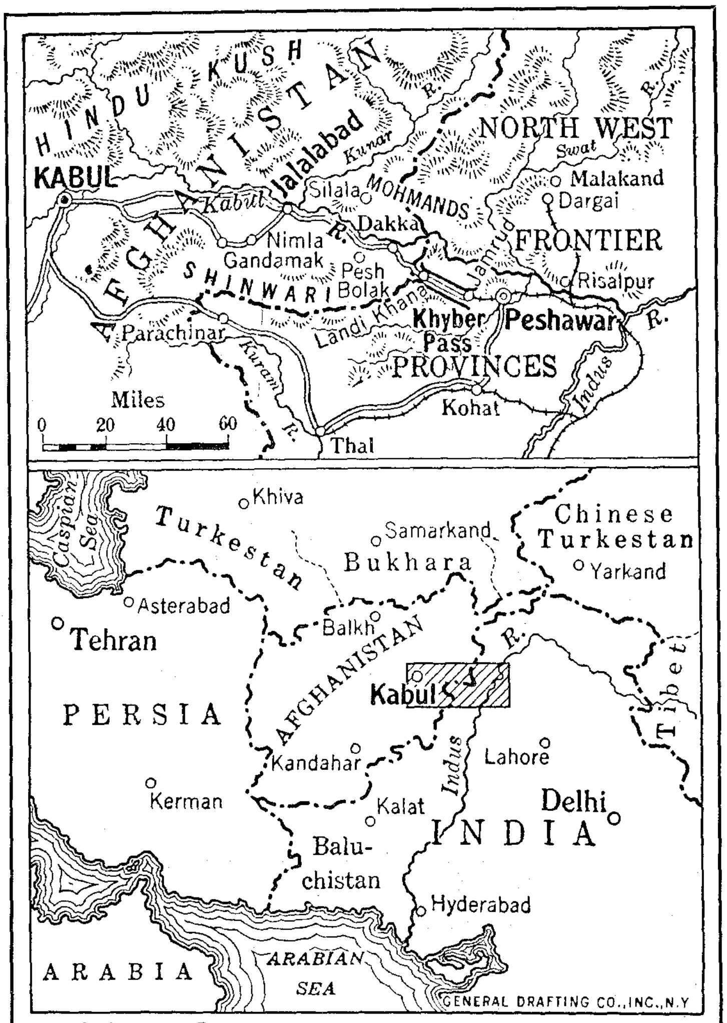
Mussolini, if what he says is true, has just completed the greatest of his many Herculean jobs. He says: "I have annihilated in myself every egotism."—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

"Americans want both Prohibition and liquor," says a writer in *Mercury*. They also wanted both Hoover and Smith—but not the same Americans.—*Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

REVOLT'S CONFLAGRATION IN AFGHANISTAN

THE DETERMINATION OF AMANULLAH, Afghanistan's king, to westernize his country in clothes, customs, and literacy resulted, as was shown in THE LITERARY DIGEST for December 5, last, in an uprising of certain tribes against what they considered an invasion of their rights, religious as well as tribal. At first it was reported that the King, fully supported in his reform movement by Queen Souriya, would be able to squelch the rebellion of the tribesmen in short order, but according to messages received at New Delhi, India, from the Afghan frontier, a very sharp anticlimax happened when the King and Queen had to take refuge in a fort because the Afghan Army revolted against them at Kabul, the Afghan capital, which the rebels attacked, with the result that serious fighting took place in the city. According to a New Delhi dispatch to the London *Evening Standard*, the situation in Afghanistan changed rapidly for the worse, and fighting between the government and rebel forces was reported both from Kabul and Jalalabad.



Drawn for THE LITERARY DIGEST

"THE LAND OF ROCKS AND STONES AND SANGUINARY FEUDS"

The shaded section in the lower map shows the area covered by the upper map.

An indication of the gravity of conditions in Kabul is revealed by requests made to the British Foreign Office by the representatives of the Powers concerned to send British airplanes to Kabul to transport to Peshawar twenty-eight French and German women and children, and the wives of some members of the Turkish Military Mission in Afghanistan. Lahore press dispatches relate that bad weather interfered with the work of the Royal Air Force planes in rescuing foreigners from Kabul, where many such were said to be left when the supply of provisions was running low. The heavy snow in Kabul added to the difficulty of rescue work, it seems, but, nevertheless, planes were rushed to Lahore from the Mesopotamian and Persian Gulf stations to help get every foreigner out of the beleaguered city without delay. Meanwhile, press reports from Constantinople inform us that:

> "Afghan officers of high rank studying with the Turkish Army were recalled to Kabul by the Ameer to take part in the military operations against the rebellious tribes. These officers while here have worn Turkish uniforms and been attached to Turkish regiments.
>
> "Great solicitude is shown here for Amanullah's reform difficulties. Kiazim Pasha, head of the Turkish Military Commission appointed to reorganize the Afghan Army, is en route to Kabul. The Afghan officers trained here in a liberalized atmosphere are expected to provide the nucleus of an army staff for enforcing the Ameer's reforms."

According to a statement issued at the end of December by the Afghan Legation at London, the expectation was that the rebels against King Amanullah's authority would shortly have to sue for peace, and we read in this communication to the press that:

> "The general situation in Afghanistan is greatly improved, and the Government expects normal conditions will be restored throughout the country in the next few days. The rebels in the northern province of Afghanistan are, according to our latest advices, in full flight before the concentrated attack and advance of the government forces, aided by artillery and airplanes, which have caused much havoc. It is expected that the rebels will shortly ask for peace, as they have been completely defeated.
>
> "The general situation in Kabul is normal, and peaceful activities have been restored. The Afghan Government hopes that in a very short time general order will be obtained in the eastern province. The prestige of the Government is still great with the immense majority of the people, who, during the last few weeks, have been flocking to the assistance of the King in thousands."

Queen Souriya especially incurred the enmity of the rebellious tribesmen, it appears, because of her desire to abolish purdah, or the seclusion of women. We learn also that after the King's return from his European tour, when he announced that he purposed to introduce sweeping social reforms like those in Turkey, his people, and especially the Mullahs, murmured. According to a London dispatch to the New York *Times:*

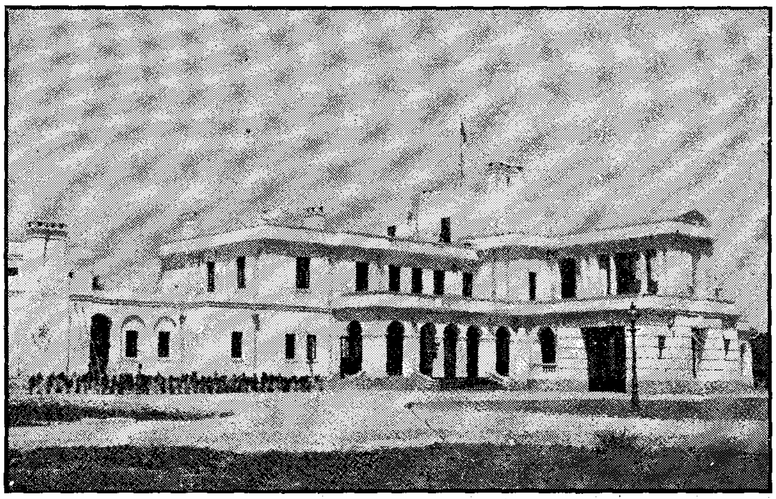
> "Apart from the special irritation of the hill tribes and their religious leaders at the imposition of the new codes and taxes, a proposal that the women should emerge from their seclusion and doff the veil, and a project for the coeducation of boys and girls gave particular offense to multitudes of old-fashioned Moslems.
>
> "Despite advice from British friends the King decided to force the pace. In September government officials were forbidden to practise polygamy. In October came an order imposing European dress on the people of Kabul. As there were few tailors in the capital who could cut European coats and trousers, and as suitable cloth had to be imported from India at great expense, the decree was unpopular for economic reasons.
>
> "Also European clothes meant European habits. It is not

easy to sit cross-legged on the ground in trousers, and hence came a demand for chairs. Wearers of Western sleeves could no longer plunge their right hands and wrists into a dish, but must buy knives and forks.

"So while fear of Western education and social customs was the match that fired the train of revolt among the Shinwaris, led by their mullahs, sartorial reform *à la Turque* annoyed the Kabulis."

If King Amanullah ever had any idea that the path of reform which he had planned for Afghanistan was to be a tranquil one, he has quickly been disillusioned, according to the Manchester *Guardian*, which adds:

> "The young men of Kabul may be content to be Europeanized and to wear top-hats, collars, and ties, but the young men of the frontier are not, and they have speedily shown their view of the royal reforms by organizing a full-dress rebellion against the central power. In their mountains, which form an almost impregnable refuge, they still remain as stubbornly uncivilized and as formidable as were their ancestors who gave such trouble to Alexander the Great. To their hereditary fighting qualities they have added Moslem fanaticism, and it is as devotees of the true faith and the old ways that they oppose their King. To subdue them even with the modern armaments which Amanullah has at his disposal will not be easy, and it may be that for some time Afghanistan will be the scene of long and savage civil war. But the frontiersmen fight a losing battle."



THE BRITISH LEGATION AT KABUL

Whose occupants were in terrifying danger during the three days of the first rebel attack on Kabul. Buildings were hit by bullets repeatedly, and the Military Attaché's house was accidentally wrecked by a field-gun shell of an Afghan battery. Even after repulse, the rebel snipers made impossible the use of the main road from the Legation, and women and children imperiled were removed by airplane to Peshawar.

Afghanistan has been called "the land of rocks and stones and sanguinary feuds," we are reminded in an article about this country in the "World Almanac," and we read further:

> "Its people are nearly all Mohammedans. The Afghans have been the dominant race for 200 years, the Tajiks, aborigines, being cultivators and traders. Along the frontier are warlike and independent tribes of Pathans and others, with a fixt habit of raiding across the border and receiving punishment. Disturbances have been frequent. The languages spoken are Pushtu and Persian.
>
> "There are many fertile plains and valleys in the mountains, and good irrigation makes available all profitable soil. There are two harvests a year, one of wheat, barley or lentils, and the other of rice, millet, maize, and dal. Fruits of the temperate zone are plentiful. Sheep and transport animals are raised. The fat-tailed sheep is native to the country. Its tail is of immense weight and size, formed of masses of fat, a store of nourishment drawn on by the animal in winter. These sheep furnish the Afghans their chief meat diet, and the fat of the tail is a substitute for butter."

On the special point of headgear reform, an Indian newspaper, the Lahore *Tribune*, remarks that the King of Afghanistan must be grossly ignorant of the tenets of Sikhism if he believed that his Sikh subjects could discard their turbans and wear hats, and it continues:

> "No *amritdhari* Sikh can, consistently with his religion, wear a hat; and the strong and wide-spread resentment which the recent order of the Afghan King has produced can not be allayed unless the Sikhs are permitted to follow their old custom, which is a part and parcel of their religious observances. The enthusiasm of King Amanullah for political and social reform is worthy of all praise; but we feel constrained to say that he will be alienating the sympathies of all reasonable men if he carries his desire for reform to such undue lengths as to wound the religious susceptibilities of his subjects. There may be matters in regard to which it may be permissible to break down religious prejudices in the interests of national regeneration; but the wearing of a turban by a Sikh does no injury to any one."

When King Amanullah set out upon his Western pilgrimage, says the London *Morning Post*, and Queen Souriya unveiled on board ship the "muttering of orthodox Islam could be heard beneath the chorus of Occidental applause."

SHORT SKIRTS TOO SCANT IN JAPAN'S WINTER

THOUSANDS OF JAPANESE WOMEN who wear foreign clothes during the warm season are forced to return to kimonos, we are told, now it is winter in Japan. This seasonal change from Western to Oriental dress in Japan, it seems, is bound to continue until the Japanese mode of living is radically modified. Present winter living conditions are far too severe for a woman who dresses in foreign style, according to the head of the women's foreign clothing department in a Tokyo store. This statement appears in *The Trans-Pacific* of that city, which tells us that the Japanese who made it has been carefully studying the tendencies of demand and supply in women's foreign clothes, and that his opinion is supported by many social workers interested in the subject. As quoted by this American-owned Tokyo weekly, this Japanese dress authority goes on to say:

> "Foreign clothing for Japanese women is no longer a matter of luxury or craze for Western fashions, but has become for them one of the essentials of strenuous modern life. Foreign clothing is light and made to allow great freedom of action. A woman who has adopted foreign clothes finds it very hard to return to kimonos, for the simple reason that the latter do not permit the kind of activity that the modern civilization demands.
>
> "Children know what is best for them to wear. They have legs and think they are entitled to any activity their physical strength is capable of. My little daughter cries when I propose to take her out in her Japanese holiday kimono, and insists on remaining at home to play in a one-piece foreign dress. Practically all Japanese school children wear foreign clothes.
>
> "Japanese women who wear foreign clothes, however, are still limited in number. They are usually school teachers, women active in social affairs, workers at beauty parlors, dancers, actresses, or wealthy women who can afford the double standard of living. Of late some geisha are taking to foreign clothes, but they still hesitate to wear them at entertainments. Practically all young women want to dress in foreign style, but many refrain from it for fear of criticism.
>
> "The demand for foreign clothes is increasing yearly by leaps and bounds. That for all-round every-day purposes sells best. My investigation revealed that the amount of foreign clothes sold has doubled every year for the last five years.
>
> "One drawback about foreign dresses is that they are cold about the legs in winter. The Japanese mode of living in winter-time makes this a real hardship. In visiting a friend, a woman in foreign dress is obliged to take off her shoes, and then sit in a room heated only by a small hibachi with a charcoal fire."

A SWINDLE THAT STAGGERS FRANCE

FROM HUNDREDS OF SMALL TOWNS and villages in all parts of France are rising the despairing cries of thousands of small investors, who had been induced to part with their hard-earned savings on the extravagant promises of the agents of what is described as the greatest money swindle of modern times. The brains behind this scheme, we are told, are chiefly Mme. Marthe Hanau and her divorced husband, Lazare Bloch, who are now under arrest charged with embezzling at least $5,000,000. According to some Paris correspondents of the British press, Madame Hanau is a dominating personality, fond of gaiety and night life, but with an amazing faculty for serious business when it is to be done. The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* reports that her men victims say she is thirty-five years of age and good-looking, but her women victims, who are in a great majority, declare that she is at least forty-five and ugly. Actually, it seems, she is forty-two, and this informant continues:

> "Just as in the Panama and Humbert scandals, which shook the political foundations of France, prominent deputies and Senators are reported to have been concerned in Madame Hanau's financial operations. On the board of the *Gazette du Franc et des Nations*, the financial newspaper connected with the five companies she controlled, were prominent Radical leaders, including Pierre Audibert, formerly principal political secretary to Senator de Monzie, ex-Minister of Finance, and René Gast, who is a relative of General Boulanger.
>
> "Certain Radical newspapers farmed out their financial page to Madame Hanau. She is said to have been paid more than $150,000 a year for this.
>
> "Madame Hanau and her ex-husband started almost as pedlers. When they married in 1908 they were living in reduced circumstances. It was not until 1920 that, tho then divorced, they began their financial operations.
>
> "In her financial newspaper she recommended to an ever-growing public the various financial enterprises over which she exercised supreme control. The speculations, it was prophesied, might bring in dividends of as much as 40 per cent. to the holders of shares.
>
> "Clients deposited gilt-edged securities with her, and it is stated that the majority of these have vanished.
>
> "Madame Hanau seemed unmoved by her arrest, and sent out at mid-day for a substantial luncheon, which she shared with her ex-husband.
>
> "She readily answered all the questions of the judicial authorities, and smiled amiably to the photographers who awaited her when she left.
>
> "The allegation is made that a certain amount of the original funds with which Madame Hanau launched her enterprises was derived from foreign sources. It is commonly reported that Soviet gold formed the basis of operations, and even that a certain amount of the profits went back to Soviet Russia."

When taken to the police station, we read in a Paris dispatch to the London *Daily News*, Madame Hanau deftly suggested that "masculine hostility to a woman, trespassing for the first time in France on ground hitherto restricted to man's activities, accounted for the campaign which bankers and heads of stock-broker concerns had carried on against her." We read further that:

International Newsreel photograph

A WOMAN WIZARD OF FINANCE

Mme. Marthe Hanau, the master mind of what is alleged to be one of the greatest money swindles of modern times. The crash of her gigantic concern, known as the *Gazette du Franc*, with its five subsidiary companies, "reverberated throughout France like a clap of thunder."

> "It is the character and career of this enigmatical woman rather than the alleged vast sums involved, or the possible political complications, which mainly interest the Paris public to-day.
>
> "The circumstance that she retained her divorced husband as her business partner is accounted for by Madame Hanau as evidence of the distinction she has habitually drawn between the home and the office.
>
> "Mr. Bloch (she has explained to her friends) 'failed her as a husband, but as a business man she never had grounds for doubting his fidelity.' Hence the severance of one partnership and the continuance of the other.
>
> "The social and political power which, particularly in France, the possession of great wealth imparts, is what Madame Hanau wanted, her friends asserted to-day. They declare that a 'vague and misty pacifism' which colored her political activities revealed a genuine emotion, and was not, as the police suggest, merely a cloak for her financial schemes.
>
> "Her career is rich in contrast. During the war, hovering in the rear of the Allied armies, she retailed to tired soldiers a mixed drink of rum and milk, while in the years following the Armistice she rapidly became a notable figure in subterranean finance in France.
>
> "Her dominating personality made her more than a match for the male financiers with whom she clashed during her hectic career.
>
> "It was as a journalistic 'savior' of the tottering French currency that Madame Hanau in 1925 first came under public notice. The newspaper to champion the French franc, which she started modestly in one room, soon blossomed out into the *Gazette du Franc*, for which the most eminent politicians in France and abroad were ready to write.
>
> "From journalism her activities extended to finance, and in two years she started a group of 'banks' and financial concerns with high-sounding titles, and with ramifications throughout France.
>
> "It is asserted that she controlled 400 stock and share agencies in France, and that thousands of canvassers under her supervision were daily engaged in soliciting for her financial schemes the savings of frugal peasants and shopkeepers."

In the Paris *Intransigeant*, L. Bailby recalls that about a year ago some sharks, through a twist on the Stock Exchange, were able to make a fortune in twenty-four hours, but he reminds us that the victims of Madame Hanau were "modest civil servants, retired tradesmen, landlords who were only receiving the same rent as before the war, professors and magistrates who tried, poor devils, to add to their wretched budgets, which have been eaten up by the high cost of living." This journalist then adds: "These are the unfortunates to whom the agents of Marthe Hanau opened a door of a chimerical El Dorado. They will not receive any reparations, but at least justice should be accorded them."

CHINESE KIDNAPING AS BIG BUSINESS

CIVIL WAR IN CHINA, famine in China, floods in China, all are calamities in the news reported from that gigantic republic, we are told, which politically is still in the throes of birth. The whole kaleidoscope of Chinese life and affairs is such a mix-up, say some, that the more it is studied the more puzzling it appears. But occasionally particular features of life there are disclosed which can be appreciated with astonishment, it is said, if not with understanding. One notably, it would seem, is the highly organized industry of kidnaping—not so much children, as children have a low rating in China—but Chinese adults whose wealth, power, or influence makes it advantageous to seize them. In a close-up of the underworld of Shanghai, the London *Times* correspondent in that city reveals that recent raids and captures by the police have thrown much light on the methods of the kidnaping fraternity, which is "one of the most remarkable organizations in the world." According to this informant, the rich Chinese live in houses strongly barred, and dare not go abroad without armed guards in their cars for fear of kidnapers, and he goes on to say:

"In recent months the kidnapings have been slightly reduced by the vigilance of the police, who have broken up a number of gangs. But the leaders are hard to catch, and they easily find new followers.

"Kidnaping is organized as a regular business. It requires capital, directors, managers, and subordinate employees. There are even money-lenders who will advance the sums necessary to bring off a successful coup. One money-lender recently confessed in the Provisional Court that for $500 advanced to a gang he had received $1,200 when all was successfully over.

"Unlike an armed robbery, which can be rapidly carried out, kidnaping needs careful preparation. A house must be obtained in which to imprison the victim, and it must be occupied for some time beforehand, to avoid suspicions being aroused. Spies are needed to watch police movements, and the most presentable members of the gang mix in society to learn all they can of their intended victim's habits. Women are obviously of the greatest usefulness in this work, and nearly every capture by the police includes two or three women, invariably handsome and well drest. If a coup fails, the loss is heavy; and one kidnaper actually wrote to a man whom the police had rescued, requesting him to make good the $10,000 which he, the kidnaper, was out of pocket for expenses through police vigilance."

The leaders—the brains of this work—are rarely captured, it seems, for they usually direct operations at a distance from Shanghai. But now and then, we are told, a brilliant piece of detective work closes the net about one of these remarkable criminals. Such a one is Siau Koko—"Elder Brother of Small Stature"—who now sits in the Municipal Jail awaiting execution on nearly forty proved charges of abduction and murder. This Shanghai correspondent proceeds:

"Siau Koko was born near Shaohsing, in Chekiang, and started as a kidnaper early in life with a few successful hauls in his own district. He then moved to Nanking about the time of the first revolution, made that place too hot for him, and went to Canton, where for a time he entered a military academy and studied the art of war. He came to Shanghai first in 1923, and made money by a series of armed robberies. Thus provided, he withdrew from active work in the field and devoted himself to organizing kidnaping on a large scale. He had a large number of employees, but many of them never even saw him. He preserved a rigid discipline, and death was the mildest penalty for an unfaithful servant; not infrequently the man's family would also be murdered and his ancestral records burnt. More than one dead man has been found in Shanghai alleyways who, it was discovered months afterward, had paid with his life the penalty for disloyalty to Siau Koko.

"Siau's gang was first identified by the police in 1925. Two of its members were caught and executed. In revenge, Siau Koko ordered the death of the detective who had chiefly contrived the capture, and the man was shot dead in the central district a few days after. Space does not permit of an account of all the stages through which the pursuit of Siau Koko passed. In one raid the police captured fifty-nine of his men, but other recruits were quickly obtained. Some of them posed as respectable shopkeepers; one sold bicycles, another had a basket shop. The police learned where the sweetheart of one of Siau's chief lieutenants lived; they took a room in the house, and put in an old man and his wife to watch. One night, as the kidnaper was leaving, the old couple heard him tell the girl that he would come back the following evening. When he arrived he found an unusual number of coolies and loafers near the house. There was no fight. The kidnaper was quickly overpowered by the disguised detectives and from him, before he was executed, the police obtained a quantity of valuable information.

"The result was that throughout 1926 Siau Koko lay low. But when the Nationalists came to Shanghai in March, 1927, Siau came with them, posing as a Nationalist officer, and there was more kidnaping than ever in Shanghai. The police were quickly on his trail. They captured many of his men, but for a long time he evaded them, tho he has since confessed that he was often in Shanghai, and once waited for two days in an alleyway, disguised as a beggar, with a pistol, for a certain detective, who luckily did not come when expected. At last he was caught while wearing the uniform of a Nationalist officer."

It is further related that when Siau Koko was arrested he was neatly drest, with long hair, after the student fashion, and he is described as a small man with a full, plump face and a light stammer. A trick of narrowing his eyes as if he were looking at a bright light is the only thing that distinguished him from the commonplace citizen of China, and this *Times* correspondent adds:

"When the little man was tried, the other arrested members of his gang were brought to give evidence against him. He did not question them in his defense; he simply stated that they were telling lies, and reminded them that their families were still in Shaohsing. The boldest of them cowered before the terrible threat implied in this quiet remark.

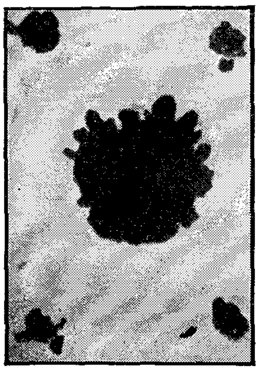
"But there was overwhelming evidence against him, and the inevitable death sentence was passed. Whether it will be confirmed by the Kiangsu authorities, who must confirm all death sentences, is another matter. Extraordinary efforts have been made to rescue the 'Elder Brother of Small Stature' from the police. There are men who, the Chinese aver, will never be executed, however many crimes the police can prove against them. Some convicted men have indeed been sitting in the municipal jail for many months awaiting the execution order, which, for some unaccountable reason, is never sent."

"HERE LIES SUN YAT SEN"—Such is the line, it is said, that might be graved on the tomb of the "George Washington of China," as Sun Yat Sen, the "leader and sage" of the Chinese Nationalist party, is known and revered. Those who know China and its people, remarks the London *Morning Post*, will understand why the Nationalists have chosen a mountain in Nanking for the burial place of Sun Yat Sen, and we read:

"Possibly because the Chinese originally came from a mountain country, or possibly to satisfy a highly developed esthetic sense—whatever the reason, the mountain is a favorite place of pilgrimage in China. It is the house of their dragon; the spirit of rain and of clouds; of power and of life. There are, according to the sage, five thousand famous mountains under Heaven, and among them there are five peaks superior to all. They are located in the 'five directions,' and to them the Chinese have made pilgrimage time out of mind.

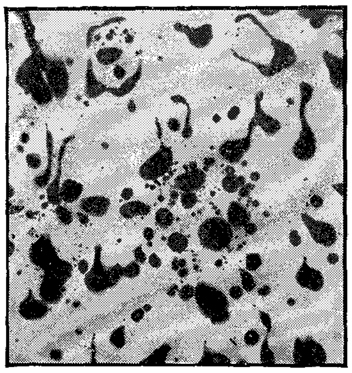
"That they are five is no accident, for not only are there five directions in China—that is to say, East, South, Center, West, and North—but there are five elements, Wood, Fire, Earth, Metal, and Water, and five colors to which they correspond—Green, Red, Yellow, White, and Black. In short, the Quincunx is a very important geometrical figure in China, and those who would inquire further into this subject, may be advised to read Mr. W. E. Geil's fascinating book, 'The Sacred Five of China' (Murray), which records a Western pilgrimage to those Eastern shrines. It is notable that the Nationalists are adding a sixth, the Purple Mountain, to the Sacred Five, and are spending no less than a million sterling—in contempt of their creditors—on a mountain tomb which shall be worthy of Sun Yat Sen. Thus the new China is designed to begin in the old way as a place of pilgrimage."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



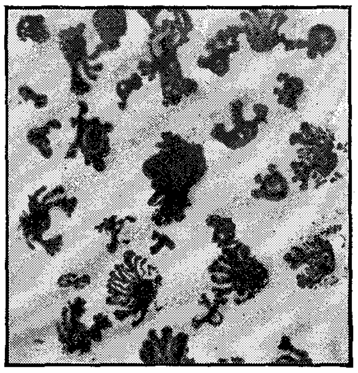
THE EXPERIMENT

A drop of the soda solution "comes to life."



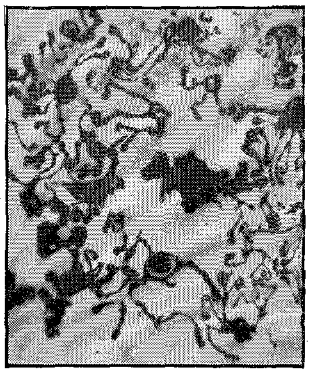
THE SECOND STAGE

One large drop breaks into rapidly moving parts which shake and tremble.



THE THIRD STAGE

The parts begin to assume a pseudo-resemblance to amebas. Still active.



MORE ACTIVITY

The "amebas" keep extending their "pseudopods" still farther.

A MEXICAN SCIENTIST PROBING LIFE'S ORIGIN

THE BORDERLAND BETWEEN the inorganic and organic world on the fringe of recognized science has been for thirty years the chosen experimental field of Prof. Alfonso L. Herrera, chief of the division of biology of the Mexican Department of Agriculture. It is his belief that he has thus obtained curious evidence that may relate to the origin of life upon earth. He has taken both mineral and organic substances and caused them to mimic life itself. His microscope has revealed imitation cells that resemble very closely those of living organisms, and the structure of protoplasm. Says Erunia Reh Stevenson, describing Professor Herrera's work in *The Scientific American* (New York):

"Herrera makes no extravagant claims. He merely shows that the mysterious activities of life cells and the special forms and shapes of living substance can be imitated by common mineral and organic materials. He therefore believes that life is a property which all matter possesses under the right conditions.

"Perhaps the most interesting of all of his 'artificial beings,' as Professor Herrera calls his imitation cells, are his 'colpoids,' which resemble both in appearance and in behavior the creatures called amebas by scientists.

"He dissolves fifty parts of olive oil in 100 parts of gasoline, and fourteen parts of soda lye in 100 parts of distilled water, adding a pinch of anilin black to this latter solution so that the observer can distinguish the two.

"The oil-and-gasoline solution he puts into a porcelain dish with a flat bottom, which he levels mechanically so that any movements in the liquid will not be due to gravity. With an eye-dropper he takes a small amount of the black soda solution and inserts it under the surface of the gasoline-oil mixture. Then he hands the visitor the magnifying glass.

"Almost immediately things begin to happen. The black drop becomes alive and begins to sway and tremble and shake itself. It begins to pant and breathe and divide itself into parts. These parts skip around rapidly in a dissatisfied manner, pursuing, evading, and battling with other droplets for their bodies. They extend armlike appendages and fight vampire fights.

"They act for all the world like real single-celled living creatures going through the ordinary routine of life. They 'eat' and 'reproduce' like the ameba swimming in a pond.

"Professor Herrera does not claim that his oil-and-soda creatures are alive. The oil-and-soda solutions react according to the chemical process of saponification, a process the housewife used to take advantage of when she made her own soap.

"When a drop of the black soda solution is placed in the oil mixture, saponification immediately begins to take place around the outside of the drop, forming a thin membrane of soap around it. Then there is a black solution of one nature wrapt in a delicate bag and suspended within another solution of entirely different character. A social war of equalization takes place in an effort to make conditions on the inside of the drop more like those on the outside. Under the microscope this ordinary struggle of one solution on the outside looking in with the other one on the inside looking out is fascinating to watch.

"Tiny currents of excited material seem to be streaming through the pores of the membrane, and an active interchange of material is seen to be taking place. Movements are set up within the black drop which change its shape every moment. As the battle between the two sides progresses, the composition of the black drop is changing and saponification is increasing.

"About 50 degrees Fahrenheit, the struggle lasts about 45 minutes, and then the imitation cell lies spent and quiet, and has changed from an exciting 'creature' to a little bit of soap."

Physical forces of surface tension and the electrical charges on the surface of the drops have much to do with their likes and dislikes of each other, Miss Stevenson tells us. Surface tension forces the drop to take the spherical form as the most economical shape, but the currents caused by the chemical interchange of material are forever modifying its figure. Professor Herrera believes that these forces are analogous to those that act in living cells. To quote further:

"Professor Herrera has mimicked many other structures by means of other chemical substances. His best results were obtained when certain mineral impurities, such as soluble silicates, were present. In course of time he succeeded in obtaining on his microscope slide structures resembling isolated cells, spores, streptococcus chains, bacteria, and protoplasms.

"'These various experiments are not without biological significance,' Professor Herrera states. 'The reproduction of such structures and their identity with the morphology of living protoplasm and living cells indicates that the physical basis underlying the two must have much in common. And I believe the parallelism exists from the chemical point of view as well.

"'Of the two theories of the origin of life, the one which holds that it has its beginnings in inorganic rather than organic substances is easier, for organic substances are hardly conceivable in a primitive world.

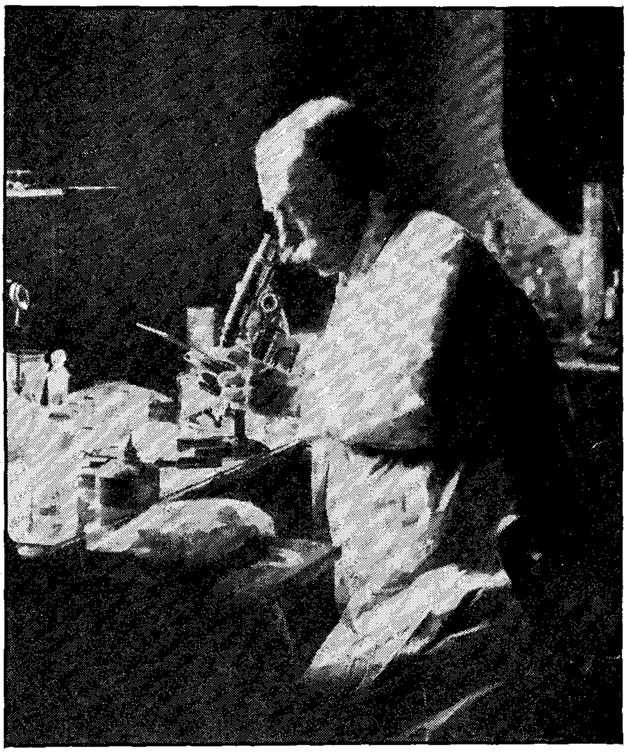
"'I do not pretend to have proved through my experiments that such has been the origin of living things on earth, but I do believe that I have at least obtained evidence in that direction.'

Professor Herrera sees an inescapable parallel between the artificial creatures of his laboratory and structures in real life. The ameba moves about in its pool of water by the streaming of its body substances, and it extends armlike appendages, which scientists call pseudopods, in order to get its food.

"In the armlike extensions of the black soda drop, Professor

Herrera sees the counterparts of the pseudopods of the living ameba. And in the pseudopods of the ameba he sees the foreshadowing of arms and legs in higher forms of life. The simple ameba glides about in its sunny pool, taking up what things it likes for food as they come within its reach. If they are few and far between, its excursions become wider and faster. The tiny water-hydra awaits its prey. When none arrives, it merely changes its shape and its position and lies in wait once more.

"As the scale of life is ascended, and the behavior of the organism becomes more and more complicated, the various physical and chemical reactions become so confused with what are called instincts, at the bottom of which they must lie, that they are completely lost sight of.



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Scientific American*

PROF. A. L. HERRERA

In his laboratory at the Mexican Department of Agriculture.

"The struggles of a man to get food by robbing a bank or getting a job in another factory are as much the result of internal chemical reaction as the behavior of the caterpillar on the tree, the hydra in the brook, the ameba in the sunny pool, or the excited black drop skipping about under his microscope, Professor Herrera believes.

"Professor Herrera's conclusions are the result of thirty years' work, in which time he has made nearly 6,000 experiments in this field of hitherto uncredited research, and which is beginning to attract the attention of many authorities in various parts of the scientific world."

CUTTING GRASS WITH OLD RAZOR BLADES—An ingenious way of disposing of old safety-razor blades by incorporating them in a sickle has been put on the market in Brooklyn, New York, according to *The Hardware Dealers' Magazine* (New York). The resulting "Razor Blade Grass Cutter" has as its cutting edge no less than seven Gillette-type blades. We read:

"The manufacturer says that it is always sharp because the razor blades can be replaced as often as desired. It folds like a jack-knife, which gives it an element of safety not possest by ordinary grass-cutters. Ordinary sickles nick easily, and the damage can not be repaired without considerable honing. With this Razor Blade Grass Cutter, if its cutting edge is nicked or becomes dull, it can easily be repaired by replacing the damaged or broken blades with new ones. This cutter also can be adjusted as desired to the proper cutting angle. It is light and compact. It has a strong handle and is well balanced."

CHEMICAL CROPS TO MAKE FARMS PAY

EVERY FARM IS A CHEMICAL FACTORY, and it always has been, says Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, director of Science Service, in a contribution to its *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). It has never yet been brought under the control of the chemist, consequently it lacks flexibility in the adaptation of its products and it loses heavily, from waste. Dr. Slosson proceeds to venture as his first forecast that the farmer of the future will stop to a large extent raising field crops as such. He will raise raw materials. He will aim to produce carbohydrates, fatty acids, amino-acids, and heterocyclic compounds rather than raise sugar-beets, cotton-seed, beef, and tobacco. He will employ whatever plants will give, in his locality, the largest yield at the lowest cost of the particular class of chemical compounds that are most in demand at the time. If, for instance, he is after alpha-cellulose for literature or lingerie, he may grow weeds. If he finds the market good for polymerized methylbutadiene, still sometimes called by the heathenish name of caoutchouc, he may take to raising milkweed, as Edison is now doing in Florida. These raw materials will be turned over to the synthetic chemist to be made into marketable forms. Also:

"The farmer of the future will not confine himself so largely as in the past to the production of foods. For there is a limit to this market. We ought not to eat any more than we do, and we ought not to waste as much as we do. Even if the highways are lined with illuminated bill-boards beseeching or commanding us to 'Eat more wheat,' 'Eat more raisins,' 'Eat more apples,' 'Eat more potatoes,' and 'Eat more peanuts,' we can not follow all this gratuitous advice. My grandfather used to say to me when I overloaded my plate with some food I liked: 'My boy, your eye is bigger than your stomach.' But that is only true of eating. Our stomach for automobiles, radios, silk stockings, and newspapers seems insatiable. Therefore, the farmer longs to get out of food production and into a field where the opportunity for high-powered salesmanship is unlimited.

"Further, I venture to say that the farmer of the future will find it worth while to make the lower forms of life work for him. He has hitherto regarded molds and maggots, bacteria and fungi, in the light of enemies to be eradicated. He may turn them into his slaves, as in the early days of husbandry the wolf was converted into the shepherd dog. Such minute creatures grow faster, live cheaper, require less room, and reproduce more rapidly than the higher plants and animals. Microbes that double in size and number every twenty minutes beat Belgian hares in the art of multiplication. Starting with sawdust or waste molasses, and ammonia made from the air, it is possible to make all manner of fats and proteins and flavors by the aid of micro-organisms. Already this field is being entered. I have taken at my table a broth from yeast that could not be told from the best beef tea. Can the cattle business compete with the yeast plant? I visited recently a mold factory run by the U. S. Department of Agriculture where glucose was being converted in quantity into gluconic acid. Hitherto this acid has been sold at about $100.00 a pound, or rather priced at that, for the demand was limited. By this new process it may be made for thirty-five cents a pound. All that is needed to make the process profitable is to find a market for gluconic acid by the ton, when it could not be sold by the gram. At any rate, it is obvious that here on the borderland of biology and chemistry a series of new industries will eventually be developed, tho whether the profits will go to the bacteriologist, the chemist or the agriculturist depends upon which is the most alert to seize the opening opportunity.

"I have never been one of those chemists, like Berthelot, who foresee a time when all our food will be synthetic. I do not anticipate the day when we shall do away with our three meals and simply swallow a pill containing the essential elements and energy. Such a condensed diet would, it seems to me, be a hard pill to swallow, for it would have to have a density surpassing platinum, even approaching the specific gravity of the faint companion of Sirius.

"I believe that the bulk of our food will continue to be raised by the aid of vegetation, and that while it may be possible to make any kind of food from coal, air and water with certain salts, I doubt if it will be generally profitable to do so. So I anticipate that the future rivalry between the chemist and the farmer will turn out a drawn game, and result finally in some system of cooperation, a sort of symbiosis to the profit of both parties."

SOUND-PROOF STUDIOS FOR TALKIES

THE RAPID RISE OF THE TALKING MOVIES is in large part due to the building trades, asserts a writer in *The American Contractor* (Chicago). The "talkies" can be made only in absolutely sound-proof buildings, which did not exist in movie-land, not being necessary, of course, in the older type of moving-picture. The development of the new studio has been rapid and successful, we are told. Says *The Contractor:*

"The talking movie opens a new and profitable field in building-construction industry. General contractors are tackling some hard problems in an endeavor to rapidly develop absolutely sound-proof stage units. In Southern California alone nearly every studio simultaneously demanded sound-proof structures. Among movie people the competition was keen, and to achieve success in production meant that no single sound leak remain in a structure.

"Buildings which had been considered sound-proof in the ordinary sense of the word were found to be useless for the new purpose, and intensive research and experimentation became the order of the day. As to structure, some are built of iron, some of wood, and some of concrete or stucco with heavily insulated sheathing. All worked in harmony with the principle of two separate walls with air chambers between; such walls being lined with layers of sound absorption and sound-reflecting materials.

"Out of it all grew a more or less definite technique in the matter of sound insulation. The outer shell had to be covered with sound-reflecting materials, while sound absorption materials applied to the inner shell afforded additional protection. Foundations had to be vibrationless, and joists, trusses, and roofs insulated. Columns had to be insulated from foundation. In short, wherever two units of structure met insulation must be used.

"Sound-proof stages for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company are 74 by 100 feet each, and the method used was the covering of the two eight-inch concrete walls, separated by an air chamber, with acoustic plaster and many layers of balsam wool. This unit is comprised of two complete sets of walls with roofs, one within the other. I-beams braced with angle rods, then covered with metal lathing formed the structure.

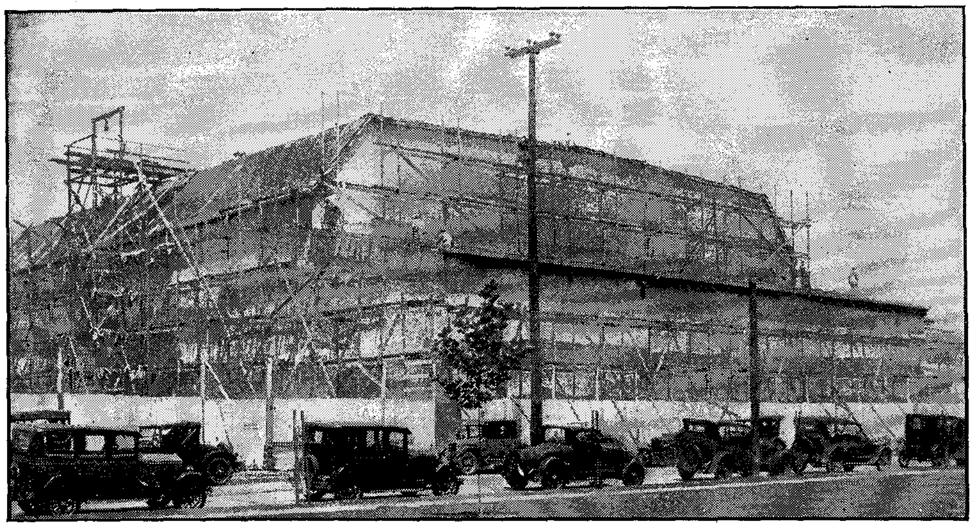
"The stage unit for the Metropolitan studio is considered one of the most successful units built, and is comprised of two stages 76 by 106 feet, a monitor building 63 by 63 feet, and a recording building of the same dimensions.

"Practically the same construction used in walls is carried up over the roof. The Howe trusses supporting this heavily insulated roof are capable of carrying 6,000 pounds, handling the load from each panel point, in addition to the roof load. To avoid vibrations entering the building from the top, the roof is allowed to set on heavy felt saddles resting on the trusses, no bolts or nails being used. The doors are eighteen feet high and have six layers of insulation material besides the heavy paneling.

"At the plant of the Universal Pictures, four inches of air space separated the inner wall from the exterior shell, and no ties between. It was necessary to apply insulation to both sides of the inner walls. These inner walls were built, cut and pushed into place on skids. They were built simultaneously in sections to fit between twelve-inch columns. The end sections also were built out and made to conform to the contour of roof.

"One of the greatest general problems was that of the large doors and door frames. Celotext and half felt with a wood frame was used to cover the door at several of the studios. A block and tackle was used to hang the doors which operate on ball-bearing tracks with a chain block. Underground pipes were sunk under eighteen inches of sand and covered with concrete. No part of construction was allowed to come in contact with the pipes.

"Much of the credit for the meteoric rise of the talking pictures goes to the builders."



Courtesy of *The American Contractor* (Chicago)

THE NEW NOISY MOVIES REQUIRE A NOISELESS STUDIO

Stuccoing the outside of the studio completely with hard surface plaster to reflect sound from the outside. Complete absence of windows keeps the outside sounds from leaking in.

GOOD-BY, T. B.!

TUBERCULOSIS WILL BE ONLY "one of the relatively minor causes of death," within the lives of most of our readers, if Dr. Louis I. Dublin is a safe prophet. Dr. Dublin, who is statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, made his prediction at the recent annual meeting of the Tuberculosis and Health Conference in that city. He gives the credit to the anti-tuberculosis campaign actively waged for the past thirty years, which has already cut the death-rate from this cause about 60 per cent., saving the lives of literally hundreds of thousands of persons. We quote below from the company's *Statistical Bulletin* (New York):

"Tuberculosis is rapidly being eliminated as an important element in the mortality of the American people. The year 1928 will show the lowest death-rate on record for this disease, probably not more than 70 per hundred thousand of population which will be about seven less than the figure for last year.

"No one thirty years ago, when the anti-tuberculosis movement was actively launched in America, would have dared to prophesy any such achievement as has actually occurred in the United States in this short interval. At that time, the death-rate from tuberculosis was close to three times as high as it is now, and this disease was the first of the causes of death. But with the establishment of the National Tuberculosis Association and the launching of local societies all over the country, which, cooperating with the departments of health, inaugurated a definite policy of tuberculosis control, the mortality from the disease began to fall at a remarkably fast rate, which has not only continued, but accelerated its velocity with time. That is the situation to-day, and it gives good ground for a reliable forecast for ten years ahead. Speaking to this point, Dr. Dublin said that if the present economic prosperity and the activities of health departments and of the private welfare agencies against the disease were continued, it should be entirely possible to bring tuberculosis down from the fifth place which it now occupies to one of the relatively minor causes of death. He actually predicted that a rate of forty per hundred thousand or less would be observed in 1937.

"No one can fully realize what this drop in tuberculosis has meant in bettering the conditions of life of the American people. This year 140,000 persons are alive and well who would have died from tuberculosis had the rates of 1900 still prevailed. Many of these would have been young men with beginning families. Such lives saved mean so many less widows and orphans. And if we further remember that for every death prevented at least ten times as many open cases are prevented at the same time, we can very well understand why the American people are to-day enjoying unprecedented prosperity and a standard of life unequaled by that of any other country. By learning how to control tuberculosis we have prevented the greatest single factor in producing poverty and misery. The success of the tuberculosis campaign is the most outstanding example of the effectiveness of the general public health movement, and Dr. Dublin insisted that there was no reason why the work that had been launched should not be increased and carried on with even greater energy in order to bring about a successful termination of the campaign."

FROZEN TO THE SKY

SEVEN MILES UP, and couldn't get down! This was the unusual experience of two Army aviators when the intense cold of this high altitude shrunk the metal controls so that they couldn't shut off the engine. How they finally reached the earth and what they accomplished while aloft are told in an article contributed to *Chemicals* (New York). Incidentally they beat the altitude record for a plane with two persons, altho record-breaking was not the object of the flight. Says the paper named above:

General Electric Company photograph. Courtesy of *Chemicals* (New York)

THEY WERE "FROZEN TO THE SKY!"

Capt. Albert W. Stevens, left, and Capt. St. Clair Street, as they were drest when making their altitude flight of 37,854 feet.

"From a temperature of 71 degrees above zero to 76 below in one hour and twenty minutes, and back again in the next hour to a temperature of 79 above zero was the experience of two War Department aviators, Capt. St. Clair Street and Capt. Albert W. Stevens, stationed at Wright Field, Dayton.

"This wide range in temperatures was not the result of a hurried flight to the North Pole, but was experienced in a recent flight to the almost unheard-of height of 37,854 feet, or more than seven miles above the earth. This is declared to be a record for a plane carrying two persons, and is within 564 feet of the present altitude record for airplanes, held by Lieut. C. C. Champion of the U. S. Navy.

"In twenty-five minutes after the take-off, when the plane was four miles up, the temperature had dropt to zero, and five minutes later it was 18 below, a temperature rarely experienced during the most severe winters except in the northwest regions of the country.

"To keep from freezing Captain Stevens and his partner first covered their bodies with grease, then donned a bathing suit, next three suits of woolen underwear, a woolen uniform, and finally a leather flying suit with fur collar. Three pairs of woolen socks, wool-lined gloves equipped with electric heating coils and a wool-lined leather helmet, covering the entire head, constituted the remainder of the clothing. Electrically heated goggles were worn, with a small hole drilled in each lens to enable the wearer to see in the event the rest of the lens became coated with frost. A small tube, projecting from the front of the helmet, was attached to the oxygen flasks, when breathing became difficult in the rarefied air encountered above 15,000 feet.

"Extra oxygen was also required for the motor of the airplane at high altitudes. To supply this, a supercharger was used. This compresses the rarefied atmosphere and feeds it at sea-level density to the carburetor of the engine. An ordinary airplane, without a supercharger, can mount to about 21,000 feet.

"The purpose of the flight was to get a record of temperature variations, and to test camera equipment in rarefied atmosphere and to experiment with a new method of obtaining altitude measurements by photographs.

"Captain Stevens secured an excellent photograph from 37,854 feet, a record for aerial photography This picture, taking in about thirty square miles of land in the vicinity of Dayton on one negative, is remarkably clear, showing the boundaries of farms, wooded sections and highways perfectly. At the time the picture was taken the plane could not be seen from the earth.

"How the airplane became literally 'frozen,' and was held at an altitude of 34,000 feet for some time, is explained by Captain Stevens in the following brief résumé of the trip:

"'We took off at a little after eleven o'clock, and at the end of an hour and twenty minutes I was elated to see the hand of the indicating altimeter approach the 40,000-foot mark.

"'For the next five minutes I was very busy making as many exposures as possible, and at the end of this time the hand was at 40,200. This meant that we were about 37,500 feet above sea-level. I turned and tapped Street on the shoulder, the signal previously arranged that time was up.

"'He nosed the plane down, the air speed mounted to ninety-five miles, and I saw the hand drop back in a few minutes to 34,000. Seventeen minutes later we were still at 34,000 feet and, to my amazement, twenty-four minutes from the time we had started our descent we were at 34,700.

"'What had happened was that the intense cold had shrunk the metal parts of throttle and supercharger controls so that they were immovable.

"'That is, Captain Street could not shut the engine off. So he kept trying to force the plane lower with the engine. We couldn't get down below 34,000. Altho the temperature was 55 below Fahrenheit, it was relatively warmer, and the controls finally became movable, but too late, for the engine had begun to sputter. Captain Street closed the radiator shutters, pulled back the throttle, and we began to drop.

"'In this fashion we glided from 34,000 feet. At 20,000 feet our engine quit completely. At one time we were almost over Indianapolis. From our tremendous altitude, Street decided on one of the largest fields in view, a field half a mile long and thirty rods wide, near Rushville, Indiana.

"'Consequently, it was a really remarkable feat when Street flew by the end of the field, banked the long wings of the plane at 60 degrees, did a 270-degree turn, landed with a dead stick, rolled to a stop, and still had two-thirds of the field left.'

"On landing, the ground temperature was 79 degrees."

BURIED TEETH MAY HARM HEALTH—Among the many services that X-rays have performed in medicine, the examination of teeth is one of the most important, says Dr. M. S. Strock in *Hygeia* (Chicago). He says, in substance:

"This use of the X-ray has brought to light the fact that numerous persons carry in their mouths teeth that never came through the surface of the gums. Such teeth may be borne in the mouth for years without one's ever suspecting their presence, or through infection or through pressure they may make trouble. A common cause of disturbance is in unerupted wisdom teeth. Such teeth often cause severe pains in the head, and may even affect the eyesight. Lying as they do in a remote corner of the mouth where the brush does not reach them, and where the cleansing effect of masticating food is lost, the pockets which enfold these teeth are often a source of infection. The damage that may be done to the entire system by buried teeth is comparable to that caused by infected teeth or by pyorrhea, and when there is infection of long standing, it is no less poisonous."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

MISS BARRYMORE IN "THE KINGDOM OF GOD"

AT LAST ETHEL BARRYMORE has a theater bearing her name; and she dedicated it on December 17 with a play by G. Martinez Sierra. This figure of the contemporary Spanish stage is already known here through his "Cradle Song," done by the company at the Civic Repertory Theater, and to some extent through the performances of his own company of Spanish players who visited New York two years ago. Miss Barrymore's vehicle, called "The Kingdom of God," is one that sets the critics at odds because, apparently it is not a "well-made play." If a play departs from conventional structure, critics are apt to feel ill-treated and uncomfortable; if it is a "well-made play," their retort is a word derived from the French playwright whose structure was impeccable. The word is "Sardoudledom." One of those who doubted the health of the new Sierra play is Whitney Bolton of *The Morning Telegraph*, whom we quote because his diagnosis gives a brief hint of a plot—tho some maintain there is no plot:

> "Señor Don Martinez asks us to believe in three episodes from the life of a Sister of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, a sacred group that passes its humble days in ministering to the ill and helpless. For no reason at all a Spanish girl of nineteen, gently born and exquisitely nurtured, abandons her comfortable existence to take up the rigors of the Sisterhood. We see her at nineteen as a probationer in an asylum for ancient and penniless men. We see her again in the second act, at twenty-nine, in a maternity home for girls who could not master a simple negative. We take our last look at *Sister Gracia* in the sparse, unhappy room of an orphanage; she is seventy, her back has been bent with godly deeds, and a stick is her prop against evil and a fall down-stairs. That is all there is to it.
>
> "My objections were: lack of motive, failure to carry the story from act to act, and the allegory school of characterization. It may be that Señor Sierra intended to commit all three of these heretofore shunned dramatic faults. Certainly, in the middle instance, he succeeded so well that I suspect he had every intention of making each act a separate, independent story utterly without relation to its brace of brothers. I pass over the apparent lack of motive, because for all I know Spanish girls of gentle birth do go into holy orders for no reason at all. That brings us to the allegory characterization, and for the life of me I can't swallow it without a murmur of dissent."

Perhaps the evangelical motive that she had "a call" is found sufficient to explain the young sister's dedication in the eyes of her Catholic country. Assuming that, it might be taken as sufficient elsewhere. Mr. St. John Ervine of *The World* informs us that Sierra writes plays for his wife to act, and, as here, gives her the lion's share. Mr. Heywood Broun, now of the New York *Telegram*, wanders back into his old field of dramatic criticism, and, freed from the conventions of a "desk," asserts "there is no ready definition of a play." "Anything that actors do upon a stage before an audience" he is content to call a play. He quickly disposes of the charge directed against this one, and goes to the question of Miss Barrymore as the principal figure:

> "Ethel Barrymore's new play is on my mind. The love interest is brief.
>
> "The heroine marries no one. And there is no suggestion of a villain. Perhaps that is what some of the critics meant when they said, 'But it isn't a play.'
>
> "I want to register lively dissent. Play or not, 'The Kingdom of God' stirred me more than anything I have seen in the theater for these many seasons. I can not but concur in the general opinion that Ethel Barrymore was brilliant. Still it annoys me a little to hear my old associates talking about her charm. She has it, but it seems to be a small part of her gift. There is a fearful amount of charm floating around in the theater and out of it. I sometimes think something should be done about it. Charm messes people up like treacle. I'm all for charm in moderation, and not very much even of that.
>
> "Certainly I never thought about Miss Barrymore's charm during the progress of 'The Kingdom of God.' From the first curtain until the last I cried copiously. Almost I might have been mistaken for the official christener of the new playhouse. Much higher tributes could be paid to a performance, because I am an easy weeper. There are tones in the Barrymore voice which melt me, no matter what the substance of the words or the particular situation. . . .

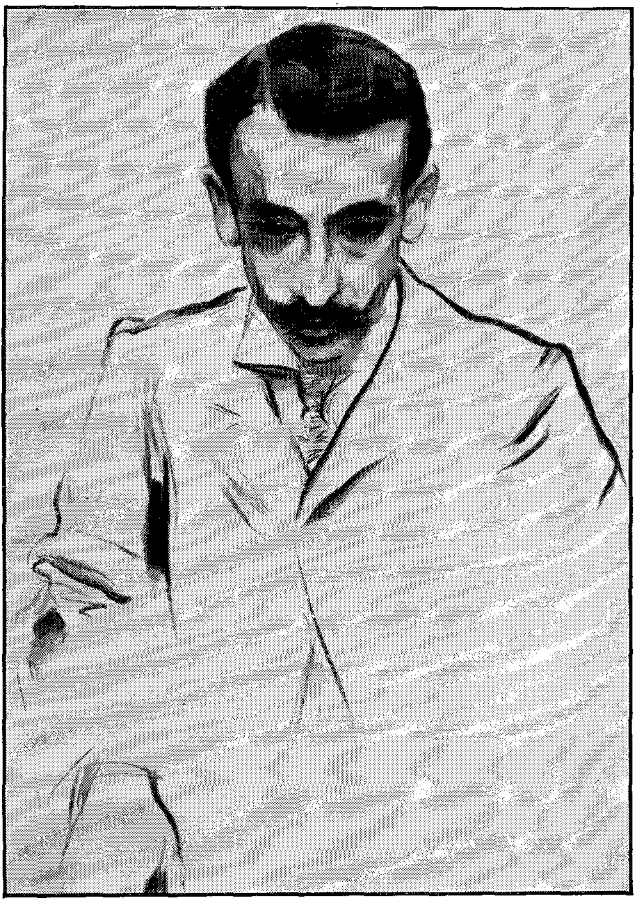
NOT HERE AS *SISTER GRACIA*

But in that part in "The Kingdom of God" Miss Ethel Barrymore's performance strikes a critic as "the most moving piece of acting I have ever seen in a theater."

> "In regard to the acting of Ethel Barrymore I have always been ambivalent. Never in my life have I seen her do anything which seemed to me pretty good. As far as I am concerned, she acts as Luis Firpo fights.
>
> "Either she swings and misses me completely or there is a

fearful thud, and I am last seen going through the ropes. That's where I went last night, and as yet I have not been able to crawl back upon my feet. One may exaggerate a little under the spell of a performance recently seen, but unless my memory plays me tricks, Miss Barrymore's *Sister Gracia* is the most moving piece of acting I have ever seen in the theater.

"Believing this, I must naturally contend that Sierra's play is mostly admirable. Some have asserted that the piece itself is not so much, and merely serves as a vehicle in which a great star gives a great performance. That I don't believe. Ethel Barrymore is not as good as that. No actress is. A fine performance may make a good play seem great. It can raise an indifferent manuscript up to the heights of 'pretty good.' But when the playwright has contributed nothing, the players are powerless to make the dead arise. There is no such thing as a performance in which the author has no collaboration. Building bricks without straw would be a far easier occupation.



THE SPANISH PLAYWRIGHT

G. Martinez Sierra, whose plays are said to have always "a peasant's simplicity," but in the current one "a poet's blessing and a churchman's complete dedication."

"Most of all I was moved by Miss Barrymore in the last act when she appeared as an old lady of seventy. In this episode she contributed an extraordinary trick—altho it is rather more than that. As a girl of nineteen, and later a woman of twenty-nine, the actress has taken pains to employ a different voice, but the full depth of the Barrymore contralto has been saved for the act in which *Sister Gracia* is seventy.

"Come to think of it, there is an essential rightness in this, a rightness which overrides a false tradition of the theater. As a rule old men and women are played as people whose voices are thin and quavery. From the mere point of actuality I doubt that this is true.

"I've known old people who could roar with the best of them.

"But there is a truth deeper than mere realistic fidelity. Miss Barrymore's rôle in the Sierra play is that of a girl who seeks the Kingdom of God with somewhat faltering steps in the beginning. There are times when it is not easy for her to continue in a life devoted to renunciation. But at seventy she has solved her problem. Her head is high as she draws closer to the kingdom. Doubts and desires no longer assail her, and it is essentially right and truthful that this surety and consecration should be exprest in a voice with the tones of some great bell in a cathedral.

"One or two have spoken of the new Sierra play as dealing with a dormant subject. That seems a curious attitude to me. I can understand many points of view in regard to God, from lively faith to complete disbelief, but I don't quite get the notion of being bored with God. Even to the irreligious religion can well be one of the most fascinating subjects of speculation. I do not happen to believe at all in the philosophy of renunciation which animated the life of *Sister Gracia*. But that perhaps is one of the very reasons why the play made me bawl my eyes out."

Gilbert Gabriel of *The Morning American* is another critic who is untroubled by the play's form. He writes:

"Sierra has always had a peasant's simplicity. Here he gives it, more sensitively than in any other play of his I can recall, a poet's blessing and a churchman's complete dedication. He is both realist and humorist, too, at times. There are harsh, glaring moments; there are some of frankest fun.

"But over them all lies a film of shining peace which keeps their colors gentle, drowns the whole design of lowly lives in a grieving resplendence, gives a little gallery of genre pictures much of that magic which transfigures the face of some famous old Madonna. Sheer heroine-worship, perhaps—but Raphael was guilty of it, too.

"Miss Barrymore plays, of course, this central figure of the episodes, *Sister Gracia*—plays her with quite unlimited loveliness and virtuosity."

HAS BLOCH ACHIEVED AMERICANISM?

ERNEST BLOCH HAS ELECTED to be America's prophet, and has written a musical composition to express his admiration and his faith. It is the tribute of one but lately come to our shores, and his dedication reads: "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you." The composition, described as an "epic rhapsody," won the $3,000 prize offered by *Musical America*, and was presented practically simultaneously by the leading orchestras of the country, New York preceding the others by one day. Last week we quoted some of the reviews called forth by Mr. Gershwin's "American in Paris," but of course the two works resemble each other only in their dedication to the American scene. Mr. Bloch is a composer of many works in the higher forms of musical expression, tho his leaning is toward the modernist formulas. "His musical method is a daring one," says Mr. Gilman in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "for he has seemingly courted the danger of being fragmentary and episodic. An artist with a lesser power of integration would have given us here what Mr. Bloch's score never becomes—a medley, a potpourri." Nevertheless, here are the ingredients which compose his broth:

"At first glance you would say that a symphony could with difficulty achieve coherence, if its score were woven of such incongruous strands as Mr. Bloch has placed upon this music's loom—in the first part, Indian folk songs, marches of seventeenth-century England, chanteys, the hymn 'Old Hundred'; in the second part, Southern ballads, negro songs, creole airs, 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' 'Dixie,' 'Hail Columbia,' snatches of Civil War songs (we hear 'John Brown's Body,' 'The Battle Cry of Freedom,' 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp'); in the Finale, contemporary jazz, popular tunes of the Mauve Decade, 'Yankee Doodle.'

"Yet out of this astonishing medley issues a powerful and moving unity. The strands cohere, the patterns are complementary, the colors do not run. This is due in part to the use of an integrating theme, a sort of 'motto,' which pervades the symphony; but it is quite as much because these fantastically assorted elements have been fused in the burning intensity of Mr. Bloch's imaginative concept."

Back of these counters reside the American ideas absorbed by the composer in his residence here since 1916. Mr. Olin Downes, of the New York *Times*, gives a fuller elucidation:

"It is the land that begot Lincoln and Whitman, and not the land of material prosperity, which he sings. To those great spirits his score is dedicated. It is strewn with quotations from Whitman. It utilizes, also, a great many melodies associated with American national life, past and present, and quotes a

British tune in the first part of the work which treats of the Pilgrims' flight from England, and landing on these shores in 1620.

"The second movement bears the caption, '1861-1865; Hours of Joy, Hours of Sorrow.' It begins with the theme of a Southern ballad. Various melodies of the South are heard. The atmosphere is reminiscent and idyllic, till the alarums of battle, and the conflict in the orchestra of such Civil War songs as 'John Brown's Body,' 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,' and 'The Battle-Cry of Freedom.' There is a dirge-like conclusion, and the commentary, in the score, 'In the blood of its own children the unity of a great nation was sealed.' Also, from Whitman, 'Captain, My Captain.'

"The third part, '1926. . . . The Present—The Future,' has this motto from Whitman: 'As he sees the farthest he has the most faith.' The opening section, in savage and burlesque spirit, is entitled 'Material Prosperity—Speed—Noise—Man, Slave of Machine.' Various popular songs of the '90s and also 'jazz' and 'blue' tunes are spat out by the orchestra to the hammering of steel plates and other metallic sounds, for which Mr. Bloch employs an immense orchestra. Then a crashing climax—'The inevitable collapse,' and suddenly a return of the introduction of the first movement, one of the most beautiful and atmospheric passages of the whole work; a return suggestive of Whitman's invocation to sane and healing nature; a broadening tempo, quotation of half a dozen themes that have gone before, including 'Old Hundred,' the melody of Foster, and various other fragments, and, finally, the Anthem, which is directed to be sung 'with deep fervor and enthusiasm by the People.' Concluding quotations from Whitman in the score have as their keynote the words, 'Over the carnage rose prophetic a voice: be not disheartened—affection shall solve the problems of Freedom yet. . . . Sons of the Mother of all, you shall yet be victorious. You shall yet laugh to scorn the attacks of all the remainder of the Earth.'

"All this material is bound together by a motive which stems from the anthem, 'The Call of America,' and permeates the entire score, for Mr. Bloch desired to compose a tune which 'a bootblack might understand.' He has had, and has indulged, the dream of more than one great musician before him—of a work which should unite whole communities through the expression of democratic ideal."

The concluding anthem failed to arouse the first New York audience to take its part as the composer designed. Mr. Gilman reports:

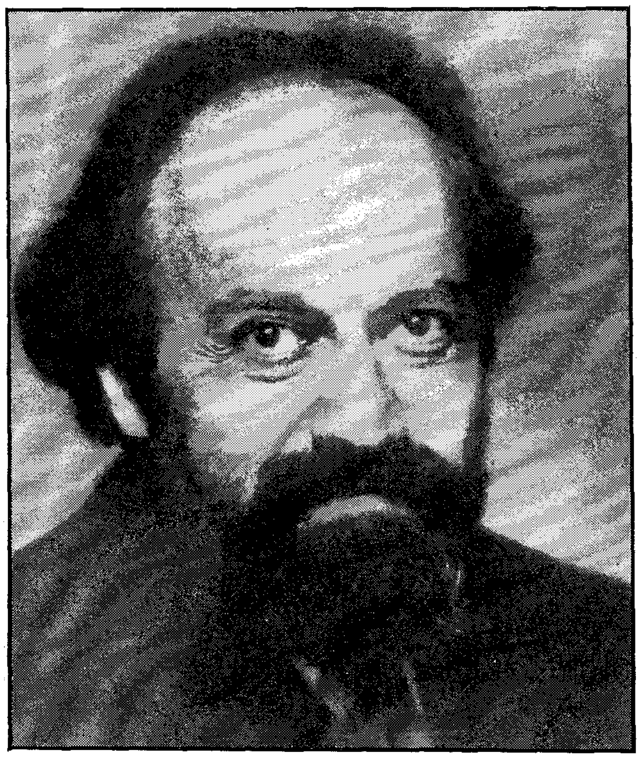
"But it must be sorrowfully recorded that the audience, while it compliantly stood up, declined to sing—at least this chronicler observed no moving lips and heard no ringing B-flats from the throats of those about him; tho Mr. Damrosch, in a happily phrased speech from the stage, had drawn attention to the composer's wish that the audience 'join in the singing of the anthem, becoming thus an active part of the work and its message of love and faith.'

"Perhaps the audience could not read at sight the music printed in the leaflet distributed with the programs; perhaps they were unaccustomed to public cantillation; perhaps the incurable American self-consciousness closed their throats. At all events, they failed to burst into patriotic song, and left the job of voicing Mr. Bloch's anthem to the professional choristers on the stage and to the players in the orchestra, who performed the task with competence and fervor; indeed, we have not heard this season a more effective performance under Mr. Damrosch than his eloquent reading yesterday of Mr. Bloch's symphony. The composer was fortunate in the quality of this premiere."

Boston was even more recalcitrant. In the words of *The Transcript's* critic: "It gathers to hear music, prefers to hear it sitting; discovers no reason to rise because these banalities happen to salute America." Mr. H. T. Parker is not enamored of the new work. To him "the piece seemed a European's homage of external admiration rather than rhapsodic outpouring of an American spirit by the composer absorbed and in him crying for release." This, however, is not charged as a fault.

Mr. Downes defends Mr. Bloch's title to Americanism:

"As to Bloch's justification, moral as well as legal, emotional as well as that of eminent domain, in composing an American symphony, there can be no question. America holds the same place in the imagination of this composer of foreign descent as it held in the bosoms of the Pilgrim Fathers. They had reason to know what America meant, and so has he. The conception of a land with a unique and unbounded destiny is as likely to be implanted in an immigrant as it is to exist in the hallowed homes of generations of dwellers on the American soil. In fact, more likely. The bitter truth is that a relatively small percentage of Americans have pondered on the history, the significance, the destiny of this nation. While the name of Lincoln is on every tongue, and the name of Walt Whitman widely known—these men to whose memory the Bloch symphony is dedicated—the actual understanding of them in the average American breast is far from commensurate with their prophetic significance."


Acme Newspicture

A NEW AMERICAN

Ernest Bloch, whose symphonic rhapsody on "America" is described as "concerned with cosmic tonal visions of mankind."

But Mr. Parker, of Boston birth, will not have it so. "Any European, setting himself Mr. Bloch's task, would perform it as he has." Whereas,

"An American composer is in different case. However cosmopolitan his culture, he writes an American music from within. He has no need to search out motives from American folk-song. He invents his own; while his mind and spirit give them American tang. As little need he turn the leaves of Whitman. America is in his blood and his living. He sees no occasion to hark back to the landing of the Pilgrims or the Civil War, when American life is in pulse around him. In whatever mood he may contemplate our present American civilization, it kindles him to artistic purpose as it did Mr. Carpenter in 'Skyscrapers.' He has no desire to produce a Bloch-like 'Anthem,' because it is not his custom to cry in a loud voice that he loves his mother. He is less concerned with cosmic tonal visions of humankind than with the expression in music of his own corner in this American world.

"New England blows through Mr. Hill's tone-poem to Amy Lowell's 'Lilacs'; is open or under-note in his Symphony. There is a Scherzo in one of Mr. Chadwick's Symphonies—the second, if recollection holds—that is rough American play; 'Noel' in his 'Symphonic Sketches' is the voice of tender American sentiment, oversweetened to the very life; his 'Vagrom Ballad' in the same series, American humor at tomfooleries. To hear Mr. Copland's Piano-Concerto was to find in tones outspeaking our nervous hurly-burly, our hollow hullabaloo. Not a little of Henry Gilbert's later music derives directly from the common American temperament genial and communicative, unaffected and choiceless. The New York of pleasure-seeking and the frivolities is written clear in Mr. Gershwin's symphonic pieces. If we must have an 'epic,' which is rather a large order for a music as young as ours, a modest composer in Chicago has more nearly approached it than any of his brethren. He chose, however, to call it no more than 'Skyscrapers: Ballet of American Life in Three Scenes.' Yet in that selfsame piece, most musically exprest, abides our America here and now, the America of city and town, alive and pungent, desirable and cherishable, be its mass, routine, naïvetés what they may. Never once does Mr. Bloch see or feel or express that America of the Americans.

"Throughout and in essence 'America: An Epic Rhapsody' is European and external; whereas Mr. Carpenter in his 'Perambulator,' his Concertino, his 'Skyscrapers'; Mr. Hill in his 'Lilacs' and his Symphony; Mr. Chadwick here and there; Mr. Gilbert oftener than not; Mr. Copland in his Concerto; Mr. Gershwin in his symphonic pieces and his musical plays (which at best are more significant than most 'serious' musicians choose to believe) all write an intrinsically American music, recognizable as nothing else. They need none of Mr. Bloch's complex machinery, because they write from within; none of his loud affirmations—was ever a score so footnoted?—because their music speaks for its American self. There are high qualities aplenty in his Rhapsody—they were recounted in this place last Saturday—but they remain intrinsically personal or essentially European."

ENGLISH LITERATURE "PAGANIZED"

BOSTON'S PRACTISE of police censorship of books and plays finds a sympathetic friend in Mr. James Douglas of the London *Sunday Express*, who recently caused the banning of a book that had already received sympathetic and commendatory reviews from a number of the leading publications of the English capital. Tho the courts have sustained the original verdict against the novel, Mr. Douglas carries his case further and makes an onslaught in the daily issue of *The Express* upon "the material and mechanical idols and ideals" which, he claims, now obtain in current literature. "We are distrest," he declares, "by the paganization of English literature, and by its headlong descent into unparalleled depravations of the mind and the soul. We are stupefied by the reluctance of our literary law-givers to defend the honor and dignity of literature." Reading further:

"The moral anarchy raging in English literature has forced the Irish Free State to flirt with the desperate remedy of a censorship. The fault is not theirs; it is ours. The muddy torrent of noisome books pouring from our printing presses provokes condonation instead of condemnation by many men of letters. Under the cover of their apologetic dialectics the pornographers are polluting our literature with abominations that no newspaper would venture to discuss.

"I am overwhelmed, on the one hand, with reproaches from all parts of the country because I refuse to advertise these horrors by putting them into the public pillory. On the other hand I am assailed because I have warned the world of literature that it must purge itself of pornography if it wishes to preserve its unfettered liberty.

"I am amazed to see Mr. Bernard Shaw rushing to defend the perpetrator of the foulest book that is now being sold shamelessly all over the land. I do not propose to name either the author of this book or the book itself. I do not believe that Mr. Shaw has read it or heard of it. But he shields the writer of it with his respectable authority.

"If such books as this continue to circulate in Great Britain a censorship is inevitable, for neither Irish nor English public opinion will long tolerate their immunity. The plague is spreading so fast that society will be driven to protect itself. As if our native pornography were not large enough to meet the demand we are now being drenched with translations of foreign pornography disguised as classical literature.

"Another aspect of the pestilence is the new practise adopted by some of our pornographers. They print their unspeakable wares on the Continent and dump them there. What they deem to be fit for us they print here; what they deem to be unfit for even our lax standard they export to us. And our literary apostles of liberty are silent.

In the United States pornography is triumphant. An American friend tells me that a book which is banned in one State enjoys a boom in the other States. What Boston spews out of her mouth, New York devours. American pornography percolates here. I have read some American best sellers which no English publisher would touch with a pair of tongs.

"One critic says that I 'made a very vigorous and (as I think) a very just protest against various poisonous passions being poured out to all and sundry.' He says he might, after due consideration, be disposed to support my 'scheme for a sort of unofficial licensing committee.' He declares I have 'fought an admirable fight for normal morality.' But he thinks I have surrendered the ground to the enemy by saying that morality changes from age to age.

"He points out that the decadent replies, 'Yes, and I have the morality of the new age; you have the morality of the age that is passing; I am in advance of the times, you are behind the times. I am the Superman who is expected about the end of the twentieth century, you are a dusty old Victorian, and ought to have died in the nineteenth.'

"But by morality I do not mean fundamental or abstract right and wrong. I mean the social conscience which regulates social conduct either by the pressure of public opinion or by the law that upholds that pressure. If our social conscience is corrupt, our law will conform to it.

"In the spiritual conflict between unhealthy literature and healthy public opinion, I am sure public opinion will prevail, even if it be resisted by the most eminent literary sophists armed with the deadliest dialectical weapons."

CLEVELAND'S SCHOOL FOR BRIDGE—We recently furnished our readers with an account of the bridge classes alleged to have been introduced into the schools of Cleveland, quoted from the Springfield *Republican*. Now we have a first-hand account. Mr. Floyd A. Rowe, the Supervising Director of the Bureau of Physical Welfare under Cleveland's Board of Education, writes us that he it was who made the initial suggestion that evening recreation groups should be permitted to study the rules and practise of auction bridge. His letter thus defines what is done there:

"The facts of the matter are, briefly, that Cleveland does have twelve instructors engaged in teaching auction bridge whist in twelve different localities in the city. The places of meeting are in various schoolhouses. Necessarily card-tables and cards are part of the equipment. However, the essential fact in the case is that a tuition charge sufficiently large to defray the entire expense of the teaching, the cards, and the tables is made. Secondly, the classes are open to adults only.

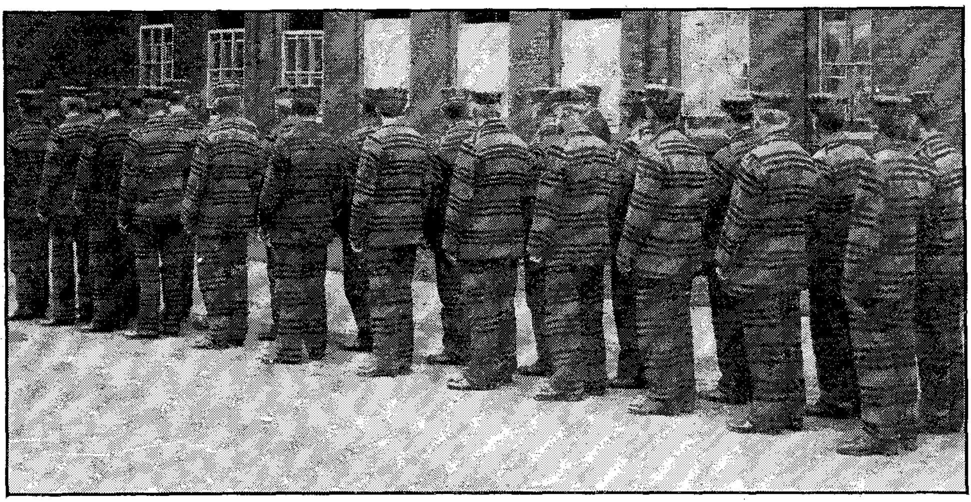
"To our way of thinking here in Cleveland, it is a fine thing to have the adults in the neighborhood make evening use of the school plant as headquarters for their recreation. Last year we entertained in our school buildings 130,657 adult individuals. All of these people came to our buildings on regularly scheduled evenings as members of regularly organized clubs and participated in the following activities: bridge, golf, swimming, men's and women's gymnasium classes, art classes, woodwork-hobby classes, gift-making classes, dramatics, quartets, orchestras, community singing, bands, discussion groups, baseball, basketball, game groups, chess groups, checker groups, social dancing, old-time dancing, esthetic dancing, etc.

"Incidentally, I might say that some of the very finest groups we have meeting in our school buildings are the self-supporting auction bridge whist clubs. After the holidays we are going to start a club in contract bridge and expect to have an enrollment of one hundred or more. As regards our teaching, I wish to say that it is of a very high order indeed. While not an expert bridge player myself, I do know enough about the game to appreciate proper teaching in it, and I dare say that we have among our teachers individuals who in a national open tournament would rank near the top."

THE COVER—The dashing waves beat high on the California coast also, and Mr. R. Clarkson Colman is there to record them. One of his reports appears on our cover, for Mr. Colman spends the major part of his time in the vicinity of his studio in the art colony section at Laguna beach. Tho born in Elgin, Illinois (January 27, 1884), the sea is the magnet that draws him and, after his studies at home and abroad, he settled in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, and has made many studies of the sea and shore. He is closely allied with the art activities of the Pacific coast, and has won many prizes in exhibition there.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

THE GOOD IN SING SING'S BAD MEN



Illustrations from "Life and Death in Sing Sing" (Doubleday, Doran)

THE GUNMAN MURDERER, IN SOME INSTANCES, PROVES TENDER-HEARTED

Says Lewis E. Lawes, warden of Sing Sing, who has come to the conclusion that the men within prison walls are no different from the men on the outside. He has employed as cook a convict who was a poisoner. The photograph shows a group of convicts drest in the old-style uniform.

CRIMINALS ARE NOT SO BAD, after all, according to Lewis E. Lawes, who in eight years as warden of Sing Sing prison in New York State has handled more than 10,000 "bad" men, and found himself faced with an equal number of paradoxes and anomalies. "The gunman murderer, in most instances," he writes in "Life and Death in Sing Sing" (Doubleday, Doran), "proves to be tender-hearted; the bold robber, timid; the thief, honest." This is far different from the popular idea of those who find themselves in that grim stronghold; but the warden, who is required by law to live at the prison and to employ prisoners as servants, has had a cook who was a poisoner and been shaved by a prisoner who had cut another man's throat. "My youngest daughter, now seven years old," he writes, "has been driven about outside the prison walls in her pony-cart by a man doing twenty-five years for kidnaping, and my guests often turn their valuables over for safekeeping to men under sentence for robbery, larceny, and burglary. My family walk about the prison yards and among the men with greater assurance of safety than we would feel on the streets of any great city." The warden himself has "never carried a revolver or blackjack in Sing Sing Prison." Mr. Lawes tells of convicts who have shed tears over the loss of their pets, of some who have offered their blood in transfusion cases, of a number who wished to risk their lives to save two men they saw drowning in the Hudson, and he says:

> "Those who think of the criminal as he is usually portrayed in fiction may find it difficult to think of him as having any of the characteristics of a hero. As a matter of fact, I know of a number of former prisoners who distinguished themselves for bravery in the late war, and there are now in Sing Sing several men who have received high decorations for fearlessness and heroism. More than 20 per cent. of our present population have seen service in defense of our nation's flag. If I should ever need a man upon whose courage I would rely in the face of the gravest danger, I know hundreds of men—prisoners and ex-prisoners—upon whom I would stake my life.
>
> "Prisoners are, as a rule, generous—many of them to a fault. On the outside, they have been generous to their friends and good to their mothers. Within the walls, they will share their last bite or last Lucky or Camel with any fellow-prisoner. If any man is unable to do his work, fellow-prisoners will give him a lift. I have even known men to assume the blame and take punishment for something they had not done, in order to protect a prisoner friend."

Lest those on the outside absolve themselves of all responsibility for those whom the law has enmeshed, Warden Lawes finds that—

> "Crime is rarely a one-sided proposition; guilt rarely entirely personal. Responsibility must, in most instances, be shared by society, which takes credit for a man's virtues and should by the same token acknowledge at least some of the blame for his vices. The newspapers and movies must, in many instances, share a good deal of the responsibility of crime, but so too must the schools, the churches and many thoughtless fathers, indulgent mothers, vain wives, underpaying employers, dishonest politicians, usurious bankers, grasping money-lenders, etc. In several cases of men who have been sent to Sing Sing in connection with big business failures, the failures were due to payments of high interest rates to grasping money-lenders, who were themselves complainants, altho they had actually received in interest more than they had loaned, and were therefore only nominal losers in the failures."

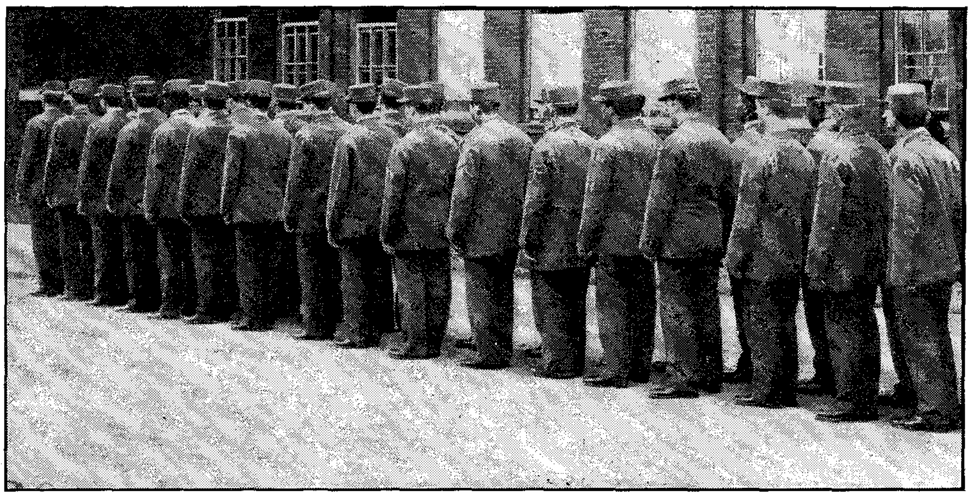
In fact, then, Mr. Lawes has come to the conclusion that the men within prison walls are no different from the average man on the outside. "The average man of Main Street," he says, "has the same faults and the same virtues as the average prisoner." Most prisoners, too, are religious, with a firm belief in God, says Warden Lawes, and the true atheist is as rare within the walls as outside. Sing Sing guards do not carry clubs, canes, blackjacks or guns, and they are not permitted to hit a prisoner, except in rare instances in which self-defense is necessary. And, says Mr. Lawes: "The fact that force and beatings are not necessary where every man is a convicted criminal and the guards are outnumbered 50 to 1 would appear to indicate that they are not necessary where the officers are 10 to 1 against a suspected criminal"—this in reference to police beatings when the men are arrested. "It is of interest to note, in this connection," we are told, "that the prisoners show uniform respect and courtesy to the honest-square-shooting 'screw' who does his duty, but are disdainful to those who are lax and suspected of being easy to reach." Sing Sing operates on the theory that men who have gone wrong may be reformed, and we read:

> "Sing Sing does not have the discipline characterized by the lock-step, striped suit, silence, and shaved heads, but has good businesslike order and excellent morale. The prisoners in the shops are not handled as prisoners, but as workmen. There are no guards with guns standing on a raised dais and shouting curses. One sees in the shops a group of laborers busy at their tasks, with here and there a civilian instructor or foreman. The men are working under conditions almost identical with those

under which they must work when they return to society. Isn't this plan called for by common sense? . . .

"For the sake of society, then, if not for the man, the prisoner should be surrounded with conditions as much like those on the outside as it is possible to obtain without, in any way, lessening the fact of imprisonment.

"Prisoners are, therefore, permitted and encouraged to receive visits from relatives. There are, in Sing Sing, no screens or railings separating a mother from her boy, and while this may seem like an inexcusable concession to sentiment to those who pride themselves upon being 'hard-boiled,' I hold that the caress of a mother will go further toward putting a wayward boy back on the right track than all the cruelty which has in the past characterized man's inhumanity to man. Prisoners are also permitted to write and to receive letters from relatives and friends, subject, of course, to censorship by a prison official."



MOST PRISONERS ARE RELIGIOUS, WITH A FIRM BELIEF IN GOD

Says Warden Lawes, and he holds that "the caress of a mother will go further toward putting a wayward boy back on the right track than all the cruelty which has in the past characterized man's inhumanity to man." The men shown here are drest in the new uniform.

Effort is made to cure anti-social tendencies through baseball and other socializing games. "The man who plays baseball learns the necessity of rules, or laws, and cooperation with his fellows. He learns to subordinate his own desires to the good of the whole team, and learns, too, that he must 'play the game' to win." Mr. Lawes does not hold to the theory that punishment cures, or is a deterrent to, crime. "Even tho it might be rational and desirable to eliminate punishment entirely in dealing with the prisoner," he writes, "it is impossible under the present system of handling convicted criminals, because imprisonment is of itself punishment." And—

"If any one doubts this fact, let him imagine himself in the finest hotel in the world, but absolutely limited to its confines without privilege of leaving, even for an hour, over a period of a year, five years, or ten years. No luxury it might afford, no comfort, no pleasures—with the unlimited privilege of receiving all visitors who might call or the freedom to communicate at will with friends by mail and telephone—would offset the loss of freedom. This would be real punishment to any man.

"Now substitute for the room in the finest hotel a narrow, dark, cold cell in a building that has been condemned as unsanitary for more than sixty years; and for the luxuries of the hotel fare, meals which cost only twenty-one cents per day. Add labor on the coal pile, or in poorly lighted shops, with out-of-date machinery, for a daily wage of one and a half cents. Then limit the visits received to one a week, and place a limit and a censorship on both outgoing and incoming mail. Take away a man's citizenship and let him realize that no matter what he does in the future the world will never forget or really forgive; that he is a marked man to his dying day. You will realize then that, regardless of an occasional baseball game or moving-picture show, imprisonment is punishment—real punishment—and the fact that so many men can bear up under its blighting effect is to their credit and proves that fortitude and honor exist among thieves."

THE GROWING DIVORCE RATE

NEARLY ONE OUT OF FIVE of all the marriages contracted in 1928 will end in the divorce court, is the rather dampening prediction made by Prof. W. F. Ogburn of the University of Chicago in an address to the American Sociological Society, in which he gives some graphic details tending to show the decadence of family life in America, and perhaps explaining why many romances end on the rocks. As quoted in a Chicago dispatch to the New York *Times*, the sociologist says that "from 1900 to 1920 the number of restaurant waiters increased about three times as fast as the number of families; restaurant owners increased four times as fast. Bakery production increased 60 per cent. from 1914 to 1925, while population increased 15 per cent. Delicatessen dealers increased 43 per cent. from 1910 to 1920, or about three times as fast as population." Just how dark the outlook is appears from statistics compiled by the Census Bureau, which show that divorces increased 6.2 per cent. while marriages decreased one-fifth of 1 per cent. throughout the nation in 1927, as compared with 1926. The figures, embracing statistics from forty-seven States and the District of Columbia, are: Marriages—1,200,694 for 1927 and 1,202,574 for 1926, a decrease of 1,880; divorces—192,037 for 1927 and 180,853 for 1926, an increase of 11,184. There were 4,252 marriages annulled in 1927, as compared with 3,825 in 1926, an increase of 427. These figures are based on an estimated population of continental United States on July 1, 1927, of 118,628,000, and on July 1, 1926, of 117,-136,000. On the basis of these estimates the number of marriages per 1,000 of the population was 10.12 in 1927, as against 10.27 in 1926, and the number of divorces per 1,000 of the population was 1.62 in 1927, as against 1.54 in 1926.

While some of our editors are not alarmed over the increased grist for the divorce mills and the decreased number of applicants at the altar, considering the time too short as a basis for diagnosis, others are much perturbed over the showing. The Detroit *News*, for instance, thinks the "condition indicates something more than a mere disregard of the binding nature of the marriage vows that leads to 'tandem' polygamy, tho that were bad enough." "The decrease in the actual number of weddings in the face of an increase in the number of healthy people in the land," says *The Press*, "carries the disconcerting suggestion that the number of irregular unions and casual alliances is increasing. In a highly organized society such a tendency suggests demoralization more than any other one evil does."

While the net decrease in the number of marriages performed in the country as a whole was 0.2 per cent., according to the Census Bureau, the relative change in the different States ranges from a decrease of 25.4 per cent. in Florida to an increase of 95.3 per cent. in Nevada. Fewer divorces are reported by only eight States—Vermont, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Wyoming, Utah, Florida, and Delaware. In one State, Virginia, no change was noted. Reports are lacking from South Carolina, of course, which has no divorce law. Increases in marriages are noted in twenty-seven States and the District of Columbia, and decreases in twenty. In one State, South Dakota, the number of marriages reported is identical for the two years. In New York

State there were 118,719 marriages in 1927 and 120,965 in 1926, a decrease of 2,246, or 1.9 per cent. The number of divorces in New York was 5,000 in 1927 and 4,674 in 1926, an increase of 326, or 7 per cent. The rate of marriages per 1,000 of the population ranges from 4.7 in Delaware and 5.8 in Wisconsin to 16.6 in Mississippi and 31.0 in Nevada. The changes in the various States as regards the number of divorces compared with the year 1926 range from decreases of 35.3 per cent. in Vermont and 19.3 per cent. in Delaware to increases of 52.1 per cent. in the District of Columbia and 91.3 per cent. in Nevada. The ratio of divorces per 1,000 of the population in the individual States in 1927 range from 0.27 in the District of Columbia and 0.44 in New York to 3.50 in Oregon and 25.23 in Nevada. An increase in the number of marriages by 95.3 per cent. in Nevada and 21.6 per cent. in Arizona is due, it is said, to a change in the marriage laws of California which requires three days' notice before the issuance of a marriage license. This change became effective July 29, 1927, and is believed to have resulted in many couples from California going to the adjoining States to wed. The Census Bureau does not offer any explanation for the decrease in marriages and the relatively large increase in divorces, except as they relate to a few States. In Vermont, where divorces fell to 257 in 1927 from 397 in 1926, it is pointed out that a change in the law which provides that divorces should not become final until six months after the granting of the decree might have been responsible. In Nevada the divorce increase is ascribed to the fact that the residence requirements have been modified from six to three months.

The chief question is, of course, whether the difference in rate between marriage and divorce in favor of divorce is sufficiently appreciable to warrant misgiving. The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* thinks the figures "confirm the popular belief that marriage, under present arrangements, is losing its power to hold lives together happily and permanently." For tho "from every evidence that can reasonably be gathered the marriage institution will continue as it is, for it is still true that the overwhelming majority of marriages are successful or at least 'permanent,'" believes *The Democrat and Chronicle*, "it is also true that a growing number of marriages are not successful." The threat to the institution of the family is not immediate, thinks the Washington *Evening Star*. "There will not be a 6 per cent. increase for many years in succession. . . . Nevertheless, the significance of these unprejudiced statistics is unmistakable. There has been a notable loss in family stability."

However, the figures do not mean that one out of every ten marriages in 1927 proved a failure, asserts the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. A large proportion of the divorces antedate the statistical tables which provoke the alarm, we are told, and an analysis of census records based on the dates of marriages might show that they hang no more loosely on the modern generation than on couples of riper experience. In explanation of the apparent odds against marriage, *The Courier-Journal* points out:

> "The emancipation of women probably has accelerated the rate of divorce. They can support themselves, and sometimes prefer the hardship and self-denial of a wage-earning existence to conditions against which their pride revolts.
>
> "Divorce laws are abused, partly, perhaps in deference to the chivalrous sentiment exprest in the intention of a royal bon vivant to 'perjure himself like a gentleman,' a gallantry which requires no knightly fortitude or moral courage when opposing counsel connive at it, complacent public prosecutors wink at it, and tolerant chancellors grant decrees on issues prepared in collusion instead of insisting that the truth be pleaded. The courts can put an end to that whenever they choose to enforce the law."

Noting the difficulties in the way of enacting uniform marriage and divorce laws, suggested as a remedial measure, the Philadelphia *Bulletin* argues:

> "In the meantime, it is practically impossible to base any valid inference on the variations in any two successive years in the rate of marriage and divorce. In the case of marriage the difference between 1926 and 1927 was practically nil, only one-fifth of 1 per cent., and hence nothing to argue about. The cause of a 6.2 per cent. increase in divorces is as yet obscure, but it would be premature to declare therefrom a permanently rapidly increasing tempo in the matter of severance of the marriage bond. Only careful comparison of statistics over a long period of years, with due account taken of all temporary factors, can justify any conclusive findings."

KING GEORGE'S RELIGION

KING GEORGE, AT WHOSE BEDSIDE the world watched and waited during his recent fight for life against illness, sets an example in simple devotion and piety, we read, worthy of emulation among the millions who pay him homage. Many who viewed his illness with sympathy may have wondered whether he was a Christian in fact, or merely put on the cloak of religion in conformity with his exalted position and certain legal requirements. A close-up view of the man as he is in this respect is given us by P. W. Wilson, a British journalist resident in the United States, and a frequent contributor to the magazines and newspapers. Writing in *The Christian Herald* (New York), Mr. Wilson tells us:

> "That King George was well brought up goes without saying. Archbishops baptized him, confirmed him, married him, anointed him. Of course he goes to church. Of course he risks his life by standing bareheaded before the cenotaph in Whitehall. As a mark of consideration for the many millions of his Roman Catholic subjects he has been received in audience by the Pope. With Queen Mary he is not less attentive to the Salvation Army.
>
> "How can a king be sincere when his faith is imposed upon him? By his accession oath, King George has solemnly to swear that he is a 'faithful Protestant,' and until he swears, he does not receive the crown. Indeed, the law does not end there. Separated by the River Tweed, England and Scotland have each an established Church. The law requires that north of the Tweed the King be officially a Presbyterian, while south of the Tweed he is officially an Episcopalian. His belief in bishops thus depends upon whether he happens to be residing at Windsor or Balmoral.
>
> "For some years this quiet monarch was overshadowed, first by his father and then by his son. In their resistance to jazz, to bobbed hair, and to absurdities of dress, and in their rigid boycott of divorce and scandal, the King and Queen were unpopular with the smart set and a subject of smiles among others. It was said that Queen Mary had no conversation and that King George was under her tutelage. The Court was humdrum. It was the Prince of Wales and later the Duchess of York in whom the world was interested.
>
> "But gradually a somewhat different estimate of the sovereigns began to pervade the nation and the world. The King was confronted by an extraordinary series of crises. Yet through all these difficulties and dangers, the King and Queen continued their throne, sympathetic, assiduous, tactful, and imperturbable. They began to be trusted, and confidence developed into affection.
>
> "Of the millions of words published about King George, I can not pretend to have seen everything. Nor has anybody else. But I have a fairly full record of his career, and I seem to find one positive hint alone, at any rate in print, of the clue to his immense personal influence. Some years ago he allowed it to be stated that, as a boy, he had promised his mother to read the Bible every day, and that he had kept the promise. That is the source of wisdom which has never failed him.
>
> "If King George V had been a Bourbon, living at Versailles, every courtier would have witnessed these devotions. But in London there is a home within the palace which is as private as any other Englishman's castle. It is in that home where the King and Queen breakfast alone that the Bible is read. It is He who sees in secret that rewards openly.
>
> "If King George V has retained his joy in service, his smile, his tenderness to children, and, in a word, his character, it is because day by day the world around him was excluded from a realm within him over which there has reigned Another than he."

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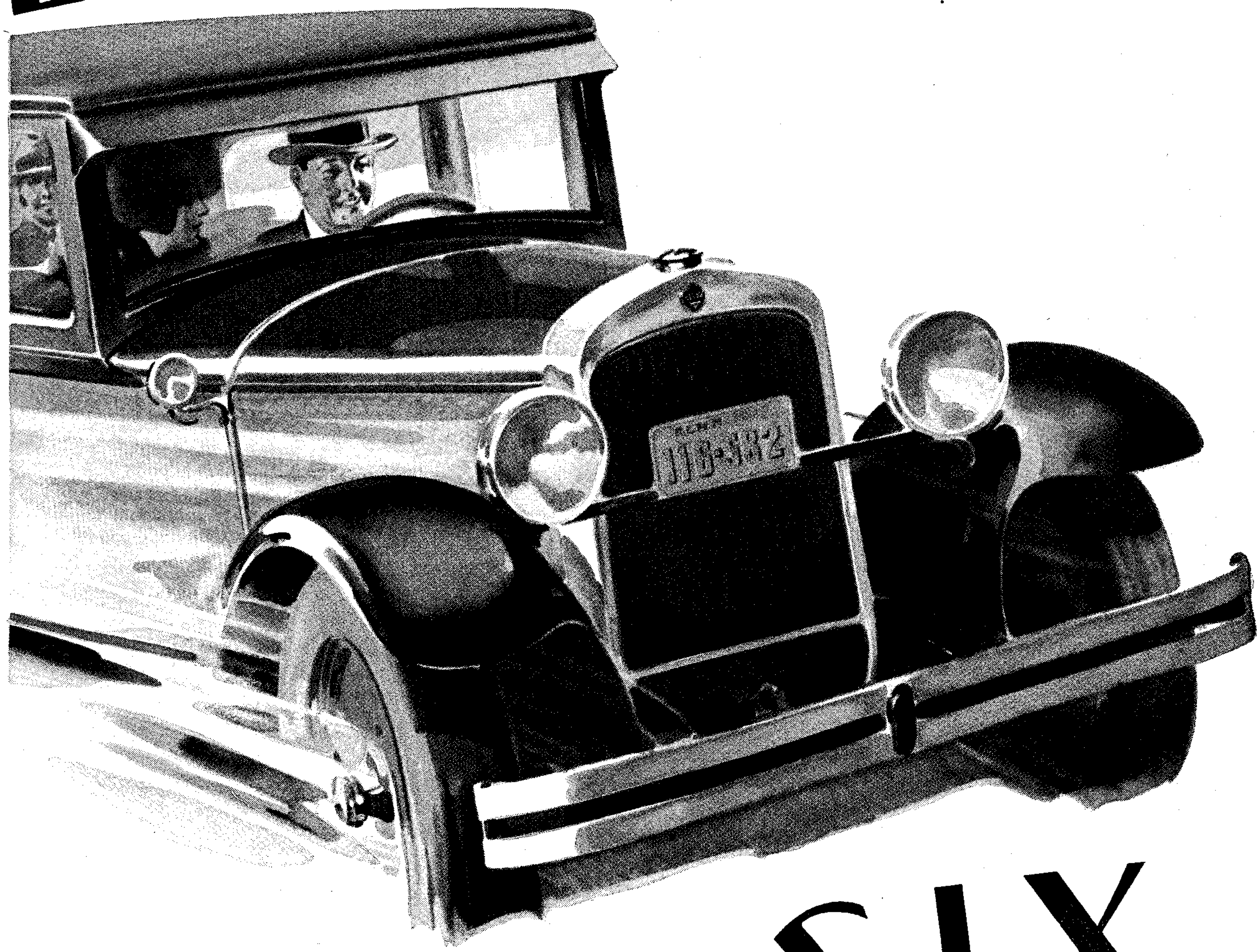

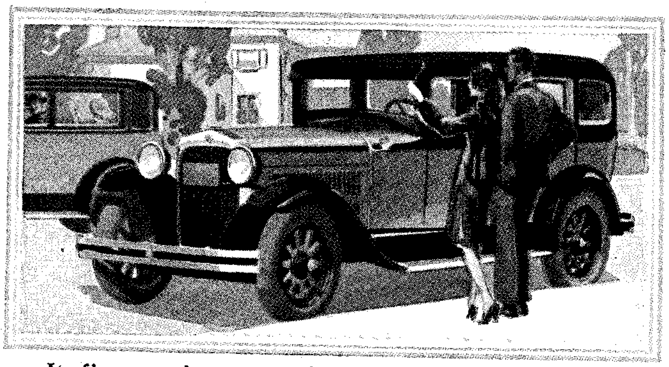

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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

THE *Book-League Monthly* (New York) for December is much taken up by Thomas Hardy—some prose, some comment upon him, and the whole of the recent Macmillan volume "Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres," a garnering of a lifetime's unpublished verse. We cite several, beginning with "We Field-Women," which Padraic Colum, in an introduction, calls "one of the most striking poems Thomas Hardy has written." There is the tragic note in all, tho in varying degree:

WE FIELD-WOMEN

By Thomas Hardy

How it rained
When we worked at Flintcomb-Ash,
And could not stand upon the hill
Trimming swedes for the slicing-mill.
The wet washed through us—plash, plash, plash:
How it rained!

How it snowed
When we crossed from Flintcomb-Ash
To the Great Barn for drawing reed,
Since we could nowise chop a swede.—
Flakes in each doorway and casement-sash:
How it snowed!

How it shone
When we went from Flintcomb-Ash
To start at dairywork once more
In the laughing meads, with cows threescore,
And pails, and songs, and love—too rash:
How it shone!

RELUCTANT CONFESSION

By Thomas Hardy

"What did you do? Cannot you let me know?"
"Don't ask! . . . 'Twas midnight, and I'd lost at cards."
"Ah. Was it crime—or seemed it to be so?"
"No—not till afterwards."
"But *what*, then, did you do?"
"Well—that was the beginning—months ago;
You see, I had lost, and could not pay but—so.
And there flashed from him strange and strong regards
That you only see when scruples smash to shards;
And thus it happened—O it rained and blew!—
But I can't tell. 'Twas all so lurid in hue!
And what was worst came after, when I knew
What first crossed not my mind,
And he has never divined!" . . .
"But he must have, if he proposed it you?"
"I mean, that—I got rid of what resulted
In a way a woman told me I consulted:
'Tis that he does not know;
Great God, it harrows me so!
I did not mean to. Every night—
In hell-dark dreams
I see an appealing figure in white—
That somehow seems
A newborn child in the clothes I set to make,
But left off, for my own depraved name's sake!"

THE SON'S PORTRAIT

By Thomas Hardy

I walked the streets of a market town,
And came to a lumber-shop,
Which I had known ere I met the frown
Of fate and fortune,
And habit led me to stop.

In burrowing mid this chattel and that,
High, low, or edgewise thrown,
I lit upon something lying flat—
A fly-flecked portrait,
Framed. 'Twas my dead son's own.

"That photo? . . . A lady—I know not whence—
Sold it me, Ma'am, one day,
With more. You can have it for eighteen-pence:
The picture's nothing;
It's but for the frame you pay."

He had given it her in their heyday shine,
When she wedded him, long her wooer:
And then he was sent to the front-trench-line,
And fell there fighting;
And she took a new bridegroom to her.

I bought the gift she had held so light,
And *buried it*—as 'twere he.—
Well, well! Such things are trifling, quite,
But when one's lonely
How cruel they can be!

To redeem its name for the untraveled, perhaps, this contributor to *Pasque Petals* (Aberdeen, So. Dak.) sounds a patriotic note in behalf of a waste allied to the Grand Canyon:

THE BAD LANDS OF DAKOTA

By Mary Frances Martin

I think that when God made the bright, fair land,
And lifted mountain peaks against the sky,
He found one plat, unfinished, still at hand—
One vacant space across the world did lie.

And looking down on valley, plain and mead,
Dimpling and fair beneath the new-born sun,
This vacant space, His mighty will decreed
Should be a dream apart—an only one.

Then in the plastic clay His fingers traced
Strange domes and towers, fantastic minarets,
Hidden retreats with windings interlaced,
Bastions upreared o'er elfin parapets.

Just then the sunset let its curtain fall—
Amber and jade, and rose and orchid hued,
Till the dropt colors clinging to butte and wall
Made a perpetual sunset in the solitude.

'Twas thus it happened this mystic marvel grew,
Time's wonderland endowed beyond compare,
I like to think, when all the world was new
God thought of us, and shaped that beauty rare.

This portrait in *Contemporary Verse* (Atlantic City) might carry other names for the self-deceived:

CROSSPATCH

By Isabel Fiske Conant

I, whom no one speaks against,
Who was always good,
I who am well known
To be all that I should,—
Why am I so lonely,
When any day are seen
Many going down the lane
To call on Martha Green?

They come out with full hands—
I can barely see—
She would pauperize them;
Let them try me!
Let them ask for my advice,
I would set them right,
I whose life is open
Like a book in their sight.

Hers would make good reading;
Mine would be dull:
My heart is empty,
But hers seems full. . . .
Down the lane, calling,
Many folk I see;
They rattle Martha Green's latch,
But never come to me.

Mr. Nichols saw too much of the horrors of war to be indulging in any chauvinistic mood, so we can eliminate that idea in considering his patriotic contribution to the London *Times:*

EPIC WIND

By Robert Nichols

An epic wind is loose to-night,
It seems to shift earth's very floor;
The sea is all one seething light,
The sky a roaring open door.

An opal spume obscures the bay
Where the distracted breakers crowd;
The very dunes are whirled away,
Spun moonward in a flaming cloud.

Blow, furious wind! Blow, hurricane, blow!
Burst windows, uproot scaffoldings!
Spin the spire cocks until they crow,
Clash spurs, and clap their bronzen wings!

Shake every tower and steeple staid,
Set the bells lungeing overhead
Till their mouths' clangorous cannonade
Summon old England's doughty dead.

From the four quarters of the globe,
From weltering water, plain and sky,
To appear in fiery wreath and robe
About the beds where sleepless lie

All such as doubt this England's power
To be yet more than she has been,
In seeming autumn blaze with flower,
Mock promised winter with wild green.

Blow, furious wind! Ride, spirits, ride!
Ours to accept and yours to give!
Blessèd be those for England died,
Blessèd be those for her shall live!

Something of the naïveté and faith of the Middle Ages speaks here in *The Sunday Times* (London), like a leaf from an old miracle play:

FAITH AND THE MUSHROOM GATHERER

By Josephine Beaugarde

The mushroom gatherer speaks:
I am hungry, I am hungry,
Lord God:
The morning is dark:
I have gathered Thy sticks for my fire
That it may be Thine abode also,
Lord God.

I am thankful, I am thankful,
Lord God:
I am spared the last sorrow,
The sorrow of the gray hearth:
Mine gleams like amber,
Lord God.

The field seems empty,
Lord God:
I see nothing in it,
Lord God:
Yet I believe Thee
The field is full of mushrooms
Under the grasses, with caps of
Snow uprising.

God speaks:
Hold thy basket: see! it is full already.
Since thou remembered'st Me
I have filled it,
It will be filled always; have no fear,
Thou shalt not hunger any more.
I could cause the field to spring white—
Thou knowest it, with good for thee.

PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

NO MORE PARADES IN PEACOCK ALLEY

A COLD BATH FOR A KAISER'S BROTHER! At the shocked whisper the social structure of America trembled. Peacock Alley, that world-famed promenade of fashion, was packed with the socially elect. The glittering visitor—no less than Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the Kaiser—passed through the brilliant assembly of bowing and curtesying cutaways and silks, Cedric Worth tells us in the New York *Morning Telegraph*, reminiscing of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, which, we read with a pang, has been sold and will be demolished in June to make way for a fifty-story sky-scraper. Prince Henry, we read further, passed through the crowd to a cold bath, for, we are reminded by Mr. Worth, on that day of all days the hot-water supply in the royal suite failed. No greater consternation, probably, was ever felt in that great New York hostelry. How the great Oscar of the Waldorf, who helped to open the hotel and will help to close it, took it, we do not know. He might have been pardoned for tearing his hair. Nine hundred and seventy servants, who had been drilled for weeks in the proper way to receive royalty, were horrified. But the organizing genius of Manager George C. Boldt, who had seen the hotel grow from an idea to a national institution, was equal to the occasion. Says Mr. Worth continuing: "He had 970 employees. Of these he impressed all the hands available and the royal suite hot water went up the stairs through a hastily formed bucket brigade. Two continents snickered, but not at the Waldorf. Pageantry was a serious matter in those days." Now, this writer says further, the Waldorf will go rumbling down chutes into dump-trucks; and in the New York *World* Dudley Nichols comments that when the sky-scraper sets its heel on the old hotel it will grind into oblivion the very headstone of old New York, the New York of the '90's and the 1900's, of Fifth Avenue instead of Park Avenue homes, of pre-war and ante-prohibition, of 15-cent whisky and the 5-cent 'segar.'"

An editorial in the same journal agrees that "the passing of the Waldorf-Astoria will put a final and emphatic period to a social epoch." Speaking further of the changes which have come to pass in the hotel's lifetime, *The World* says:

When this hostelry first arose on the site of William Waldorf Astor's private home, tho only thirty-six years ago, the United States knew only a few great fortunes, and those for the most part in New York City. Private expenditure still clung to provincial standards with little or no encouragement to indulge itself in the grand manner. The Waldorf, resplendent in size, decoration and equipment beyond anything then known in the way of public houses, either here or abroad, gave it its first opportunity to cut loose. Here for the first time in history the commoner might become a prince for as long as his money lasted. And all the budding plutocrats jumped to the lure.

The provision of this outstanding home of luxury happened to coincide with a sudden eruption of wealth in coal and oil and steel which multiplied our few millionaires overnight. It brought them tumbling to its portals. Within a few years it felt the need of doubling its accommodations with another great inn on the adjoining property of John Jacob Astor, more costly and perfect in its appointments than its predecessor. The two were joined and reigned supreme for two decades as a Mekka for all Americans with the desire and the means to gratify their keen democratic taste for high life. It seems unlikely that any center of hospitality on this continent will ever again achieve, as certainly none did before it, the concentration of prestige which made of the Waldorf-Astoria a great national institution. To-day the diffusion of wealth has created a thousand rivals, has peppered the country with public palaces, and decentralized the business of entertaining the sovereign American citizen as a sovereign. The day of the one great plutocratic caravansery is done, and with it fades this famous landmark of the metropolis.

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THE WALDORF-ASTORIA IN THE GAY 'NINETIES

When it sported a hedge, and Fifth Avenue was paved with Belgian blocks, and the buses were horse-drawn, and the women never, never—or hardly ever—showed their ankles.

It would be unfair to ascribe the unique rôle of the Waldorf in the life of its generation entirely to the social conditions that so favored its fortunes. Much of its enormous success was due to the vision of George C. Boldt, its sole lessee and proprietor, until his death in 1916. Mr. Boldt, tho originally a poor Danish immigrant, had the imagination to foresee the demand for a hotel on a scale and a style never before attempted, and the public spirit and good taste to picture it as an institutional rather than as a strictly business venture. He combined with his prophetic judgment the fine old instinct of the Continental innkeeper who accepts his calling as a public trust and plays the host not only in name but in fact. Boldt early associated with his management a kindred spirit, Oscar Tschirky—"Oscar of the Waldorf"—also an immigrant from Switzerland. Together they made the Waldorf famous, not only for its comforts and cuisine, not only for the members of royalty and the representatives of fashion and wealth, who made it their American headquarters, but for the banquets and balls, conventions and concerts that still gravitate to its hospitable halls.

And in her column in *The World*, Elsie McCormick philosophizes on life as it was and as it is. Reading on of the imminent destruction of the hotel:

Prohibition and the sad effects of too much spaciousness are the reasons given for its downfall. The great open spaces of the lobby were designed in the days of wide sleeves and billowing trains—at the time when, if ladies were to pass each other without turning sidewise and murmuring apologies, it was necessary to provide as much room as that needed by two hay-wagons.

That was a day when even men required much space in which to move. There were wide-horned mustaches to consider, to say nothing of twirling gold-headed canes or sticks impishly topped by an ivory copy of a feminine foot. There was, besides, a whole theory of life that pointed to wastefulness,

In the past twenty years life has shut up like a folding bed. A square foot of very mediocre New York soil could not be more costly if fertilized by crusht pearls.

This passing of a great hotel brings to mind again the fact that wealth is no longer living up to its obligations in furnishing a spectacle for the multitude. Part of the duty of money is to provide a pageant that will cast a little golden light on lives wrapt tightly in ash-can gray.

Nowadays, however, the pageant has disappeared. Instead of giving orchid balls in rooms of gilt and crystal, society entertains its friends on a night-club dance floor about the size of a pocket-handkerchief. Instead of living in a turreted town-house Crœsus dwells in an apartment dwelling that has all the individuality of a number of up-ended postage-stamps.

Somehow the proletariat has a much more friendly feeling for a society that gives it a good show. Nobody could point out a towered Fifth Avenue dwelling to a cousin from Ogden, Utah, without feeling a sense of pride and possession. Counting window-ledges on a blank-faced apartment building and telling Cousin Joe that the Van De Vans live on the fourteenth floor does not produce any similar sentiment.

This feeling of possession and interest was greatly increased by the old-fashioned society reporting. Formerly it was the mode for a society editor to fill her columns with diamond stomachers, lilies-of-the-valley, jeweled elevators, and trains of copper brocade. In that day matrons breakfasting in weary wrappers reached avidly across the toast for a description of the gowns and menu at the great Smith-Jones ball.

It was the custom among many ladies to pick a certain débutante at the beginning of the season, and to follow all her activities with a fond and proprietary interest. Neighbors leaning across back fences argued so violently about the respective merits of their favorites that more than one rat was jerked informally from its moorings.

The Waldorf-Astoria was part of the age when the social leader belonged to her public, and neither had nor expected any more privacy than a park statue. This great hotel was the most important show-case of society. It was the place where ladies with impressive sleeves strolled dutifully up and down Peacock Alley to be looked at by those of the populace who were willing to brave the intimidating effect of gilt and onyx.

The sad part of it is that this ancient Waldorf will probably never have a successor. Society has pulled the dark covers over the show-case, and all that is left of its glitter are some unquiet rumors circulated in celluloid by a town of the distant West.

The end of the Waldrof-Astoria has caused many excavations into its history. One of the anecdotes concerns the great war of the whiskers—the war that raged when the hotel manager decreed that no facial forests would be permitted among the employees. In fact, the manager went so far as to decree that no whiskered cabby would be allowed to park in front of the hotel.

This interference with the right of personal landscape gardening caused a furore that shook Manhattan down to its granite toes. The indignant cabbies held a great mass meeting which was attended by every devotee of whiskers from the Battery to the Bronx.

Even the Governor interfered on behalf of the persecuted cabmen. The manager, however, stood his ground, and soon a large number of the city's hack drivers were obliged to provide themselves with neckties.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"OSCAR OF THE WALDORF"

The veteran maître-d'hôtel and (in later years) manager is here seen presenting a cake to a "dug-out" of World War veterans.

Now we return to Mr. Nichols's narrative in *The World*. No doubt, he tells us:

There will always be an "old New York," but this one which is just around the last corner of Time seems as remote from the modern city as 100 per cent. from ½ of 1 per cent., even tho it does not need graybeards to remember. The Waldorf was thought to be the last stronghold for the shade of Father Knickerbocker and the great ghosts of Peacock Alley, with its memories of vanished Horse Shows. Where will they haunt now?

New Yorkers put on their thinking caps and brought to mind the rich anecdotage which surrounds the Waldorf-Astoria, between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets on Fifth Avenue, the last hotel where one may dine and look out on "the Avenue." The year 1890 seems near arithmetically, and yet in point of change and growth the time is very remote. Marconi had not invented wireless, and the Wrights had not flown. The horse inhabited Fifth Avenue, and Forty-second Street was "way up-town." And William Waldorf Astor, great-grandson of the founder of the fortunes of the family, was thinking of becoming an Englishman.

Twenty years earlier Waldorf Astor's father had built a four-story red brick house at Thirty-third Street on Fifth Avenue. It had been the talk of the town then.

Now it was the talk of the town again when Waldorf Astor pulled up stakes and sailed for England to become, before he died, a British peer, a career which eventually was to land his son's wife, Nancy Astor of Virginia, in the House of Commons as the first woman member. What would Waldorf Astor then do with his Fifth Avenue home?

Presently New York was startled with the rumor that Astor was going to tear down his house and put up a hotel the like of which the world had never known. Goodness, it was to have 500 rooms and 350 baths. Imagine 350 people wanting to bathe at the same time. Ideas were still rather primitive. Men were coming in from the West with millions in their pockets, fresh-made millions, and their ideas on how to spend it were rudimentary. Mr. Astor, through his shrewd estate agent, Abner Bartlett, and through George Boldt, whom Bartlett got to manage the new hotel, was going to show these men how to spend money.

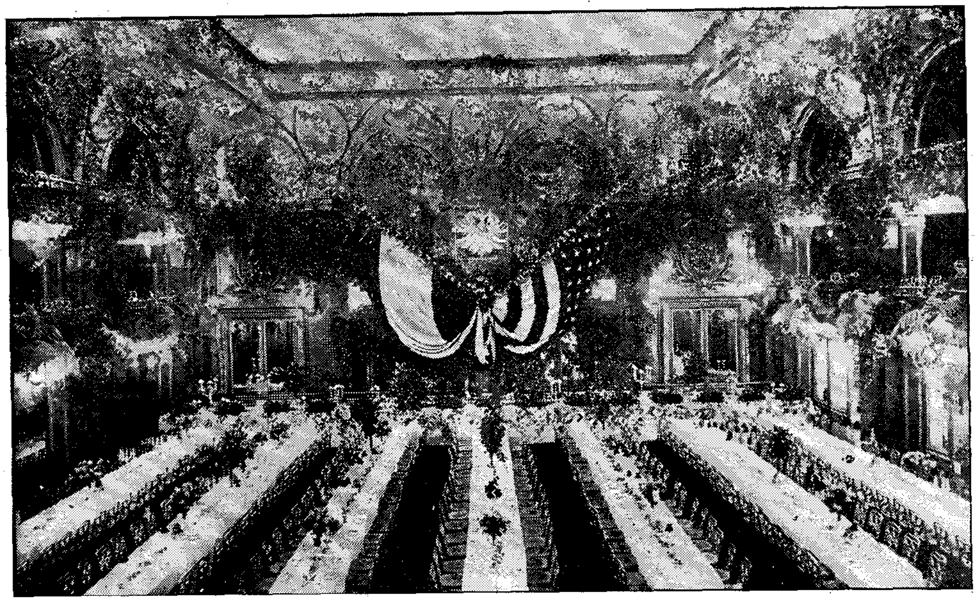
Social satirists sharpened their wits. The Waldorf's mission, surmised Oliver Herford, was "to purvey exclusiveness to the masses"—and the phrase flew the rounds of the clubs and dinner tables. But meanwhile, as we read on:

Mr. Astor did not stay to hear these remarks. It is recorded that he visited his hotel but twice, and then walked through the halls with his eyes on the floor, never seeing ceilings or walls.

Waldorf Astor's house was torn down, and a young man walking up Fifth Avenue saw workmen excavating for a foundation. Oscar Tschirky was a Swiss by birth, but a New Yorker by curiosity, and like all New Yorkers he stopt to look at this hole in the ground. Oscar had emigrated when he was fifteen, and now, ten years later, was head waiter at Delmonico's, then down at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street.

He asked workmen what the hole was for. The new Waldorf Hotel? That would be a first-rate job. Finally Oscar found Boldt, another immigrant with success in his eye, and applied for a place. Boldt liked him, but asked for letters. Oscar went back to Delmonico's and got all the signatures he could carry subscribed to a testimonial, names like George Gould and Justice Andrews, Seward Webb and John P. Munn, and, P. S. he got the job. Boldt, of whom it was said that "he could stand on the blue-print of a new hotel and see the people piling in the front doors," put Oscar in charge of the dining-rooms. And now, thirty-five years after, Oscar is thinking of retiring to his thousand-acre farm in Ulster County, a wealthy man and contented. "Thank God I saved my money," he said.

But to go back to the beginning, the Waldorf had been built to coincide with the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. America was still looked upon as a second-rate Power, but the giant was awakening. New York was to undergo the metamorphosis from an immense city into a world metropolis. And the Waldorf was to become almost a symbol of those changes.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THE SCENE OF MANY A FAMOUS FEAST WHEN BANQUETS WERE BANQUETS

But the lean, dry days of later times, when the decline of gastronomic appreciation almost broke Oscar's heart, tended to rob the Waldorf-Astoria banquet room of its old importance.

In a dismal downpour of sharp March rain the new hotel opened with a charity concert for the St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, and faded clippings tell in an almost breathless style that "the audience was the most brilliant that New York has ever seen gathered together," and that "for once interest did not center in fashionable people; they were absorbed in surroundings than which there are nowhere in the world any more beautiful and magnificent."

That was the lure which drew visitors from all over the world—magnificence!

Even the hundreds of small chairs used for the concert were gilded, and all the furnishings were in what seems to-day the rather grotesque taste of late Victorianism. Western visitors to New York lowered their voices when the splendors of the Waldorf were recounted.

However, a bad year had been chosen in which to open such a hotel, for 1893 turned out a year of panic and commercial gloom, so that even Boldt became deprest, and began asking his friends if he hadn't made a mistake, and wouldn't he have been better off at the little Bellevue in Philadelphia? He had taken over the Waldorf and agreed to pay Astor a good interest on the investment.

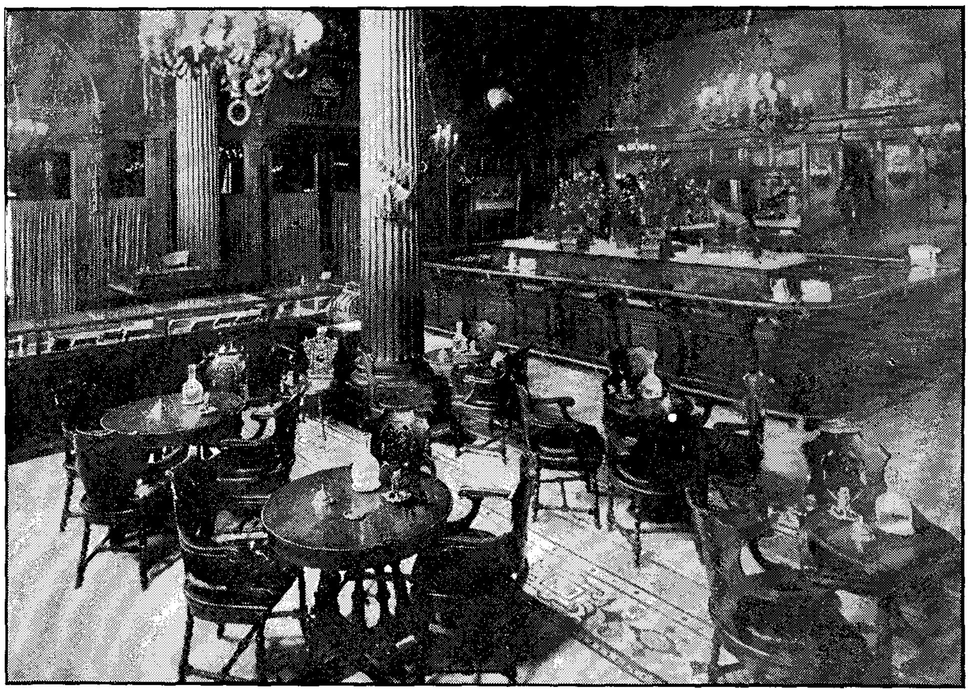
On one dark Sunday of that year there were only forty guests in the hotel and 970 names on the pay-roll.

Tided over that depression the Waldorf caught on in favor, and there were never any lean days after that. The Waldorf became the gathering place for rich and powerful men. The millionaires who came out of the West, the Wall Street plungers and their friends, often took up permanent quarters there. John W. "Betcha-a-Million" Gates paid $20,000 a year for his apartment there, a staggering rental for those days.

Business grew steadily better, the John Jacob Astor house, just north of the hotel, was torn down to make room for a second building, connected with the first, but capable of being shut off. The joint structures took the hyphenated name. Reading on:

Mr. Boldt was canny beyond his generation in the knowledge of the powers of publicity, and he understood the value of social prestige to a hotel like the Waldorf-Astoria. The Four Hundred had not yet the habit of using hotel ballrooms for brilliant functions, but Mr. Boldt saw to that. And to this day the Bradley-Martin ball, which was given in the Waldorf-Astoria on February 10, 1897, remains an outstanding social function in New York annals. In flats and boarding-houses from the Battery to the Bronx people talked and talked about the rumor that Mrs. Bradley-Martin's costume, impersonating Mary Stuart, had cost $60,000 alone, that her husband was masked like a courtier of Louis XV. In newspapers there were editorials on the employment of wealth for pleasure, and Mrs. Bradley-Martin defended herself by saying her prime object in giving the ball was to furnish employment for unfortunate dressmakers, caterers, and florists. And when criticism persisted she threatened to move, and finally did move to England. But not until long after the ball was over.

However, if anything had been lacking in the success of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, the Bradley-Martin ball supplied it. Boldt next started "Mr. Bagby's Musical Mornings," which were to persist for a generation and more. No one was ever bidden, the "Musical Mornings" were not advertised, yet when the morning came hundreds of would-be Bagbyites were turned away.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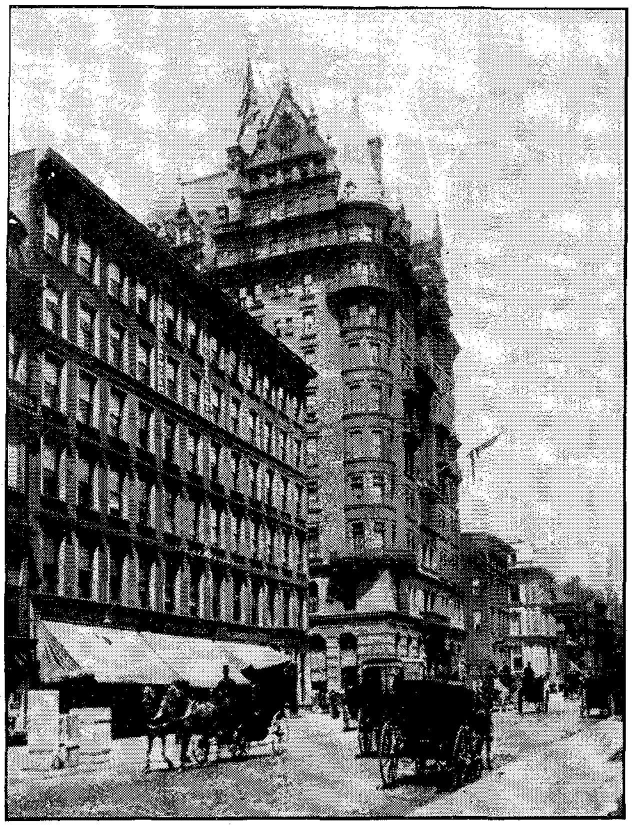
WHERE CELEBRITIES ONCE RESTED THEIR FEET ON THE BRASS RAIL

And the profits of the famous oblong bar, 'tis said, paid the expenses of the whole establishment.

Every afternoon there was a throng around the great four-sided bar, which was said to pay the overhead of the whole hotel. Eight bartenders in white coats worked around the massive mahogany, and you could have anything if you had the price—your citified cocktails, or wines of France or Italy, beer from

Germany, and ale from England. You could have the preferred drink of your native State or province. You could have rye, or bourbon, or Scotch—and you usually did not take Scotch. And the old-fashioned whisky cocktails were famous everywhere.

"Betcha-a-Million" Gates and his cronies played bridge nearly every afternoon at $100 a point. Once Gates and a couple of friends were introduced to a New York official, a man of no special means, and invited him to sit in their bridge game.



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WHEN THE WALDORF HAD NO ASTORIA

On the further side of William Waldorf Astor's hotel may be seen the house of his kinsman, John Jacob Astor, on the site to be occupied later by a new half of what was to be the Waldorf-Astoria.

"How much?" he inquired.

"A hundred a point," they said off-handedly.

The official had played one cent a point and even fifty cents a point, but this was pretty steep, he thought—a dollar a point. However, he won, and when the account was gone over at the end of the game, Gates said, as if dismissing the matter, that he'd have his man look after it and send him a check.

Next day the official was stupefied to receive a check for $33,000, and hurried to Gates's man.

"Look here, you've made a mistake. Should be $330."

"What? At a hundred dollars a point?"

"Gosh a' mighty," said the winner. And he went off dazedly till he found Gates.

"Look here, Mr. Gates, I thought you were playing a hundred cents, not dollars! I could have paid my losses if it had gone the other way, but it would have stript me."

"Never mind, son," said Gates. "Forget it!"

Old Waldorf employees recall yet how Gates used to stay out late sometimes playing poker, and how he used to carry unset diamonds in his vest pocket with which to appease his wife when he came in at three in the morning. And as a sign that amity had been restored Mrs. Gates would go into the Waldorf pantry and fry him some eggs for a late snack.

Another habitué of the Waldorf was Private John Allen, who got his monniker because he said he was the only surviving private of the Confederate Army. One day Allen was sitting with some friends when he spied a friend coming in.

"Come over here," he cried, "and meet my friend, Colonel So-and-So." The Colonel was a Southern-looking gentleman with a bristling red vandyke.

"The Colonel," said Allen, "is the representative of that balm of mankind, sir, that great family institution, sir, that nectar of the gods and ambrosia of man, sir, Green River whisky. . . . Let us repair to the bar, sir."

They did. Presently Private Allen proposed that the party visit the Hoffman House. They did. There the bartender took orders, and coming to Allen was replied to in this wise:

"Give me, sir, a goblet of that unmatchable beverage, that great boon to mankind, sir, and luxury of the human race, that unparalleled rejuvenator and rejoicer of all hearts, sir, Green River whisky."

"Sorry, sir," said the blushing bartender, "but we have no Green River whisky."

"What!" exclaimed Private Allen, "no Green River whisky? Sir, I'll not deign to remain in a place where there is not for sale and the gratification of good men that sterling refreshment, Green River whisky."

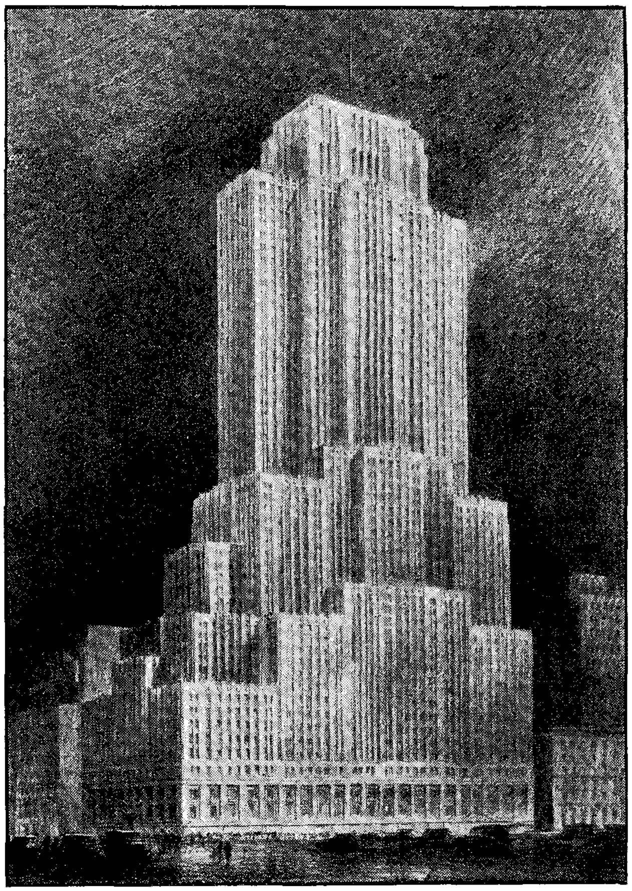
And he walked out, followed by his friends.

The next day Colonel So-and-So sold seventy-two cases of Green River whisky to the Hoffman House, and a few days later Private Allen said to his friends: "Say, I've been given a lot of Green River whisky; wouldn't you like to have a few bottles?"

The anecdotes are innumerable. But conviviality was not the only business which was pursued in the Waldorf-Astoria. The United States Steel Corporation was conceived there, first in an informal conversation between John W. Lambert, Gates, Max Pam, and two or three others in the main corridor, and then a little later in the Gates apartment up-stairs. The late Judge Gary lived there for years afterward. Charles M. Schwab was another guest.

And the celebrities continued to come to the Waldorf. Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, had created a national stir with his visit. In the year of the World's Fair had come the "honorable and ducal descendants of Admiral Christopher Columbus" and Her Royal Highness, the Infanta Eulalia of Spain.

Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, and Coolidge have stayed at the Waldorf. President-elect Hoover and ex-President Diaz from Mexico have been there, and as for royalty there have been the King and Queen of Belgium, the Prince of Wales, Prince Carol of Roumania, Prince William of Sweden, Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia, Prince Mogi of Japan, the Crown Prince of Siam, and the Crown Prince of Abyssinia, to name a few that Oscar remembers.



By courtesy of Shreve & Lamb, Architects

GOOD-BY, HISTORIC HOTEL! HELLO, SKY-SCRAPER!

This fifty-story castle of business is planned for the Waldorf-Astoria block on Fifth Avenue, Thirty-third to Thirty-fourth Street.

And as for Premiers, there have been Lloyd George, Poincaré of France, and Sir Robert Borden of Canada.

Editorial lamentation was loud when word came that the Waldorf is to go. "They really should have kept their hands off

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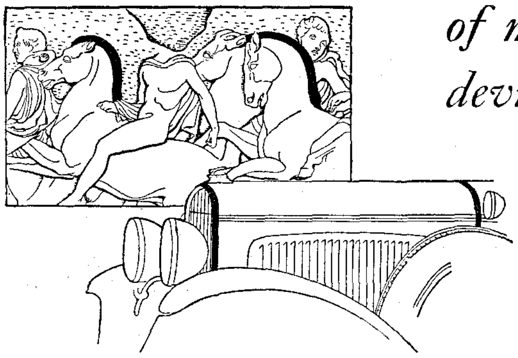
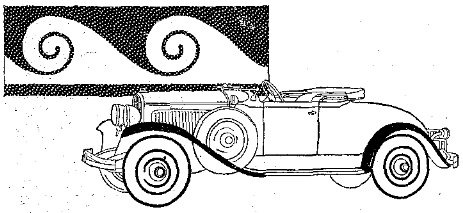
CHRYSLER

BEAUTY *is no chance creation*

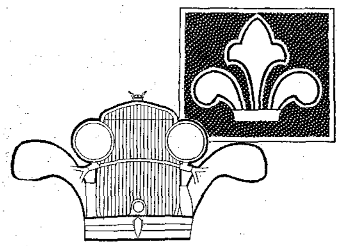
FOR the first time *in the history of motor car design an authentic system has been devised based upon the canons of ancient classic art*



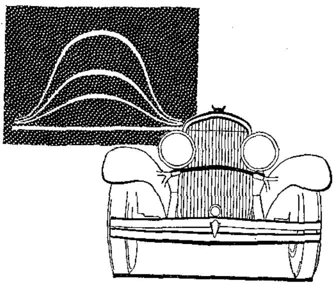
The most modern thing in motor car design—Chrysler's matching of slender-profile radiator with cowl bar moulding—has its artistic origin in the repetition of motif in the historic frieze of the ancient Parthenon.



Note the dynamic symmetry of Chrysler fender contours and wheels, counterparts of the "wave border" of the classic masterpieces of architecture and design.

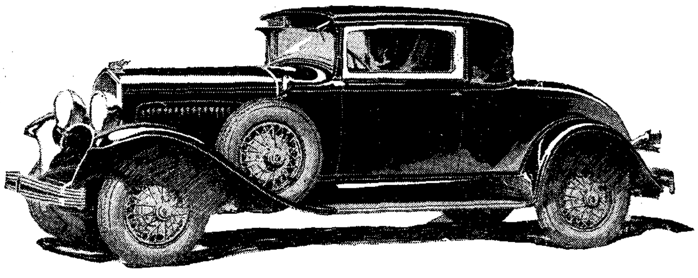


The Chrysler front elevation indicates the influence of the Egyptian lotus leaf pattern. Applied with consummate artistry in blending beauty and utility.



Artists know this as a "rising, diminishing series." The level road, the bumper, the tie-rod above, and radiator form a series in perfect harmony.

CHRYSLER designers realize fully that beauty is an elusive thing and that the pursuit of it in motor car design must not be hampered by too rigid adherence to laws and conventions . . . But Chrysler also has found that there are so many glorious precedents and inspirations in art, architecture and design, that the search for authentic and harmonious symmetry can actually be reduced to something like a scientific system in which results are certain . . . Chrysler has left nothing to chance . . . Chrysler has not relied alone upon the inspiration of individual designers . . . Chrysler has sought instead to do something never done before in motor car design — to search out *authentic* forms of beauty which have come down the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged and *translate* them in terms of motor car beauty and motor car utility . . . The lengths to which Chrysler designers have gone in this patient pursuit of beauty will doubtless prove a revelation to those who have probably accepted Chrysler symmetry and charm as fortunate but more or less accidental conceptions . . . The Chrysler process goes far deeper than any charming but accidental conception.



New Chrysler "75" Coupe (with rumble seat) $1535. Wire wheels extra

All Chrysler models will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; and at special displays in the Commodore Hotel during the New York Show, January 5th to 12th and in the Balloon Room and entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, January 26th to February 2nd.

the Waldorf," says the New York *Evening Post*, adding, "Why do they want to supplant it with one of these commonplace fifty-story sky-scrapers?" *The Times* of the same city, however, is more philosophic, pointing out that the hotel has lived its life to the full, and the imminent destruction is not as if it were to come in the institution's prime. But the hotel seems to have been a truly national institution, as well as a local one, as is attested by reminiscent editorials in papers all over the land.

However, as we write, a favorite topic of speculation is whether there will be a new Waldorf. The sellers of the hotel have reserved the right to the name, and to many that is an indication that a successor to the old hotel will rise, built more in conformity with modern hotel construction. For, we are told, the reason for the sale was not lack of prosperity, but the fact that the building included large non-revenue-producing spaces which reduced profits. If there is a new Waldorf it may mean that Oscar will not become merely a memory, altho the first assumption was that the famous caterer to epicures would retire to his farm in upstate New York. However, we read in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

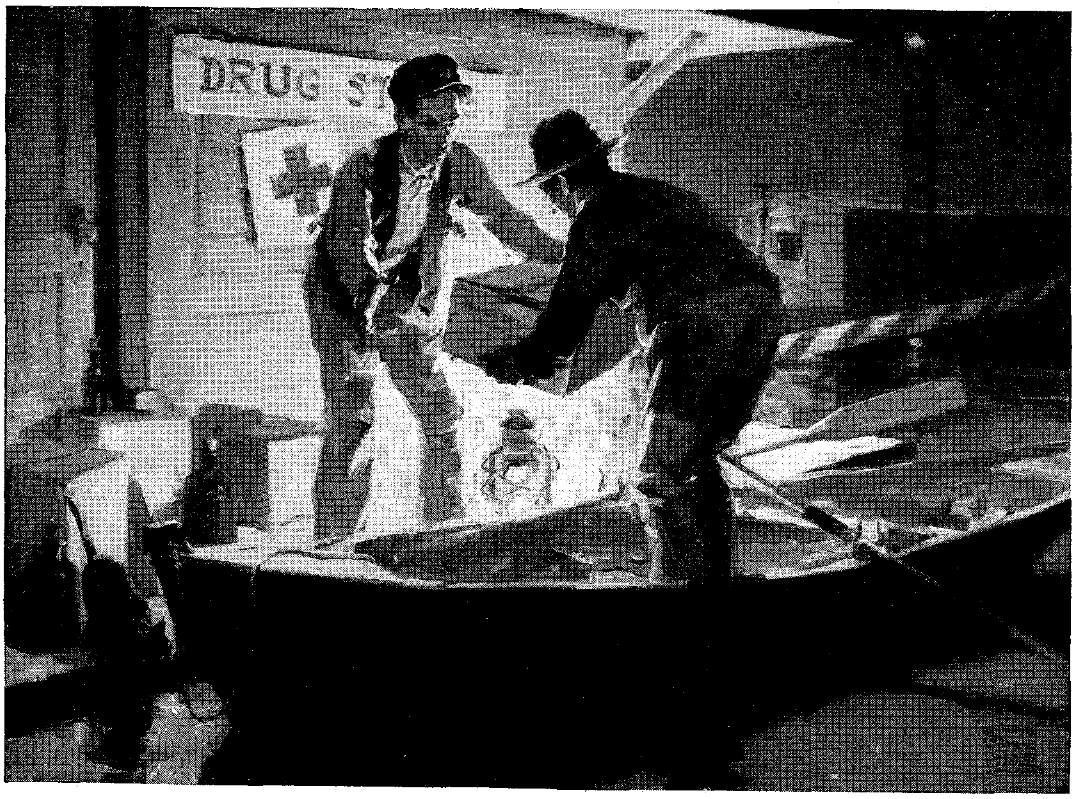
> Oscar, who has reigned for nearly thirty-six years over the interior economy of the Waldorf-Astoria, who came to the hotel on the day it opened its doors and will not leave until the day it closes, some time next June, answered the many inquiries as to what he would do then by saying frankly that he did not know.
>
> He has for years fulfilled the functions of a general manager, but refuses to be known by any other title than "Oscar of the Waldorf." It is a stipulation in his contract. Under that title he has helped to make the hotel, just as the hotel has helped to make him, into an institution, and with the announcement of the sale of the Waldorf and its early demolition Oscar finds himself as yet without any plans. "I have still six months in which to make my decision," he said.
>
> It seemed not unlikely that Oscar might establish a hotel or a restaurant of his own. "There will never," he said, with the emphasis of a sad conviction, "be another Waldorf. There will never be anything like it again."
>
> His telephone was busy with offers of new posts in other hotels, but Oscar declared that he would not accept them. He would not now work for others; if the habit of work had not become inveterate with him, he might look forward to retiring.
>
> Oscar has a large farm, managed by his son August, at New Paltz, Ulster County, New York. "I might like for a month or so," he said, "to retire and walk about there with my dogs, but my family does not wish me to retire. I love my work, I love the people—everything was a pleasure, everything."
>
> From his small office on the mezzanine floor of the hotel, Oscar looked back over a third of a century in which he had seen the great and near-great come and go, which had brought him the friendship or acquaintance of Presidents and princes, which had identified his name not unprominently with a whole social epoch. He was cheerful and tactful with his interviewers, as he always has been, and told them that it was for the hotel rather than for himself that he regretted the end.
>
> For Oscar was an integral part of the great Waldorf legend and the great Waldorf success—a legend and a success founded largely upon the astute and intelligent publicity methods of George C. Boldt, the first manager. In those methods Oscar and his personality were important adjuncts. In 1921 it was said that he had signed a ten-year contract at a salary of $50,000 a year. Oscar did not deny it.
>
> In looking back yesterday over the three brilliant decades, Oscar would pick no favorites among the eminent whom he had met nor betray any confidences that they may have made him. He drew from his desk a fat packet of letters from statesmen and royalties, while the walls were adorned with the diplomas of the three foreign orders which he acknowledges—Chevalier of the Crown of Belgium, Chevalier of the Crown of Roumania, and *Chevalier de Mérite Agricole* of France—as well as some of the many lesser testimonials and distinctions he has received.
>
> Among the latter was the ornamental certificate attesting his appointment "as an Honorary Chief of Police" of New York, by former Commissioner Enright. Oscar did not show the letters, however, and made little comment upon his honors.
>
> Tho assisting in the preparation of the new hotel, Oscar continued his work at Delmonico's up until 1 A. M., on the day the Waldorf was opened. That was March 14, 1893. At 6 A. M. he was standing by the door of the Waldorf.
>
> "Mr. Boldt," he said, "gave me a rap on the shoulder and said, 'Oscar, open the door,' and so we started."
>
> Of the long succession of famous dinners and receptions which Oscar was afterward to supervise—arranging the detail, ordering the service and decoration, and choosing the menu—the only one which he would mention yesterday was the great dinner given February 26, 1902, to Prince Henry of Prussia, the "sailor Prince" and brother to William II.
>
> Tho "good-will tour" was a phrase then uninvented, Prince Henry's visit to the United States was one of the most impressive good-will tours ever undertaken, and the dinner at the Waldorf, given by *The New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, was one of the culminating points.
>
> To Oscar yesterday those days seemed definitely at an end. The food may be as good, the company as brilliant, but an essential note is gone.
>
> "How can anybody be an epicure in a hotel now," Oscar asked, "order a truly fine dinner, as they used to do, with turtle soup, terrapin, canvasback duck, and expect to eat it—with a glass of water? You can not provide good food, and obey the law."
>
> Oscar was born Oscar Tschirky, on September 28, 1866, in Locle, Switzerland. Arriving in the United States in 1883, he immediately took out his citizenship papers and was naturalized in 1888. At the opening of the Waldorf, he was officially its maître d'hôtel, and was later known as its manager, until he insisted upon dropping all titles.

The old hotel gave its name to another employee to whom the news of the sale brought tragedy. He was known as "Frederick of the Waldorf," and of his fate we read in the New York *Telegram:*

> He came from Heidelberg, Germany, and once he'd served his Emperor, and been complimented on the fish. Of mornings he would stroll down the Avenue, a suave, impeccable, oldish man, with a French poodle. The people would turn and look at him. One day his foot hurt him, but he paid no attention. Later they cut off most of his foot, which had become infected. He knew he could never be a waiter again. So Frederick Cigler left the Waldorf and was forgotten. On Sundays this old man would put on a frayed, stained suit and walk up past the Waldorf with his dog. "They're going to tear the Waldorf down," he told the landlord last night. This morning the landlord smelled gas and broke into the room. Frederick Cigler lay with a gas hose in his mouth. His dog lay beside him. They were both dead.

And what does New York get in return for the Waldorf? *The Herald Tribune* answers the question, and also looks backward many years, thus:

> All that can be said now is that the new building will be fifty stories and, tho not the highest in New York, it will be the largest in space measurement in this city. In this respect it may outclass the Chicago Tower Building, which is to be seventy-five stories and contain 5,000,000 cubic feet.
>
> The building will rise in a series of steps to a central tower, which will cover 20,000 of the 84,000 square feet in the site.
>
> The building when erected, will mean the final development of this property. That is the opinion of several real-estate men. Others have been careful to explain that if the building was ever taken down, it would not be for at least fifty years.
>
> When the Waldorf-Astoria was completed, the belief then was that the hotel never would be replaced with another structure. It was the final development for this property. At that time Fifth Avenue and the surrounding sections were chiefly residential, and the hotel topped its neighbors by many stories. But these men were wrong and, perhaps, the men who now say that the last structure for the site is the one to be erected next year may realize in time that they, too, underestimated their city and the volume of its growth.
>
> The proposed structural giant will be the third building to cover the site. Those who remember the military funeral for General Grant on Fifth Avenue, in 1885, will recall that there were two dwellings on the Waldorf-Astoria block at the time. They were the houses of two members of the Astor family. Each house measured thirty feet wide. A high brick wall extended along the avenue from house to house. Behind the wall were the Astor gardens, as each Astor owned half of the block.
>
> This property was one of the three blocks on the west side of Fifth Avenue, Thirty-second to Thirty-sixth Streets, in which William B. Astor secured a half interest for $20,500 in 1827. To-day $14,000,000 is the value of the property, because that is the price Mr. Brown paid last Thursday afternoon for the realty.
>
> Mr. Astor might have made a better deal had he been interested in that section of the city about twenty-eight years sooner. The records show that in 1799 John Thompson bought the Waldorf Astor block, and the adjoining property south to Thirty-second Street, and north to Thirty-sixth Street, twenty acres in all, for $2,500.



On November 4, 1927, the Mississippi River went mad. In a few hours thousands of people were homeless, and the danger of disease added to their peril. It was a time to test the measure of a man!

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

"You bet your life I'm staying!"

A STORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD

THREE feet of water—despite sandbags wedged against the doors! T. C. Griswold, druggist in a little Arkansas town, shifted his stock to the highest shelves and spread planks from counter to counter. Hour by hour the water rose. "Worst flood in history," came the warning. "Fly to the hills!"

"Are you staying, Mr. Griswold?" neighbors called, as they ran. "You bet your life I'm staying," he answered. "They'll need medicines here."

At nightfall Griswold ferried medical supplies to the railroad depot and set up an emergency drug store. There, through all the long hours that followed, he labored to supply physicians and public health workers with the medicines so urgently needed to save life and check disease.

Your neighborhood "Fortress of Health"

Whenever public health has been threatened, the druggist has always proved an indispensable factor in the situation.

He is no less indispensable in everyday emergencies. His professional resources are at the disposal of your physician and yourself from early in the morning until late at night, every day in the year.

His store is your neighborhood "Fortress of Health."

Why he likes to sell you Parke-Davis products

In their work of compounding physicians' prescriptions two generations of pharmacists have looked to Parke, Davis & Company for dependable, standardized drugs and medicines.

Today, with a still broader scope of service, your pharmacist carries for your convenience a number of Parke-Davis preparations for your daily home use.

When your druggist says to you, "This is a Parke-Davis product," he is offering you merchandise which his years of experience have taught him cannot be excelled.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Ask your druggist for

PARKE-DAVIS Standardized Cod-liver Oil

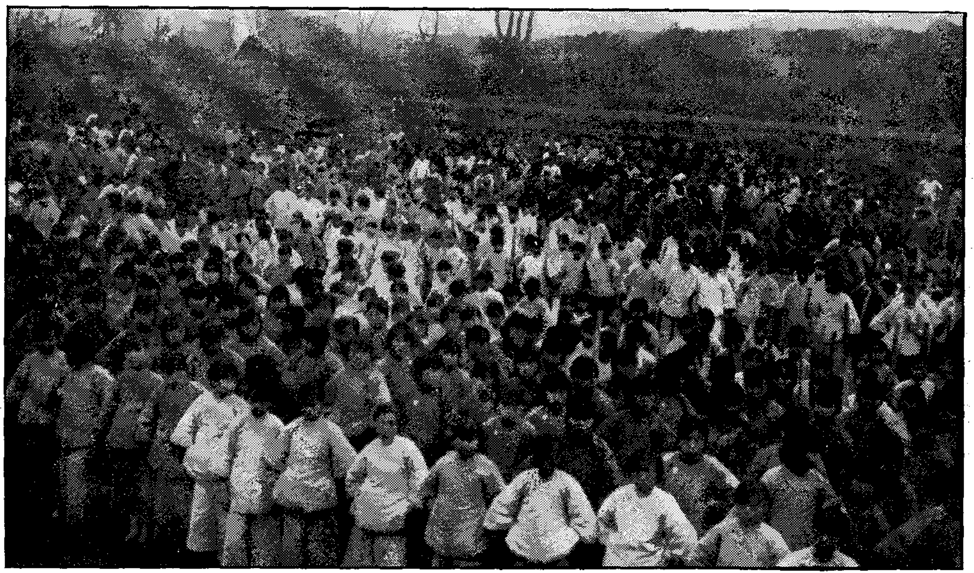
It is light in color, practically odorless, and free from harmful fats. It is so highly refined that it leaves no unpleasant after-taste.

It is so rich in vitamins that each teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin A as 1 pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much Vitamin D as 7.5 eggs.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

SCHOOLGIRLS AS ROAD BUILDERS IN CHINA

GIGGLES AND SMILES the schoolgirls could not repress. Interested and curious, like American children on their way to a picnic, they marched along, marshaled by their teachers. And the teachers were as excited as their pupils, for nothing like this had ever happened to them before.



Illustrations by courtesy of *ASIA Magazine* (New York)

"ONE THOUSAND LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL ARE WE"

And all set for road-building! Here they are assembled "for brief preliminary exercises."

There was a spirit of jollity, but the girls tried to realize the importance of the occasion because of the Governor. None realized better than they how seriously he took it. The girls were good sports, and they welcomed the chance to enter into a field from which their mothers and all their female ancestors had been excluded. For these were Chinese schoolgirls, we learn from O. J. Todd, chief engineer of the China International Famine Relief Commission, in *Asia*, and they were about to be initiated into the mysteries of road-building. Mr. Todd had been invited to Kweichow, one of the most isolated provinces in China, by Gov. Chow Hsi-tsun to help build a motor road in a section where good roads had previously been unknown. Already he had traveled north from Kweiyang, the capital, to reconnoiter the country through which the road would run. "On my return," he writes, "the Governor had told me that the next day he would have a special road-inspection ceremony, since he wanted me to see how he was organizing the work." Then, the account proceeds, the Governor put a question to the engineer:

> "Do women ever work in your country?" he asked in an offhand way, but with a quizzical twinkle in his eye. I replied that they did, in offices, shops, and factories, and sometimes on the farms, but that as a rule our farmers did not expect their women to labor in the fields.
>
> "But do your women ever build roads?" he persisted, and I replied, "Not as yet." Then he laughed as if he were contemplating a thing that gave him rare delight, and said, "To-morrow you will see something interesting."
>
> At nine o'clock the next morning I was escorted to the headquarters of the Road Bureau, just outside the city. A thousand schoolgirls had been marched there for the short exercises that were to precede their initiation into activities such as no schoolgirls the world over, perhaps, had ever dreamed of. There they stood, this throng of girls, in the open air in front of the temple, while the Governor, his staff, and I, as the guest of honor, mounted an improvised platform. The assembly joined with Governor Chow in bowing three times to the flag of China, draped behind the stage, while slow-burning incense repelled intruding evil spirits. Then the Governor gave a patriotic address. He told the girls that their province was isolated from the rest of the world, but that they had the capacity to help overcome the natural obstacles to outside communication. They could be one of the strongest and most esteemed groups in China by putting that capacity to work. Road-building—actual hoe-and-basket work on the new road—was for them the way to freedom. Then he turned to me, telling the girls I had traveled far to help them, and asked me to speak. This, mind you, was at a time when, in many parts of China, foreigners were far from popular.
>
> I shall not forget the faces of those thousand or more Chinese girls. In the foreground were girls from the normal school, sixteen to eighteen years old, more or less bashful in the presence of the Governor, his staff, and a foreigner. One or two of the older girls seemed to be studying me—assessing this foreigner who had come in to help advise the Governor in so radical a departure. They were by no means unfriendly. In fact, their highly intelligent faces showed marked approval of the program. The younger girls, some as young as twelve, had less understanding of what was going on, but were just as interested. The girls came from aristocratic families, from families of middle-class merchants, and from those of lesser means. I picked out individual faces of particular attraction. They represented the best culture that is to be found in interior China.

Out at the scene of operations, says Mr. Todd, the Governor—beaming—stood on a rise of ground. Each teacher—all were men—had arranged his pupils near a piece of work as laid out by the Road Bureau engineers. The writer proceeds:

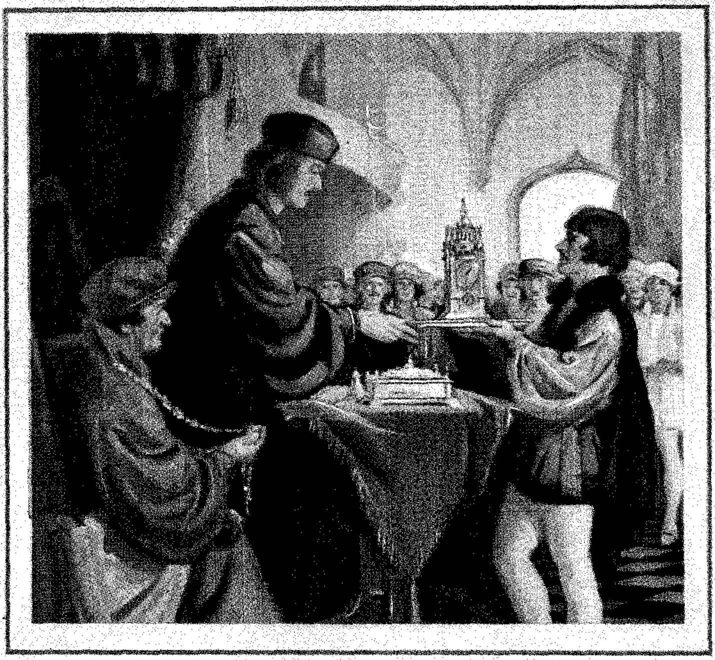
> The girls were to tear down an embankment. The teachers were more excited than the girls lest their scholars should fail to show up properly as workers on this parade day. The girls were nervous at first, a bit awkward—and quite naturally so—over their introduction to the heavy Chinese hoe. To Americans the use of hoes and baskets, without shovels, seems strange. But in Kweichow, the hoe is the usual tool for digging earth from a bank, and a small trowel-like implement is employed to fill the baskets. These girls did not have the strength of their brothers

(*Continued on page 43*)

WHAT'S THAT BOX WITH THE LITTLE GLASS EYE?

They had never seen a camera before, and almost expected it to shoot. These women of the road-building region of Kweichow Province are Miaos, a people whom the Chinese long ago drove into the mountainous regions of the southwest.

PACKARD



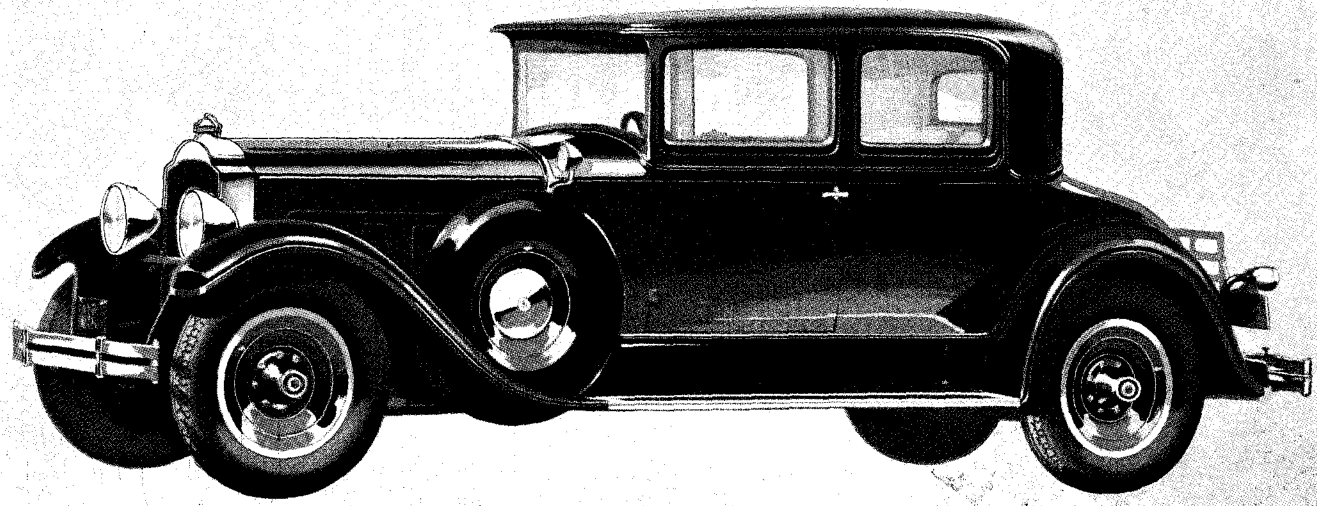
In the guildhalls of medieval Europe definite standards of craftsmanship and quality ideals were first established

Packard knows that a single standard of high quality will produce better motor cars than would be possible were the company to attempt to secure the business of the world by building to all the pocketbooks in it.

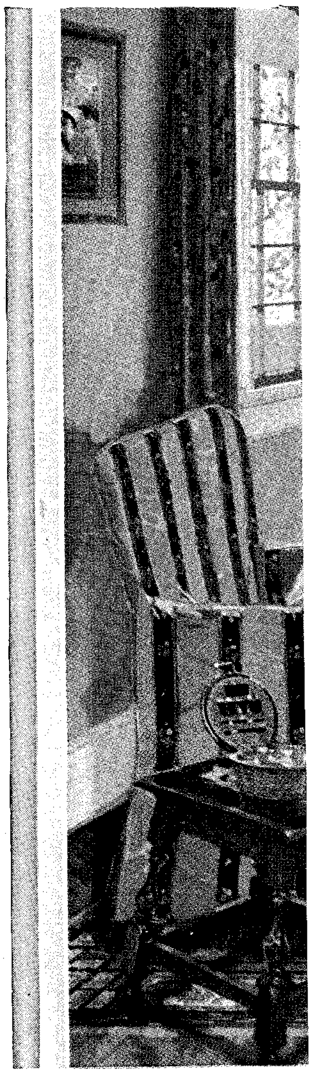
Rigid standards of excellence control the specification and treating of materials for Packard cars. Accurate precision measurements govern the fabricating of every part. Strict systems of inspection prevent deviation—reject the accidental fault. Thus Packard cars provide transportation both distinguished and trouble-free long years after price differences have been forgotten.

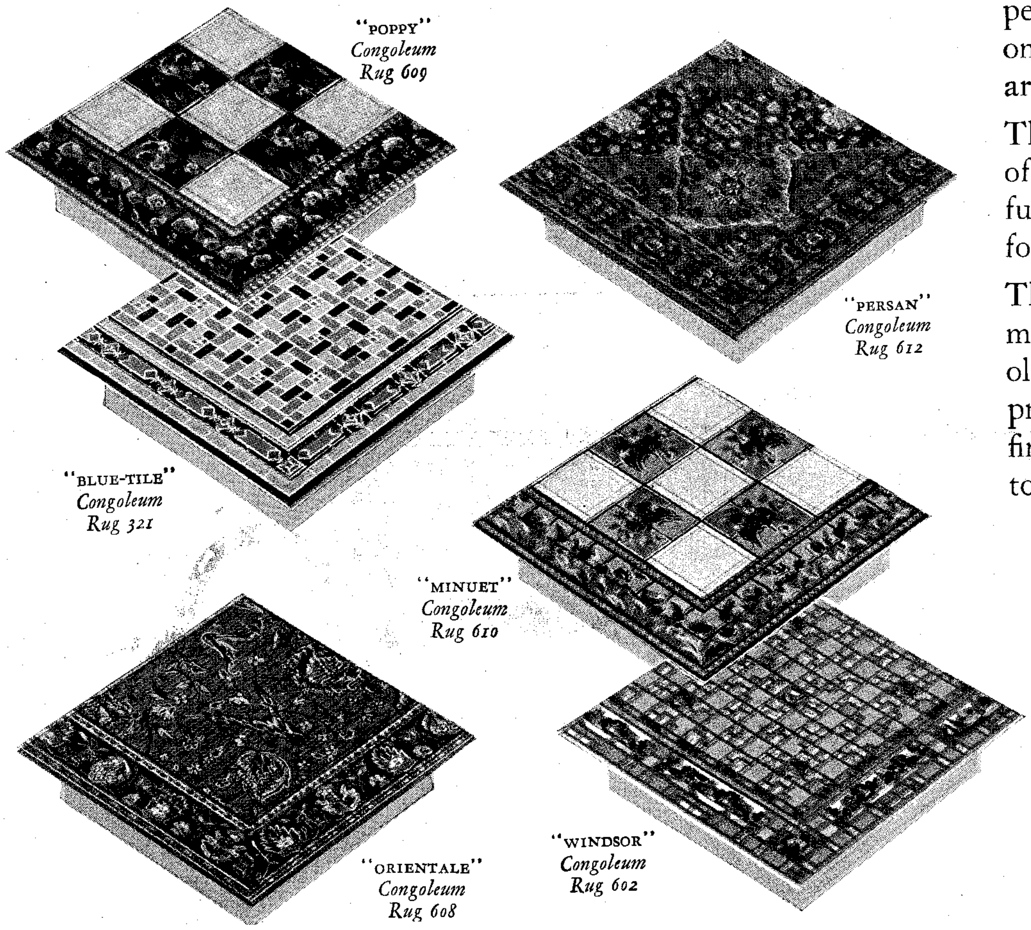
In the Packard Eight of today—with its enriched beauty of design and appointments, its refined and improved straight eight motor, its unique and unequaled riding comfort—is crystallized to a greater degree than ever before the Packard quality ideal.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



NEW BEAUTY in America's *favorite* floor-covering





"POPPY"
Congoleum Rug 609

"PERSAN"
Congoleum Rug 612

"BLUE-TILE"
Congoleum Rug 321

"MINUET"
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"ORIENTALE"
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"WINDSOR"
Congoleum Rug 602

"JUST imagine that you are designin worth hundreds of dollars. Spare pense, no time, no trouble, to mak one of them perfect in color harmoı artistic in design."

These were the instructions to ou of designers. The result—a group of ful new Congoleum Rugs that is n for artistic merit and rich beauty.

The woman who loves the nove modern . . the woman who likes old-fashioned designs . . the woma prefers the conservative, each no find in *genuine* Congoleum Rugs d to suit her taste—and her purse.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

[None genuine with the Gold Seal]

The lovely design shown above is "CONCORD," *Congoleum Rug No. 605*

Much as you'll like the refreshing charm of these patterns you'll appreciate their practical qualities even more. No dusty sweeping, for a light mopping keeps the waterproof surface spotless and sanitary. And durability is assured by the *Multicote Process* of manufacture—an exclusive feature of *genuine* Congoleum Rugs.

Remember—the Gold Seal identifies the one and only *genuine* "Congoleum." Only in rugs bearing the Gold Seal do you get the outstanding quality and value which have made Congoleum Rugs *so popular.*

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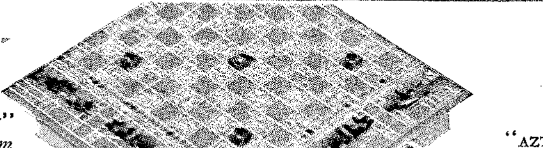
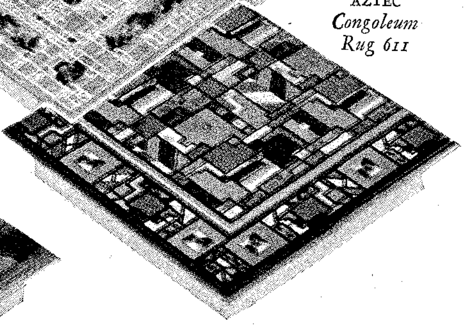
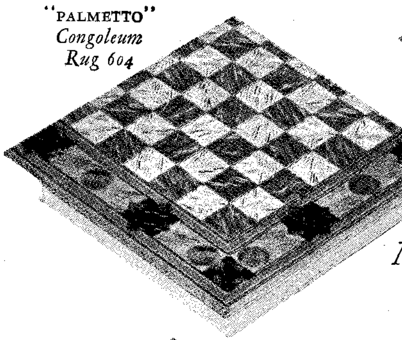


"ASBURY"
Congoleum
Rug 603

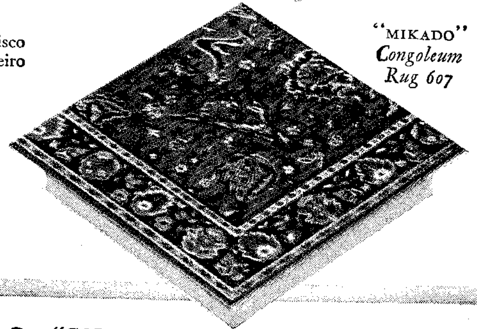


"AZTEC"
Congoleum
Rug 611



"PALMETTO"
Congoleum
Rug 604

More genuine Congoleum Rugs are in use than all other brands combined!



"MIKADO"
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Rug 607

THIS IS A
CONGOLEUM
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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

LEUM
RUGS

Free — "COLOR . . . WHERE AND WHY"—by *Harriette Lea*

Here is a practical guide to the proper use of color in the home—a handbook every housewife should have. It contains a wealth of helpful information and sensible suggestions, as well as a scientific chart of color harmony. Write us or mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J., for a free copy. Please print name and address.

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"Yeast builds resistance,"

says PROF. DOCTOR PAUL REYHER

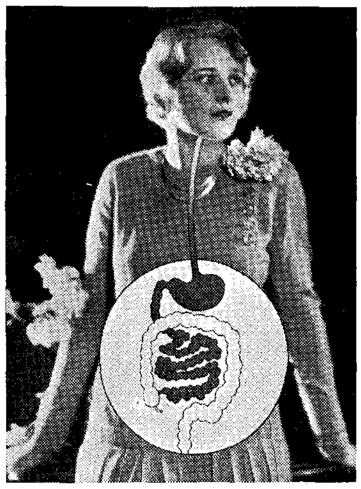
famous lecturer at the University of Berlin

"THE MEDICINAL USES *of yeast are many-sided. There is a high percentage of Vitamin B in yeast . . . Vitamin B bears a very close relation to the proper functioning of the nervous system. It also improves the appetite, regulates metabolism, promotes growth and raises the body's power of resistance to every kind of infection . . . One can see, therefore, that yeast contains a remarkable healing factor."*

Prof. Dr. Reyher

ANOTHER of the great medical leaders of Europe to add his voice to the movement of health preparedness is Prof. Dr. Paul Reyher, of the University of Berlin.

Dr. Reyher has made an exhaustive study of yeast. His findings extend new hope to all who suffer from indigestion, headaches, nervousness, depression, too frequent colds and sore throat—sure signs of constipation and lowered vitality.



FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. 90% of ills start here. Poisons from clogged intestines easily spread through the system, lowering resistance to disease. But here is where yeast works. "Yeast builds resistance," says Dr. Reyher. It keeps the entire intestinal tract *clean, active* and *healthy*. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly.

In a recent survey throughout the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and its attendant ills.

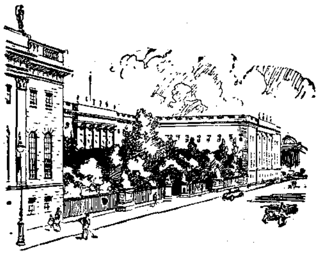
Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass daily through your system, they rouse the muscles that control elimination, combat harmful poisons. Your digestion improves. Your skin clears.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply at a time, as it will keep in a cool, dry place. Start now!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. C-125, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

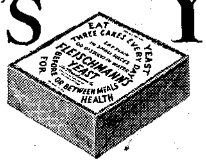
PROF. DR. PAUL REYHER

Lecturer, University of Berlin, on Vitamins, X-Ray and Pediatrics; Director, Children's Hospital, Berlin, which he built and equipped. The Germans refer to this hospital as "the jewel box" because of its perfect appointments and beauty of structure.



UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, *where Dr. Reyher is a noted lecturer.*

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH



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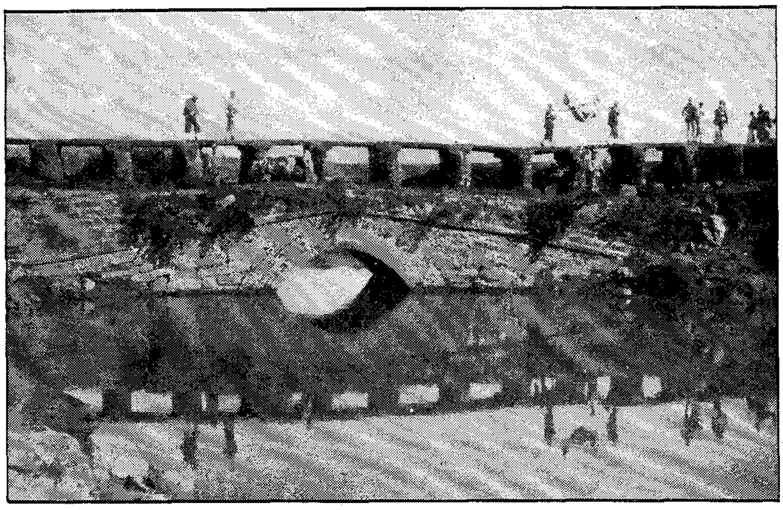
(*Continued from page 38*)

or fathers, and the loads they carried were light. But what they were doing was a revelation to me.

In a few minutes I walked down among them, asking one girl who was struggling with a tough root to lend me her hoe. She did so without turning her head, and I got the root out of the way for her. Some of the girls were strong physically and made the dirt fly. Some, helpless, stood with their hands in their trousers pockets, looking for instruction from their teachers. A few, I noticed, hobbled as they carried loads from the road to the dump. Their feet, tho now free, had been bound in childhood. The day was fixt at six hours, and, all things considered, the girls made a very considerable impression on excavation and fill.

As I watched their labors and complimented the Governor on his resourcefulness and popularity, I could not stifle the thought that this seemed more or less of an outdoor theatrical performance, pleasing indeed, but nothing that could be considered practical. I could not believe that these girls would continue such activities when the December rains started. Yet, months after I had left the province, I received reports that all winter long the schoolgirls of Kweiyang had worked alternate weeks on this road. The boys worked the odd weeks, using the same equipment. My engineer wrote me that this was a genuine "youth" movement.



AN OLD BRIDGE ON TOP OF A MUCH OLDER ONE

The first one, we learn, became useless because of the silting up of the channel; whereupon the later bridge was constructed above it.

Tho perhaps the most uncommon feature of one of the most unusual road-building campaigns I have seen, in China or elsewhere, this schoolgirl and schoolboy hoe-and-basket corps was, of course, only one element of Governor Chow's broadly organized scheme.

Such were the beginnings, as Mr. Todd saw them on his first visit to Kweichow, in November, 1926, of a project in Chinese economic reorganization "that must have a profound influence upon the whole of China." Continuing, he tells us:

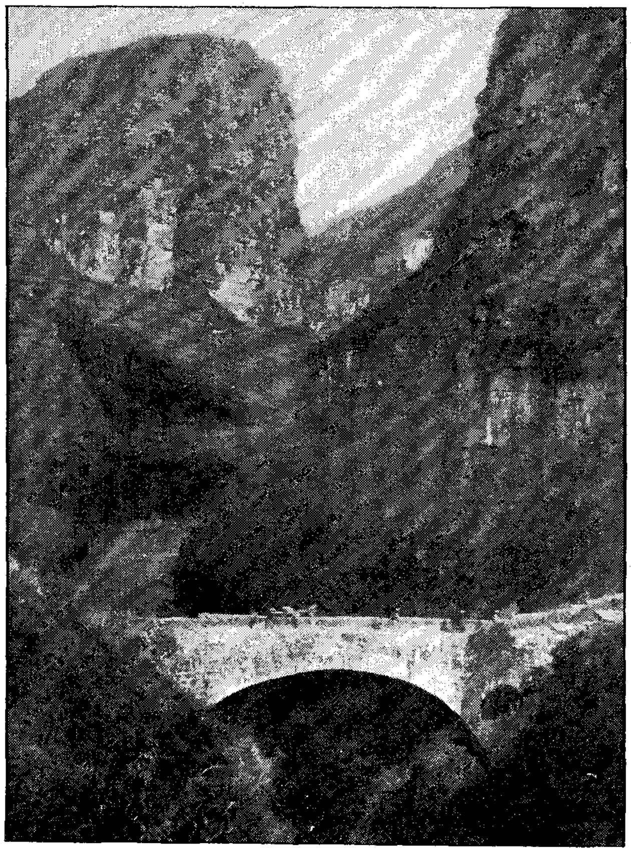
I saw the progress of the work a year later. On my second journey into Kweichow, my wife and I were received, the day we reached Kweiyang, by the Governor and his full staff, just outside the city, in the first automobile that had ever been brought into the province. The Governor appeared in white uniform with gold-ornamented sword. His whole local army of ten thousand men stood at attention. Officers saluted. No visiting potentates could have been more highly honored. The gold braid on the uniforms of the brass band shone, and the strains of "The Red, White, and Blue" and "Suwanee River" filled the air. The bandmaster had been sent to America for his training at the Governor's personal expense.

It was a proud day in the Governor's life; for he had promised, the year before, that on my return he would meet me in an automobile and that we should enter the capital on a modern road. The car, an American make, had been carried in pieces on bamboo litters over rough trails from the West River, or Si-kiang, in Kwangsi, whence it had come by boat from Canton—fifty days altogether on the road. It had arrived three days ahead of us, and was ready—a genuine surprize to us all. The festivities with which we were greeted included a public reception in the city's largest theater. Together with a few leaders in the Government we were the Governor's special guests there at a twenty-course dinner, during which seventeen plays were enacted. There was no doubt of the sincerity of the Governor's welcome to road-building assistance.

Kweichow is landlocked, we read, learning further that not a steamer nor a mile of railway enters its borders. It takes a letter nearly a month to get to its capital from Peking, the writer tells us as we pursue the account:

Foreigners, except zealous missionaries, seldom go there. No foreign merchants nor agents live within it. Kweichow is shut off back of high mountains on every border.

Yet within it live twelve million people. A wealth of forests and mines is locked in—untouched mineral deposits in such variety and quantity as to make one dream of the riches of Aladdin. How can they be moved out otherwise than on men's backs for days and over heart-breaking trails? How can mining and water-power machinery be moved in? There are no carts in Kweichow. Until Governor Chow began building roads, there was not a decent wagon road in the province. And the province is as big as all of New England plus New Jersey with a thousand square miles left over. On my way into Kweichow, I stood at the waterfalls of Hwang-kao-ssu, which marks the junction of the two main roads from Yunnan. What majesty and beauty were there! While thrilled with the grandeur of the falls, as a pioneering engineer I could not repress the idea of the power that, tho undeveloped now, will serve the needs of mankind before long. Indeed, it is probable that this will be the location of one of the first hydro-electric developments in western China. Meanwhile here is a fairyland for tourists. But one says aloud, "Kweichow needs roads—good roads," and the canyon walls echo the sentiment.



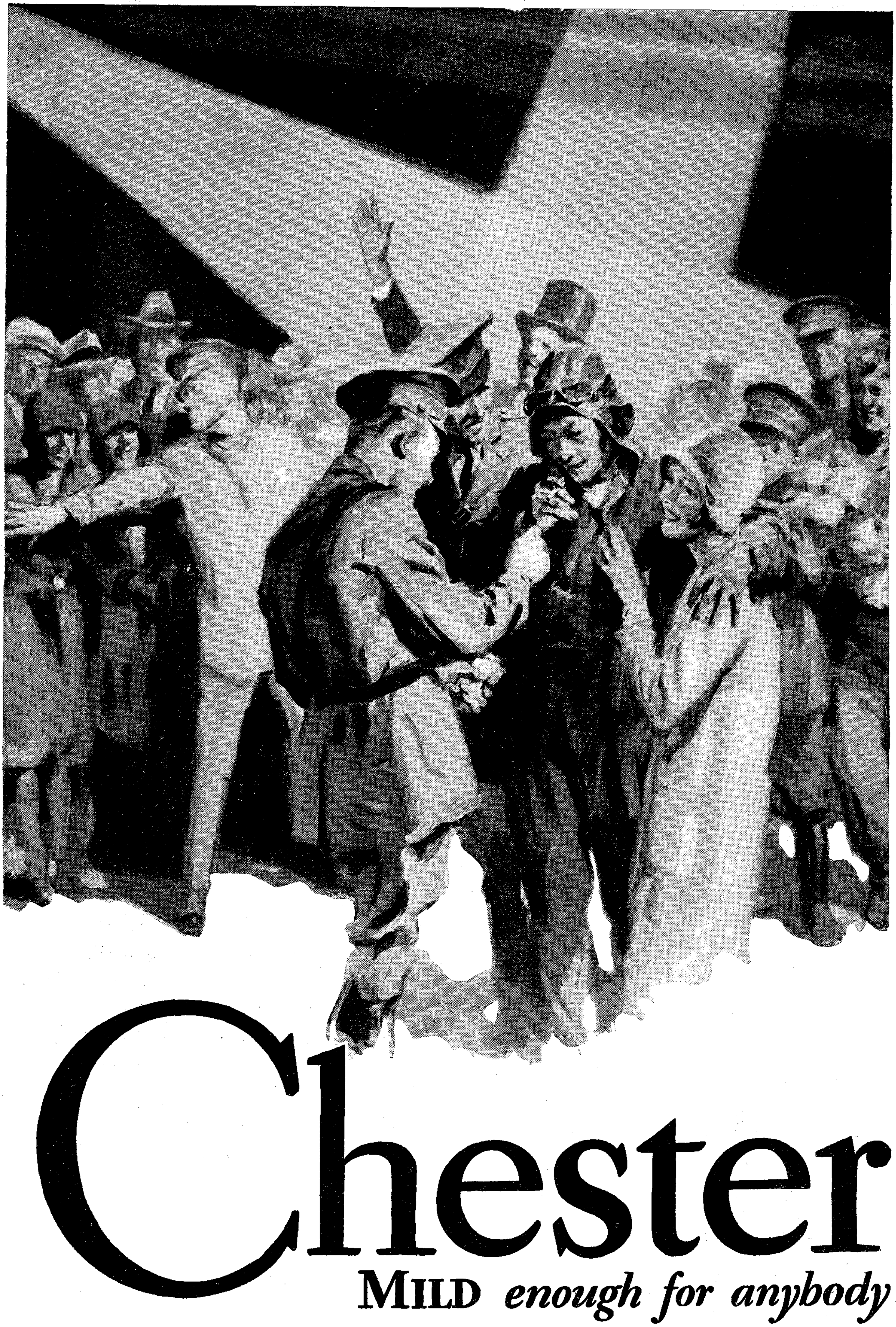
A WONDERLAND SELDOM SEEN BY FOREIGN DEVILS

Good roads are greatly needed in this picturesque region, lying between Yunnanfu and Kweiyang.

Of the many advantages good roads will bring to Kweichow, as, indeed, to the whole of China, Mr. Todd remarks that there is one—of profound inportance—of which the journey afoot gave him striking evidence:

Opium is one of the few products that can be exported profitably from isolated Chinese provinces. It is a medium of exchange less likely to

(*Continued on page 46*)


Chester
MILD enough for anybody

What a cigarette meant there

Down from a starless sky . . . and after hours of utter strain, a moment of utter relaxation. Safety after peril . . . rest after struggle . . . companionship after lonely vigil . . . no wonder the solace of a friendly cigarette has a place of its own in men's hearts.

What a cigarette means *here*

Up from the sun-drenched earth—drowsily nourished under smiling skies, the tender leaves of tobacco ripen into gold or bronze.

From what soil and rain and summer sun prepare, we *select* the prize lots. Aroma and fragrance from Turkey; from old Virginia and the Carolinas, rare mildness; mellow "body" from Kentucky. We "age" it and blend it . . . and from earth's choicest tobaccos we give you Chesterfield.

And about six million smokers tell us it's more than worth all the trouble we take!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Harvesting a fine stand of "bright" tobacco and hauling by sledge to the curing barn.

field

. . . . *and yet* **THEY SATISFY**

(*Continued from page 43*)

fluctuate than many issues of paper money. A coolie can carry opium to the value of $200 gold. But a load of rice in good years is worth only from $1 to $1.50. In one caravan train a friend of mine counted nine hundred coolies, carrying ninety pounds each, or a total of forty tons, of opium. Here was a cargo worth $180,000. Rice carried by the same train would be valued approximately at $1,350. Not unnaturally, therefore, with opium so much more easily and profitably carried than food, the use of opium in Western China is as common as that of tobacco in America. It is my strong conviction that the use of opium will not slacken until modern roads make other products worth exporting. Opium to-day is practically an economic necessity for export.

A CHINESE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

More like that fictitious structure than the Peruvian suspension bridge pictured in these pages recently (in our article on Mr. Hoover's tour), altho there is a striking resemblance between that and this one in the general effect and natural surroundings. This bridge over the Hua-chang-ho, photographed by Mr. Todd, is a very ancient piece of handicraft.

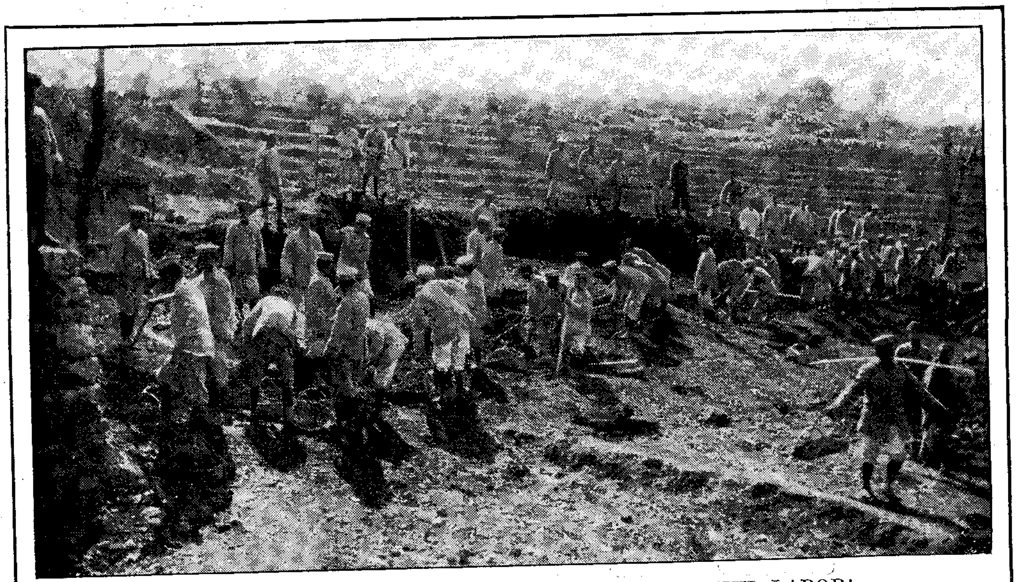
Such, in brief, is the province as we saw it. But what manner of man is he who is responsible for its new life? Governor Chow is a young man of thirty-six, slight of build, active, forceful, but kindly. He is essentially a soldier. He loses his temper at times and, in case of serious rioting, would have men promptly shot to restore order. After being graduated from the Paotingfu Military Academy, in North China, he recruited a regiment or two of troops at home and became a part of the army that Yuan Tsu-ming led into Szechuan Province several years ago in an attempt to subjugate it. The troops were probably at that time mercenaries rather than allies. When Yuan again took possession of Kweichow, three years ago, Chow was delegated to enter Kweiyang. Merchants petitioned him to restore order. They built triumphal arches along the road. Within twenty-four hours of his entry, he had exterminated a bandit army of one thousand, leaving not a single member alive. Within six months he had made the province free of bandits. Some were shot and others were absorbed into his army. At his "arsenal" he showed me a stack of old rifles, which he proudly told me were some of the ten thousand he had captured from bandit groups within the previous year. As a result, mails were going safely over all the roads in Kweichow, and commerce was carried on as it had not been in years. I speak from personal experience of "law and order" in Kweichow.

This rapid work made General Chow Civil Governor of the province, by appointment of his chief, Yuan Tsu-ming, the Military Governor. But Chow continued to control thirty thousand soldiers, all loyal to himself, so that in the spring of 1927, when Yuan was shot by the Nationalists in Hunan Province for alleged treachery to the Nationalist cause, Kweichow under Chow raised the Nationalist flag and the Civil Governor, in absolute command of the province, became "chairman of the governing committee." Tho he changed his title, he did not relinquish any of his power.

The Chinese are often accused, says Mr. Todd—"and all too often justifiably accused in their present state with regard to modern economic organization"—of petering out on performance, however excellent their plans. Quoting further:

> I shall probably be asked, therefore, what ability Governor Chow has to put his plans into effect. Let me first explain his shrewdness as a master of propaganda.
>
> In making a show of having the girl and boy students work on the roads, in the manner described at the beginning of this article, he was acting on his knowledge that the upper classes of Chinese society disdain manual labor. He holds that such an attitude renders the intellectual group incompetent to be leaders. In his small military school he taught the value of manual labor to his cadets. He himself was on the drill-grounds at six in the morning and lectured from then until about ten o'clock. On the day when I first went to inspect his soldiers, he took a Chinese hoe and showed that he could handle it.
>
> The results of his program appeared in tangible proof, all about the outskirts of the capital, that schoolboys, schoolgirls, and soldiers could and would help build public utilities. The hardy men carrying heavy burdens of salt from Szechuan Province, or the mule-drivers bringing in loads of cotton yarn, could not help noting the change that had come over this backward province. Three or four times a day, as they stopt to rest and smoke a pipe of opium, they told the story of how the fair-complexioned schoolgirls worked on the roads. The shop- and inn-keepers along the highways of West China soon knew the tale. Then, too, the news was spread by the Kweiyang students to those of other cities; for Chinese students are organized these days. There was nothing in this propaganda concerning "the unequal treaties," no antiforeignism. I well remember meeting on the road, several miles out of Kweiyang, a girl propagandist who was organizing women. She wore the uniform of a soldier and traveled very simply, for an officer, in a two-man chair. She seemed new at the work, but quite willing to share the experiences of the road. When it was steep, she got out and walked to rest the "carry-coolies," a thing no Chinese lady was ever known to do in

(*Continued on page 50*)



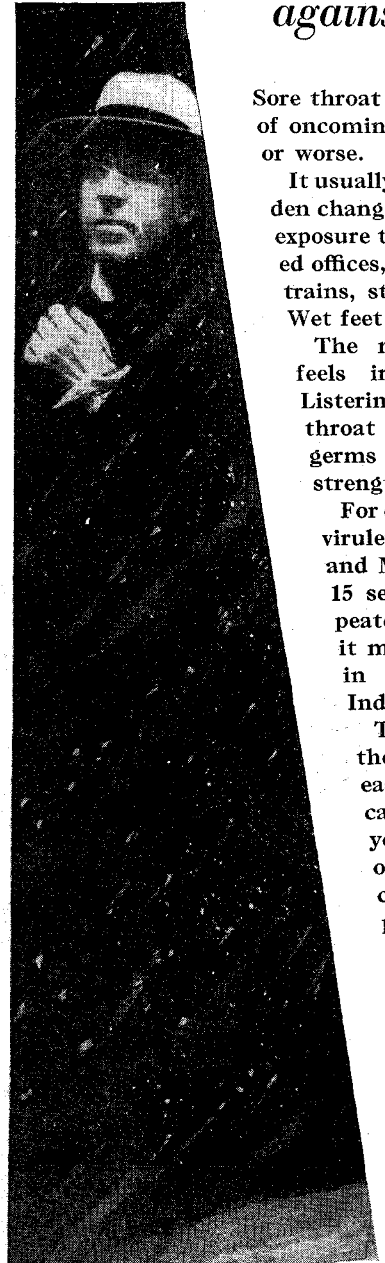
EXTRY SPESHUL! CHINESE SOLDIERS DOING USEFUL LABOR!

"The extraordinary news awakened interest throughout the province," we are told. "Two thousand of Governor Chow's warriors were actually working on the new roads, "side by side with famine refugees." 'Twas a greater miracle than the draft of schoolgirls!

After exposure—avoid **Sore Throat**

LISTERINE

Checks it quickly
because powerful
against germs



Sore throat is a danger signal of oncoming trouble—a cold or worse.

It usually develops after sudden changes in temperature or exposure to others in overheated offices, germ-ridden railway trains, street cars and buses. Wet feet also encourage it.

The moment your throat feels irritated, gargle with Listerine full strength. Sore throat is usually caused by germs — and Listerine full strength kills germs.

For example, it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds, as shown by repeated laboratory tests. Yet it may be used full strength in any cavity of the body. Indeed, the safe antiseptic.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks the disease-producing bacteria that cause you trouble. And unless your sore throat is a symptom of some more serious disease, calling for the services of a physician, Listerine will check it in an amazingly short time.

For your own protection, keep a bottle in home and office. It's an investment in health. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

To *escape a cold*
use Listerine
this way:

You can materially lessen the risk of catching colds by rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal, the way physicians do. The reason for this is obvious.

Listerine attacks the germs of cold on the hands, thus rendering them harmless when they enter the mouth on food which hands have carried. Isn't this quick precaution worth taking?

"GREAT!"

men say. They're enthusiastic about Listerine Shaving Cream. You will be also when you try it. So cool! So soothing!

Introducing
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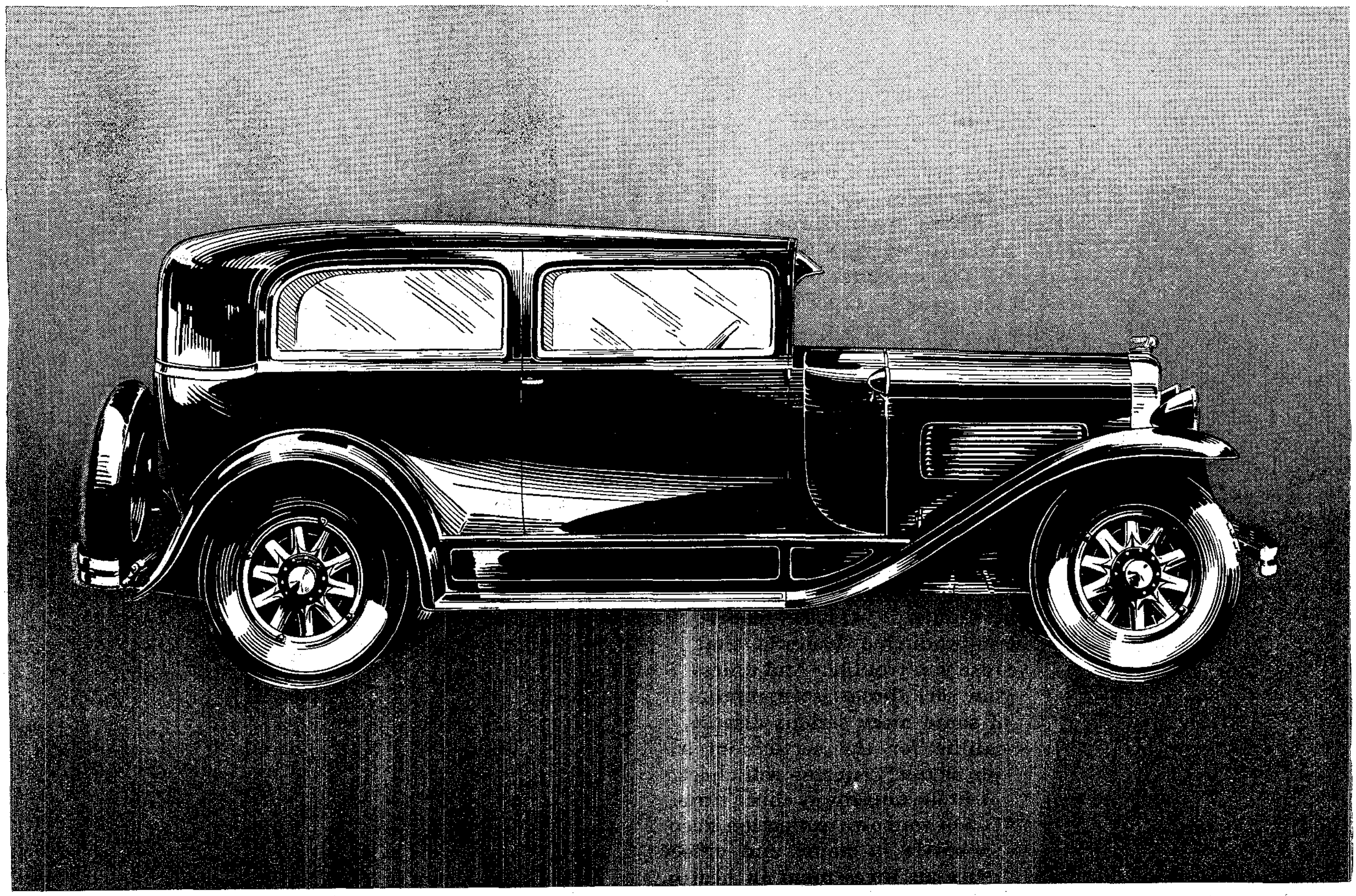

THE NEW
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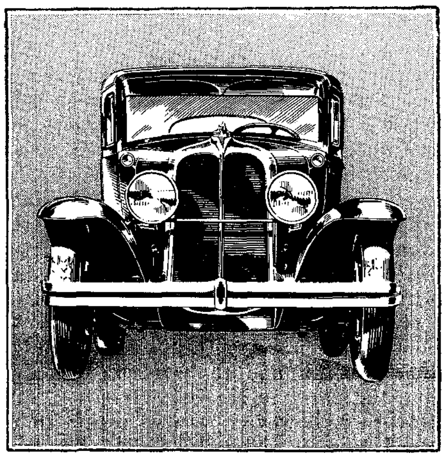
OF LUXURY, STYLE AT LOW PRICES

Today a new type of low cost motoring luxury is available. It embraces big car style. It provides big car riding comfort. It embodies big car quality in unseen parts. It includes big car performance even to the point of developing big car power and traveling at big car speed. It is offered by a brand new automobile—the New Pontiac Big Six.

Frankly, the New Pontiac Big Six was designed to appeal to a certain group of people. True, every motor car owner in America will find in it many things to admire. But the group for which it is primarily intended is made up of people who are beginning to move up in the world. Many of them will soon make the first important *step up* in the quality of their cars. All are progressive. The New Pontiac Big Six was designed for them.

It comes to them entirely new in appearance. Stunning new bodies by Fisher contribute to the big car beauty and style presented by the car as a whole.

It offers them the luxury of a car 169 inches in overall length, with deep, richly upholstered cushions, charming appointments, the smooth-riding qualities achieved by accurately balanced rotating mechanical parts and such advanced comfort features as adjustable drivers' seats.



It is a six, but more than just a six. It is a six with the added power of a larger L-head engine and the added smoothness imparted by a dynamically balanced counter-weighted crankshaft and the famous Harmonic Balancer. From fan to rear axle, its "line of drive" is in accurate dynamic balance. Its new brakes are of the internal-expanding four-wheel type, protected against mud, rain and ice.

As for its performance, you can drive it at express train speed. You can watch it accelerate alongside the finest cars on the road. You can test its power under any conditions, confident of its ability to pull through. Meanwhile, it continues to provide that unmatched dependability for which every Pontiac Six has been famed.

Only a few highlights in its construction have been mentioned. Just enough to prove that the Pontiac Big Six is entirely new and capable of meeting progressive Americans' demand. But the amazing thing about it is that it gives so much big car luxury, style and performance at prices which come within practically everyone's reach!

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICH.

BIG 6

**PRODUCT
OF
GENERAL
MOTORS**

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the past. It was all a part of the new movement.

Thus Governor Chow proved to the great farming community, the storekeepers and the "carry-coolies" through the province that a renaissance was taking place. With everybody else working, why should they object to doing their share? When the plans were perfected, the Governor issued an order to all magistrates along the line of the new road. Each must build a stretch of road before rice-planting, the work to be divided fairly among all men in the county. Fifty thousand men were thus put to work in the early part of 1927. None refused. It was a tax that must be paid. It was as obligatory as was the buying of Liberty Bonds in our own country during the World War.

On my first visit in Kweichow, the head of the Road Bureau was a gentleman I shall call Fu, who knew nothing of road-building, but who liked to pose as an official, spending his time in entertaining guests and writing Chinese characters on sheets of paper. This is a notable indoor sport for many sons of officials who get government berths. But life for these gentlemen is not what it used to be. More and more they are being judged by their works. So it was with Fu. In the summer of 1927, on my return to Kweichow, I was introduced to General Ma as the new chief of the Road Bureau. "But where is my friend Fu?" I asked, and my interpreter, in a whisper, replied that Mr. Fu had been "promoted" to become head of the law courts and dean of the law school. I judged that Mr. Fu had the backing of an influential party in Kweichow politics. The Governor, however, wanted action in the Road Bureau and put General Ma in to get it, retaining complete control himself.

The road-tax was so assessed that the wealthy landowner or merchant might pay in cash. I heard of no extortion. The people were divided into three classes. The first was made up of those worth $5,000 or more, and each of these had to pay three men's wages or thirty cents a day. The second class included those worth $2,000 or $5,000, and called for ten cents a day from each member. The money paid by members of these first two classes was used to buy food for the workers who made up the third class. In addition to their food, these men were given bonds at the rate of ten cents a day. These bonds represented indebtedness, to be repaid from the road's earnings some time in the future when the necessary funds should be available. Tolls are to be collected to retire these bonds. Perhaps they will make good souvenirs or, like the bonds of the 1915 San Francisco Pan-Pacific International Exposition, will be publicly burned to wipe out the debt.

On my inspection tour, I looked up my chief assistant, W. T. Wang, who was locating a section of the road near the Szechuan border. With mules provided by the Governor, my wife and I rode or walked over every foot of the new road on the way to meet Mr. Wang, near the northern border. He was training eighty technical school students sent by the Governor to be his assistants. Each was assigned to a seven-kilometer section, for which he was to be held responsible.

Mr. Wang told me that of these eighty student assistants he had been able to retain sixty-four, who he felt would make competent foremen. Some of the other sixteen had been sent home for laziness, some for physical incapacity, some for opium-smoking. Mr. Wang had a rule that every member of his survey party must be in the breakfast-hall before seven o'clock. After that hour he locked the door. When some of these students complained that this rule was too harsh, he replied, "If you expect to spend an hour in smoking opium each morning, we can not use you on this road work." Here was unusual discipline for Kweichow. The so-called "engineers," who had been connected with the Road Bureau had been typical "native sons" who had had a year or two in Japanese schools and knew almost nothing about engineering. It would be a most unusual thing for one of these to criticize a subordinate for smoking opium, since it was a custom of the country. Mr. Wang was not attempting wholesale reforms, but was demanding efficiency in the field.

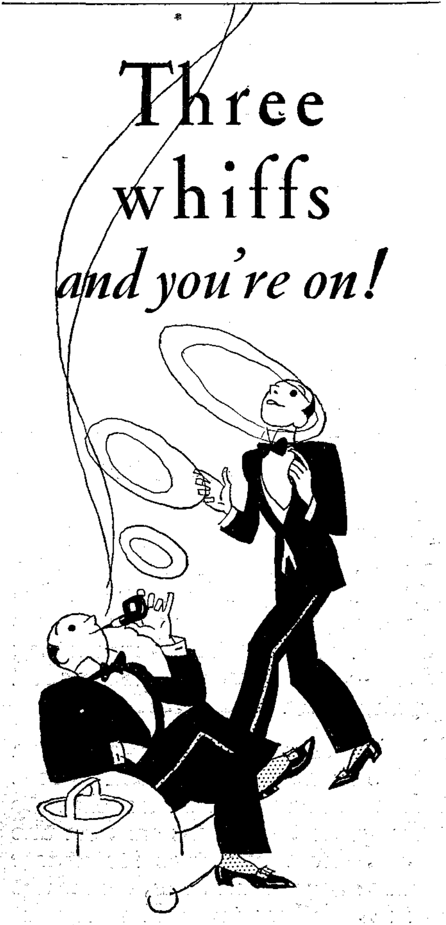
THE XINGU KING'S CRUEL SWAY

A HEAVY object, a Brazil nut large enough to kill a man, swished by the traveler's ear, struck his shoulder a paralyzing blow, and landed with a thud on the ground. Francis Gow Smith, the South American explorer, who relates the adventure in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, leapt aside. As he glanced up swiftly he was sure that he caught sight of a human figure concealed in the branches high overhead. It may have been an accident that the nut fell, Mr. Smith conceded, but, he continues, "it would have been a most convenient accident for the King of the Xingu and his overseer, who want no intruders to escape from their premises with reports of the slavery practised there. Tho I passed it off with a laugh, I was glad to make my way back to the camp."

Mr. Smith had made his way into the Brazilian jungle in search of this king, an unofficial but immensely powerful monarch who controls the rubber gatherers there. He had found this rubber camp, and had tried to draw information about the "king" from the *capunga*, or overseer. But he had failed and had, in the bargain, nearly lost his life in the "accident" which he suspected that the uncommunicative overseer had staged.

But the power of this king will soon be ended, Mr. Smith predicts, as a result of Henry Ford's entrance into the South American rubber field. Of the "king," the wealthiest man north of Matto Grosso, and a jungle millionaire, Mr. Smith writes;

> He lives like a hermit, in a rustic palace, commanding a great retinue of peons, who are virtually slaves.
>
> He is known throughout Brazil as the King of the Xingu. That very name is feared, not only by whites and negro peons, but by wild Indians, who fear no other human being. He typifies the feudal tyranny of remote plantation methods in Brazil just as his new competitor in the rubber business, Henry Ford, typifies North America's industrial enterprise.
>
> And not the least dramatic phase of Ford's Brazilian project will be the wiping out of the King of the Xingu's rubber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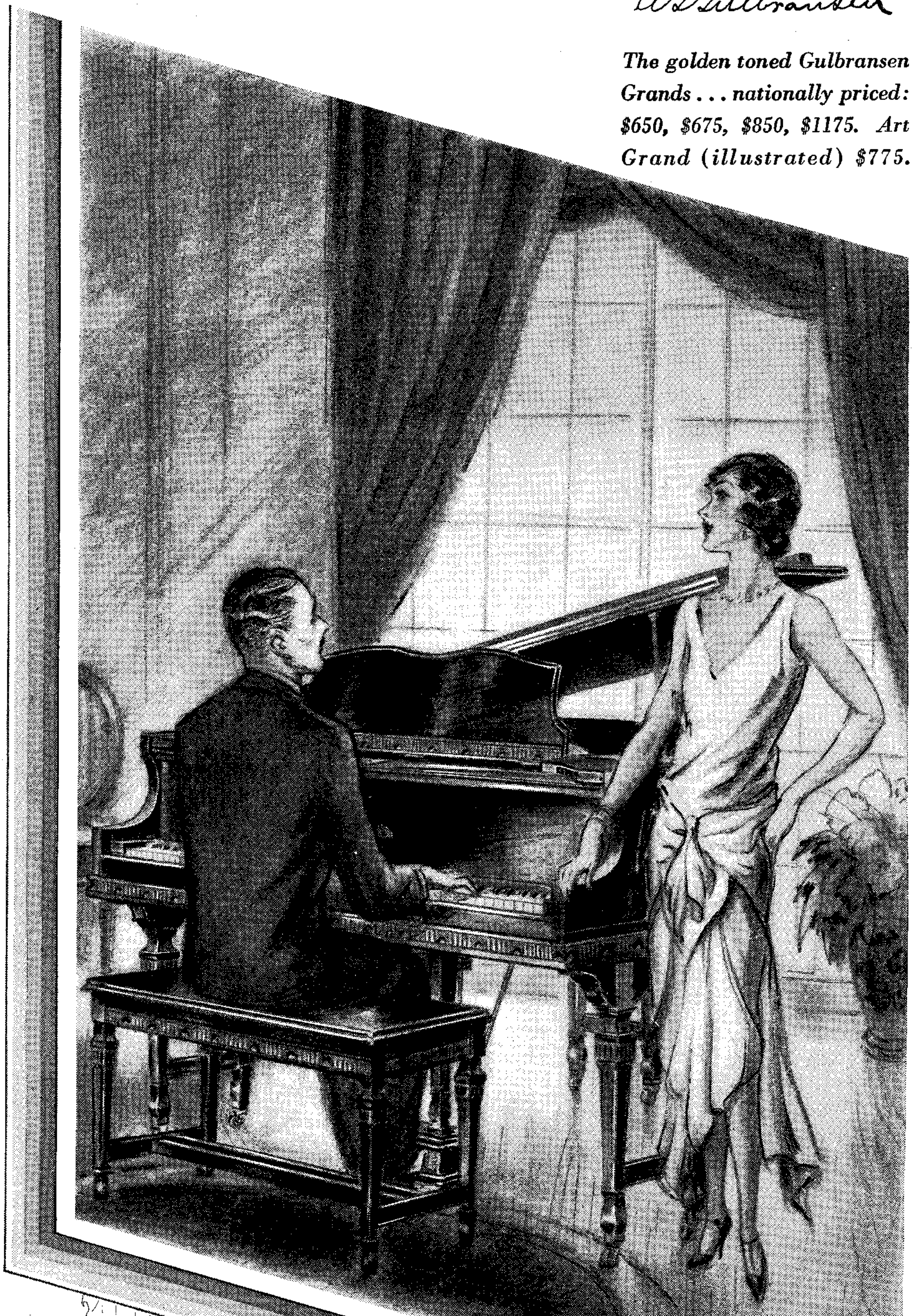

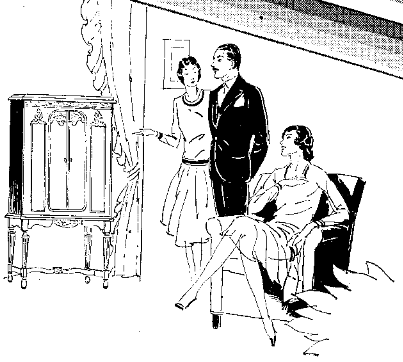

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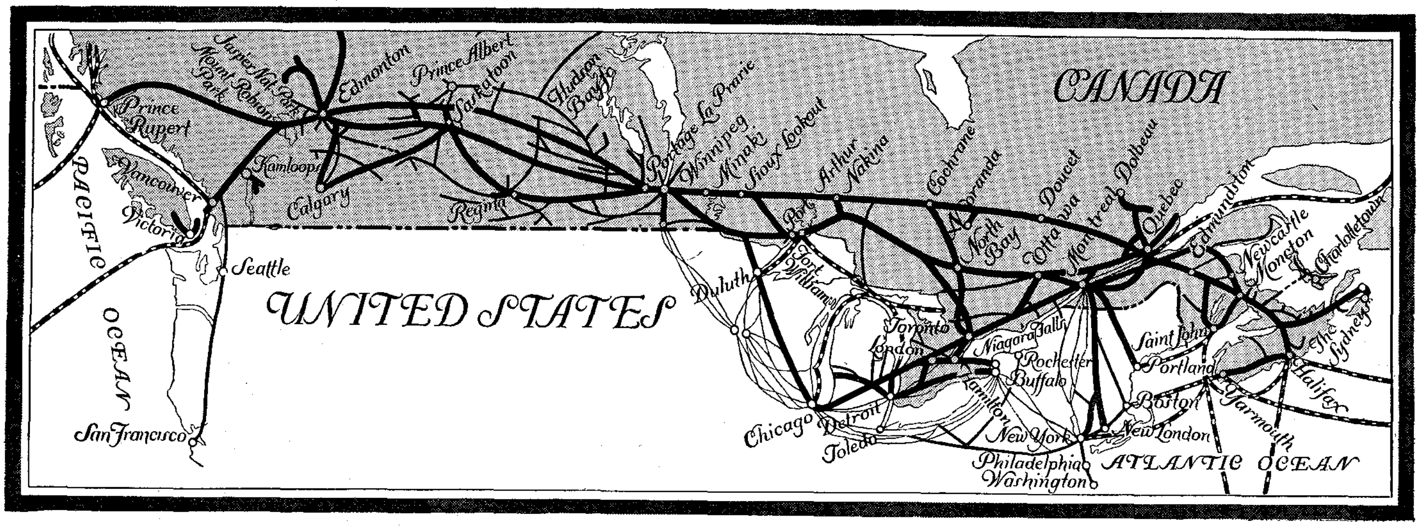
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JUST as the development of the western Empire of the United States followed the path of the iron horse, so Canada is expanding hand in hand with her great railways.

Canadian National spreads its web of shining rails throughout Canada's vast agricultural and wheat-raising areas—its boundless cattle lands—its throbbing industrial centers—its great lumber, pulpwood and mineral developments. It connects these industries with every important city and seaport in Canada and is the great artery through which Canadian products reach the markets of the world.

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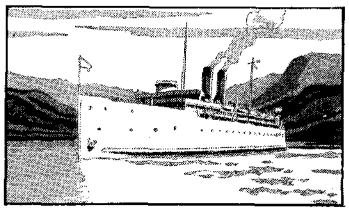
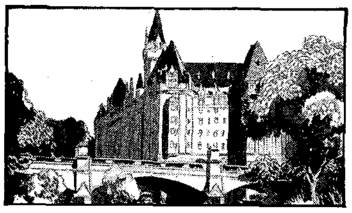
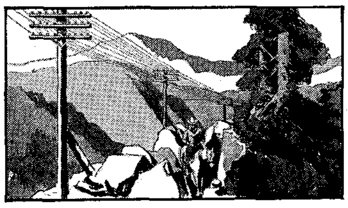
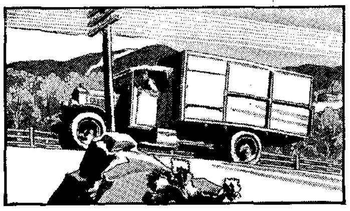
Canadian National is more than a great railway. The scope of its service includes hotels in many of Canada's principal cities and summer resorts—steamships sailing to ports the world over—telegraph service over 135,000 miles of wire having direct connections with the Western Union Telegraph Company—freight and express service throughout Canada with connections to all parts of the world—radio broadcasting stations from Moncton to Vancouver.

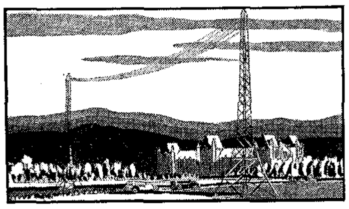
When you visit Canada make use of the facilities which Canadian National offers. Call upon its representatives for information or advice concerning business and industrial opportunities in Canada. Here in the United States information bureaus are maintained in Canadian National offices where men thoroughly acquainted with Canada and its activities will be glad to serve you.











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CANADIAN NATIONAL
The Largest Railway System in America

OPERATING RAILWAYS · STEAMSHIPS · HOTELS · TELEGRAPH AND EXPRESS SERVICE · RADIO STATIONS monopoly, the liberation of his peons, and the dawn of a new day for Brazilian prosperity.

The Xingu River enters the Amazon from the south, flowing through the least-known region of Brazil. West of it is the Tapajos River, near the mouth of which is Ford's plantation. To the east of the Xingu is the Tocantins, of which the Araguaya is an upper branch. The rubber realm ruled by the King of the Xingu spreads on both sides of the river, whose name he bears, and within indefinite, unmapped boundaries comprises an area fully as large as Portugal, parent-land of Brazil's early days. Within this great area, over which the King of the Xingu exercises the very power of life and death, there are a few thousand white subjects and uncounted thousands of savages.

Into this region the present king came a quarter of a century ago as a penniless immigrant from Italy. The story goes that he served first as an ordinary laborer among the peons of the then dictator of the region. Since then he has extended his sway beyond the wildest dreams of his predecessor.

He has been able to do this by a reign of terror such as the Middle Ages seldom knew, and by keeping his peons continually in debt to him.

Elsewhere plantation czars of the interior order their *capungas* to trail and dispatch an escaping peon, returning with an ear for evidence of duty fulfilled. But the King of the Xingu has a labor shortage problem to take into account. His peons who seek to break away without paying off their crushing debts are pinned in stocks, unmercifully beaten, and then left to lie for hours upon the ground. Vampire bats feast upon their blood, and hordes of ants gnaw at their bare skins. After such treatment the King of the Xingu is assured that one more victim of his tyranny will remain an abject toiler in his service.

Most of the peons, wracked by fever and naturally indolent from hookworms, endure their fate without a murmur. Ordinarily they work in groups from a central rubber camp. Living in flimsy shelters made of sapling posts and thatched with leaves and grass, they lead a solitary existence, working day and night. They spend their days collecting latex, and at night, after an unpalatable supper cooked over a fire built on stones in front of their shack, they smoke the latex to prepare it for shipment.

Never before Henry Ford dawned on the scene has the King of the Xingu been confronted with the efforts of a foreign capitalist to compete with his primitive methods.

Few men have sought out the King of the Xingu in his jungle haunts. He is suspicious of all strangers, and queer mishaps overtake those who venture into his realm in the unmapped wilderness. I first heard of him from my friend, Dr. José Morbeck, ruler of the diamond fields, while I was on my expedition from Matto Grosso to the Amazon. He persuaded me to turn aside from my planned course and seek to meet the King of the Xingu in person. "Learn something of his methods," Dr. Morbeck advised me, "and study the possibilities of the development of the rubber and nut business by North American capital."

So during my trip from the Caraja villages down the Araguaya to the outpost hamlet of Conceicao, I turned westward into the hinterland. A negro rubber gatherer of Conceicao, a former lieutenant in the Brazilian Army, warned me against the excursion.

"You may end in the *troncos* (stocks)," he said. And he told how escaping peons from the King's domain and unwanted intruders are captured and tormented unmercifully.

Word of these punishments has spread far and wide throughout the jungle. I found that my canoemen knew the terror all too well to make the trip I contemplated, and I was forced to get two half-wild Indians—a wandering Caraja warrior and his squaw—to handle the canoe.

One evening we emerged from a shallow bayou into a broader stream, and as dusk fell I sighted the red glow of smoking fires. We pulled toward the shore, and a ragged group of sullen men came down to stare curiously at our approach. All but one were clad simply in tattered trousers. It was a rubber camp, in charge of a stocky, mustached *capunga*—himself more picturesquely clothed. He wore a black slouch hat with an enormous brim and a shiny snakeskin wound around the crown. In his tooled-leather belt were two muzzle-loading pistols of antiquated make, each more than a foot long, and silver mounted. Besides the pistols, his belt held a gleaming knife with an eighteen-inch blade.

Before we had landed I realized that this was just what I had come to see—a rubber camp in action. I offered the vaguest explanation of my arrival. The *capunga* was only partially satisfied, but he observed the traditional Brazilian hospitality, and offered me such food and shelter as they had. The men resumed their work.

They were rolling the day's collection of latex into balls of rubber that later would be sent down the Araguaya to Para. Each gatherer has a definite route through the jungle, including about a hundred widely scattered rubber trees. When he taps a tree he fastens to it a cup made of a nut shell. Into this the latex, a white, viscous fluid, trickles. From the shells it is poured into buckets and taken to the base camp.

Over breakfast, the morning after my arrival, I became more communicative to the bearded man whom I took for the overseer. He was short, fat, and swarthy, with a heavy mouth and cruel, shifty eyes which flickered with increased suspicion when I asked directions to the jungle mansion of the King of the Xingu.

"He's gone away. Why do you want to meet him?" he asked.

Inadvertently I mentioned Dr. Morbeck's name. My bearded vis- -vis eyed me coldly. I began to perceive that he suspected me of being an agent of the civilized powers to the south, come to check up on the cruelties practised in this rubber wilderness.

It was at this point that Mr. Smith was taken to view the Brazil nut tree under which the "accident" of the falling nut occurred. After that the explorer took himself away from those regions. On his way back to civilization he again fell in with the ex-lieutenant rubber gatherer, who cleared up for him the mystery of the King of the Xingu, thus:

As we were saying adieu he asked me again to describe the overseer at the mysterious camp I had visited.

"Very short?" he asked. "And fat? With thick lips, and a big mustache? And little eyes? Did one of the lids droop?"

"Yes," I said. "And he wore a snakeskin around his sombrero."

"That," said the negro, as we parted, "was the King of the Xingu himself."

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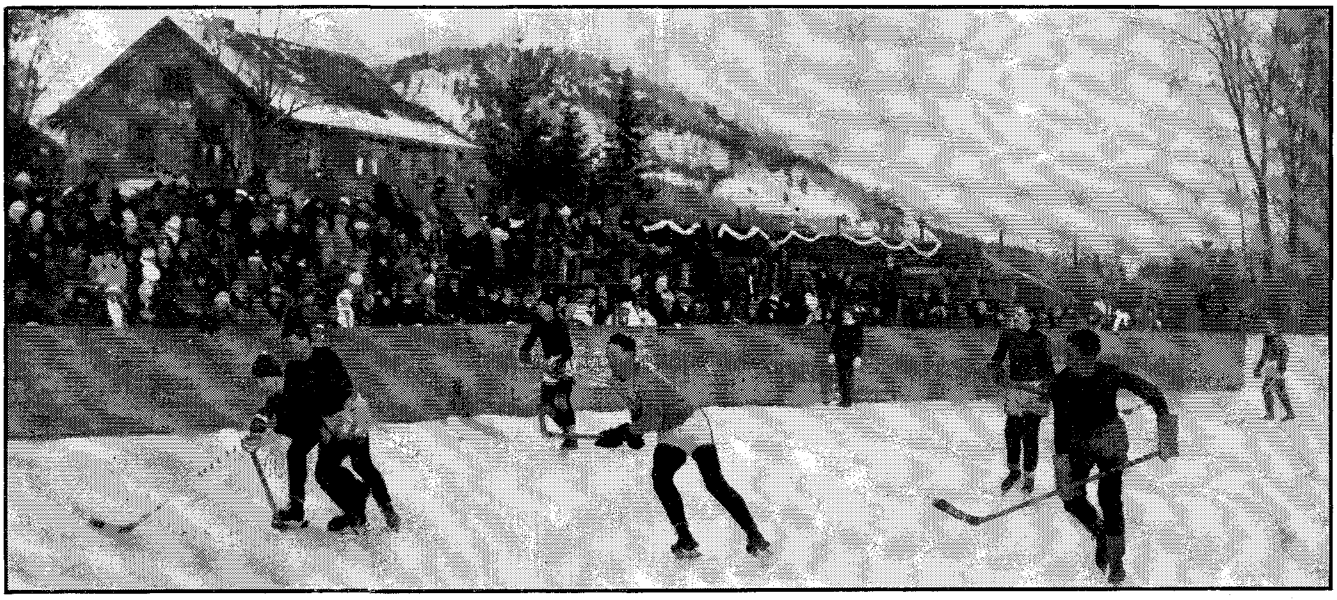
SPORTS AND ATHLETICS



International Newsreel photograph

IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE SWIFT PUCK AS IT SLITHERS ACROSS THE GLITTERING ARENA

An exciting moment as Yale and Williams mix it up on the ice in a spirited game of hockey, a Canadian sport which is bidding fair to become our national pastime during the winter months, with rinks being built and teams and leagues being formed all over the country.

THRILLS AND SPILLS IN THE HOCKEY RINK

UP IN THE AIR, and down on the ice again as softly as possible went the "filling" of the "sandwich." And the softest possible landing was very far from ideally soft, we may be sure. This was no edible sandwich, we hasten to explain. The term describes a play in the popular winter sport of ice hockey. And this, C. William Duncan tells us in a copyrighted article in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, is what happens in making a "sandwich": "Two defense men see an opponent coming down the ice at full speed. They judge his speed as accurately as they can, and then hit him simultaneously, one from one side and the other from the opposite side. Because of the great speed at which he is skating, and because he is hit in such a scientific manner, the opponent goes right up in the air, landing as softly as he can." The "sandwich" and other rough plays are illegal, the writer adds, but ice hockey is such a fast game that it is difficult for officials to prove that they are done intentionally.

Hockey, we thus observe, is no gentle pastime for the players, and as we shall see presently, in "the old days" a considerable degree of stamina was sometimes required of spectators. Even this season rivalry on the ice has resulted in blows, we learn from Burris Jenkins, Jr., in a copyrighted article in the New York *Evening World*. Mr. Jenkins is writing of the New York Americans, one of the leading hockey teams of the country, formerly regarded as a "doormat" for its rivals. "It's the old story of Cinderella," observes the writer, continuing:

> Cinderella gets booted around by her mean old sisters once too often, and then she ups and starts laying into 'em with a willow wand or, in this case, a hockey-stick, and walks off with the glass slipper and gold-labeled prince. Maybe.
>
> "It started in the very first minute of play at Ottawa," explained Tommy Gorman, manager and coach of the "Cinderella" Americans. "It was our opening game, and in the little talk we always have before the fireworks start, I asked the boys if they thought they had been kicked around the circuit long enough. You know for three years every team in both leagues made a doormat out of the New York Americans. I told the boys that if they wanted to get kicked around another year, all right. But we might just as well quit now as later. Well, that may have started the fighting streak that anybody can see in this outfit now.
>
> "So we no sooner got on the ice than the Ottawa captain, George Boucher, started the old stuff. In a flash Connie Conacher had smacked him in the mouth to the detriment of several teeth. The fight lasted off and on all through the game. They couldn't believe that the Americans were not brittle bric-a-brac any more. But they knew it at the end of the scoreless game. And Conacher and Boucher continued their little argument as soon as the bell rang ending the game. Connie drew back at the clang of the bell, and holding Boucher at arm's length, let him have it between the eyes. And Boucher spread himself over the ice. Of course it was too late to penalize anybody, tho the official might have fined Conacher, or both of them. He probably thought, however, that one was as much at fault as the other."

But for the moment, at least, there are other concerns just as interesting as hockey's roughness. Chief among these is the great and growing popularity of what has been called "Sports' Growing Boy." Says Joseph Gordon in the New York *Morning Telegraph*, writing on this subject and investigating reasons for the rise of hockey:

> The game has grown so rapidly that it will not be long before the whole country is spotted with modern rinks and before the manufacture of hockey-sticks will be one of the leading industries in the land. Everything seems to point that way. Even Tulsa is building an arena. Texas has a league all its own. St. Louis, probably at the instigation of Mr. Will Corum, the cigaret smokers' delight, has gone in for hockey in a big way.
>
> So even at this early stage the intelligentsia are trying to figure out who the responsible parties are. Every game must have a "Father Of." There is a father of boxing and there is a father of baseball. Football has several fathers, altho if they were alive they would disown the child after hectic Saturday upsets.
>
> All sorts of people are named for the honorable position in hockey. First on the list, of course, come the organizers of the first American teams. Then come the organizers of the present major league. Everybody's name is mentioned. But that of a certain gentleman who resides in Boston is left discreetly out of the calculations. Maybe because he never wielded a hockey stick.
>
> His name? George C. Funk, an ice engineer by trade. It was he who built the modern rinks in Boston and in New York and

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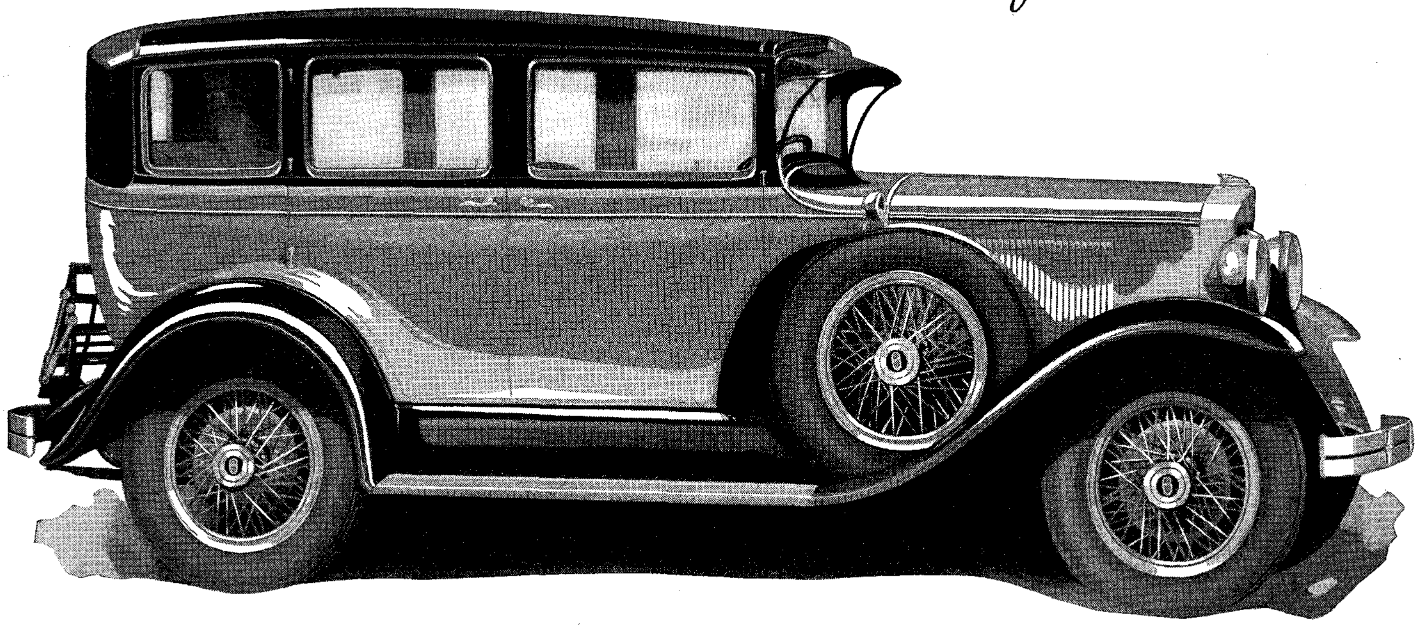

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

in Detroit and Chicago. He is regarded as the greatest ice engineer in the world, and the rapid development of the game is due not to the guiding genius of team managers and league organizers, but to this gentleman, who made everything possible.

The college players will form the backbone of hockey in the future, according to Colonel Hammond, head of the New York Rangers, and one of the keenest students of the game. The college players, according to the Colonel, will do for hockey what they have done for baseball. But he neglected to state whether he meant from the social or professional angle.

At any rate, higher education has another outlet. The Greek classics will not be taught in vain, and the boys will know when they are studying calculus that a greater future awaits them on the ice.

Returning to Mr. Duncan's article in *The Public Ledger*, we are reminded that ice hockey is really a scientific outgrowth of old "shinny on the ice," and any one who ever skated knows that game has been going on for years. Quoting further:

> In the United States amateur hockey flourished, especially in New York City, from 1907 until 1926. There was a very fast amateur league in New York, comprising the Wanderers, New York Athletic Club, St. Nicholas, and the Irish-Americans. On Sunday nights games between these teams would draw as high as 18,000 persons in Madison Square Garden.
>
> Several years ago a well-known Canadian hockey-team owner, Tom Duggan, went to New York and opened Tex Rickard's eyes to the possibilities of professional hockey. As soon as the big promoter was sold on the project, he started professional hockey in the Garden, amateur hockey dying out as a result.
>
> The growth of professional hockey in this country in the last three years has been amazing. There was none until the season of 1924-1925. Now there is a major league of ice hockey called the National League, and consisting of the Canadians, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and New York Americans in the international group, and New York Rangers, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, and Pittsburgh in the American group. The Canadian-American League is composed of teams representing Philadelphia, Boston, Springfield, New Haven, Providence, and Newark. Newark has just replaced Quebec.
>
> There is a league out on the West Coast, called the California League. Los Angeles, Hollywood, Oakland, and San Francisco are in it. The Canadian Professional League consists of Detroit, Windsor, Niagara Falls, Kitchener, Toronto, Hamilton, Stratford, and London, Ontario. Teams from Winnipeg, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, St. Louis, and Tulsa are in the American Association League. St. Louis and Tulsa were just added this year.
>
> This year the Pacific Coast Professional League has started. Seattle, Portland, Victoria, and Vancouver are in it. The Texas League, now on its second season, is composed of Dallas, San Antonio, Houston, and San Diego.
>
> When you consider that all these leagues have sprung up in America in the last three years, it is convincing proof of the great hold already secured here by Canada's national game.

Benny Leonard, the former pugilist, who is now financially interested in the winter sport, contributes his views on its effects on other sports, in a copyrighted article in the New York *World*, remarking:

> This game comes at a time that in the old days belonged almost exclusively to boxing. But it has developed in such leaps and bounds in the last year that now they pack them in and have the fans falling over one another trying to buy tickets. As a matter of fact, I think hockey will, or already has, cut into boxing considerably.
>
> Hockey is not the only sport that vies with boxing nowadays with success. Football plays a strong hand in the bid for patronage, stronger than in any former years. Teams like the Army and Notre Dame pull enormous gates, and there are others that are becoming powerful attractions.
>
> But the basic paying fan is the fight fan. I've noticed this since I went into the hockey business. I was agreeably surprized when my Pittsburgh team opened in Pittsburgh a couple of weeks or so ago when I spotted hundreds of fans that I recognized as "front-rowers" at all the important fights. At the time I attributed their presence, probably egotistically, to the fact that it was my team that was playing, and they were just out for my sake. But when I saw the same thing in other cities I realized that hockey has taken a strong hold on the boxing fan.
>
> It isn't that the hockey fan goes to the boxing bouts, for these people were boxing fans before hockey had taken hold at all. Which convinces me that even in hockey, just as in any other sport, it is absolutely essential that we have prices so ranged that we can take care of the "gallery gods" just as is done in the fight clubs.

The thrills of the game are many. So are the spills. The ice-hockey fan looks for them, says Mr. Duncan in *The Public Ledger*, just as intently as does the auto-racing fan. He is seldom disappointed and, in addition, sees for his money many fights and near-riots that are not advertised as "special added attractions," but are fought, nevertheless, with the same vigor that Tunney fought Dempsey or Princeton fights Yale. A gentleman exceedingly well qualified to tell about some of the thrills of the rink, these fist fights, team fights and riots, continues Mr. Duncan, is P. J. Fynan, known in the hockey world as "Spider." Of him we read:

> He was nicknamed "Spider" by Fred Hoey, Boston sports writer, who said: "He seems to have a dozen legs and is all over the place at once."
>
> Fynan started his hockey career in 1905 in Richmond, Quebec, and played independent hockey for four seasons with that team, Danville and Asbestos Mines, Quebec. He joined the Montreal Victorias in 1909 and subsequently played with the Montreal Athletic Association, Montreal Shamrocks, and the Irish-Americans of New York. He was captain and manager of the Boston Pilgrims for three years, and captain of the New Haven team in 1917. He played with the Montreal Hochelagas, champions of Eastern Canada, in 1919; St. Anne's, of Montreal, in 1920; New Haven Westminsters, 1921 to 1923, in-

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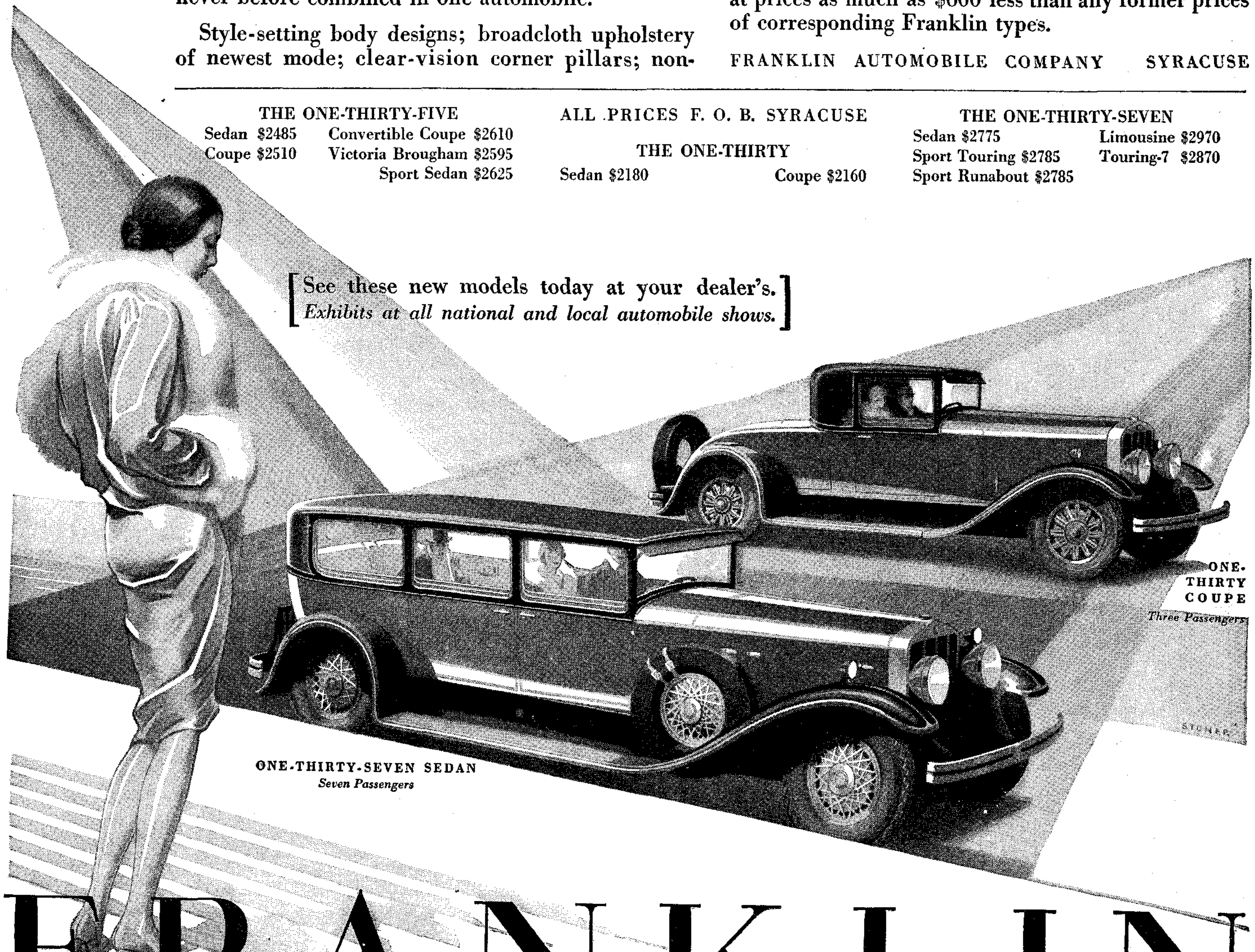

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

clusive, and New York Knickerbocker Hockey Club in 1924 and 1925. He was joint owner of the New Haven Eagles in 1926, and for the last two seasons has been a scout for the Philadelphia Arrows. All of which surely qualifies the "Spider" to speak on the subject of his favorite sport.

"The worst riot I ever saw as a result of a hockey fight," he says, "took place up in the little town in Quebec where I started my career—Richmond. This was about twenty-three years ago. We had an independent league—which, by the way, is still in existence—composed of Richmond, Waterville, Windsor Mills, and Danville. The race was a close one and the championship hinged on a final game to be played between our team, Richmond, and Waterville, which had in its line-up three Blue brothers. Walter Blue was the oldest, the biggest, and the toughest.

"There were no automobiles up there in those days, so the Waterville team came to Richmond in a big bobsled, and their rooters came in a 'special train,' consisting of two dingy-looking passenger cars pushed over a 'jerkwater,' narrow-gage line by a wornout engine. The game was played in a rink surrounded by boards twelve feet high. There was no roof over our heads, as it had been blown away during a blizzard.

"All through the game there were little tiffs here and there, but nothing serious happened until Billy Cook, one of our players who had 'taken the butt end' many times from the Blue brothers during the season, went over to Walter Blue and hit him on the head with his hockey stick. Instantly there was a riot. The 800 spectators were about evenly divided, half from our town and half from Waterville, so they came down off the seats onto the ice and went to it. The players were away ahead of them by that time, of course.

"First one side of the fence was kicked down, and the other three followed. Two cast-iron stoves, known as 'box stoves,' were kicked over and the place caught fire and burned to the ground. The Richmond fans chased the Waterville supporters to their 'special train' and then smashed in the windows and wrecked the cars before the train pulled out.

"I don't pretend to appear as a hero of this riot, which is known as the 'Battle of Richmond' among the hockey fans up Canada way. As a matter of fact, I was only a boy and was scared stiff. The two outstanding heroes of the battle, in my opinion at least, were Major McIvar and Bill Ratry, two prominent citizens of Richmond, each six feet two inches tall, who stood back to back and handed out 'one-two punches' until they were exhausted. Every man who came within their range was knocked down. Almost as many home folks as aliens became their victims because, in the excitement, there wasn't sufficient time to figure out who was friend and who was foe. Those two just socked for the pure love of socking."

"Well, what about police protection?" the "Spider" was asked.

"Richmond had and still has a one-man police force. What chance had he against 800 rioters?" he replied.

Intense rivalry which often results in actual physical combat seems to be traditional among hockey players. In the words of Fynan, "One little thing leads to another."

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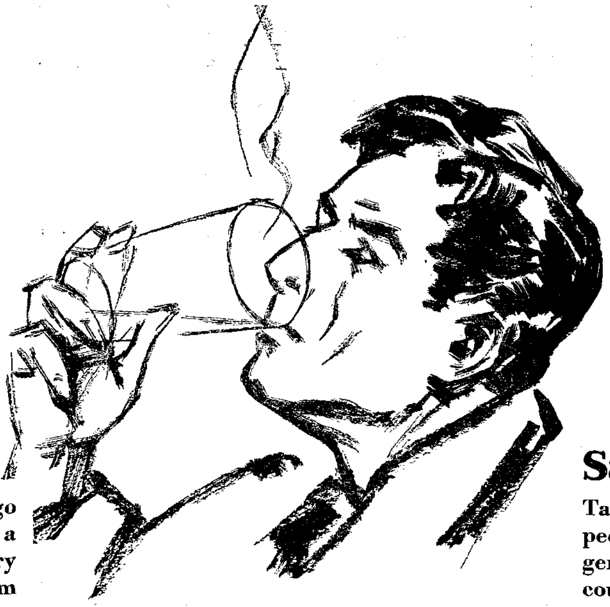

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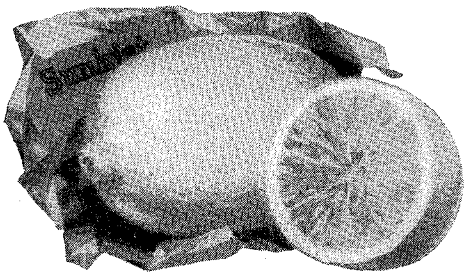
At the first symptom of a cold, go home as quickly as possible. Take a hot bath in a warm bathroom. Dry yourself thoroughly. Get into a warm bed at once. Then, drink a large glass of piping Hot Lemonade, sweetened to your taste. Have extra warm covers. You will soon be getting relief through a "sweat-out" which helps expel the poisons through the pores. When you awaken, next morning, drink Lemon Juice and soda (as described above) and continue 3 times daily or oftener until entirely free from cold symptoms. Remain in bed next day, help save yourself from a prolonged illness with possibly serious consequences.



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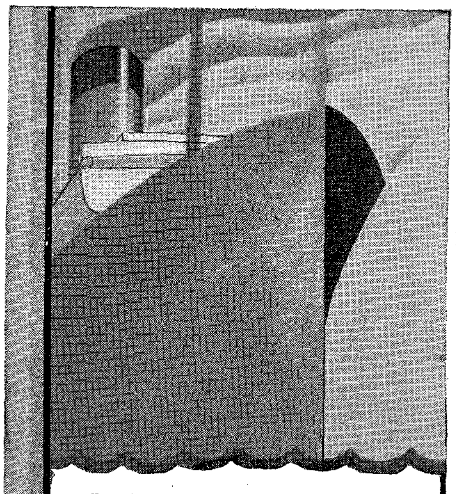

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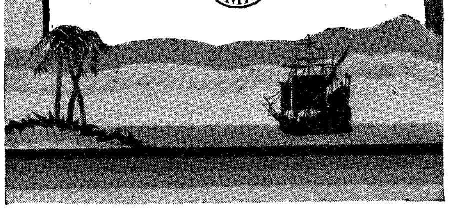


SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

to his objective as quickly and as directly as possible, for the well-known reason that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. "If I am skating down the ice toward the goal, and know I can get by you easily, I'll go directly past you," he says. "But if I know I'm going to get the 'butt end' from you, I'll be more careful and skate in a semicircle to avoid you, if possible. In other words, this rough play seems to be a part of the game, and is responsible for the individual clashes which sometimes develop into team clashes, and even riots among the spectators."

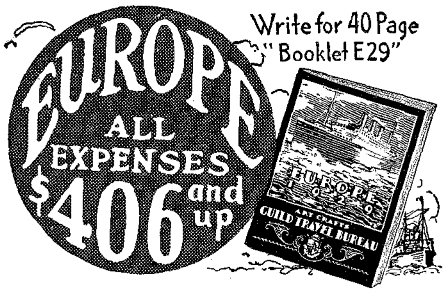
This phase of hockey is "You jab me and I'll jab you." In addition to giving him the "butt end," there is the "cross check," in which the player holds his stick parallel with the floor and sticks an opponent full in the face. The foul player uses this "cross check" to the face and the "butt end" to the body. Then there is the ordinary trip, in which the player places his club between his opponents feet and upsets him, or holds his club stiff and allows his opponent to skate into it.

"Philadelphia, a comparative newcomer in the league games of ice hockey, saw a fight last season, but it was confined to players, and lasted only a few minutes, due to quick interference by the police. One of the Philadelphia Arrows struck an opponent, a member of the Rhode Island Reds from Providence, and the team members were starting a 'free-for-all' when the police stept out on the ice and stopt it.

"Another peculiar angle about this fighting on the ice is that good friends forget all their friendly feelings when the game is in actual progress. A man can play four years with one team and be pals with all of them. But if he joins another team and plays against the old pals the fifth year, they'll go after him just as hard as if they had never seen him before. I once played on the St. Anne's team with Josh Arnold. We were great friends. At the close of the season we played on opposite sides in an exhibition game for the benefit of charity. Josh didn't do a thing in that game but lift his club and sock me right on the forehead, and I'm carrying that scar to this day."

However, the professional hockey player is not as rough as the collegians who "churn up the ice," we read in the New York *Times*, which continues:

> This is the belief of Myles Lane, once the ace of the Dartmouth hockey team and the first American college star to enter professional ranks, as told to the Associated Press. He is a member of the New York Rangers.
>
> "The big difference between amateur and professional hockey, of course, is the speed and versatility of the league players," he said. "It is no longer a question of watching one or two good men on a team. Every one is a crackerjack, and they have mighty few weaknesses.
>
> "Fundamentally, college and professional hockey are founded on a different basis. At Dartmouth the team was taught to play the disk entirely. Here we play the man and forget there is such a thing as a disk. Of course, when three forwards come flying at you, passing between them down by the goal, you have to think of both, and usually end up by getting the



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wrong man. Then the goal-tender plays the disk for all he's worth.

"It is only natural that when men make their living playing one game they specialize, practise, and become proficient to an extent beyond any college athlete. They put a great deal of feeling in their game, too, but they never could get as rough as college players, in there to do or die for alma mater."

Hockey is a Canadian gift to the United States, in return for our gift of baseball to the Dominion, we are reminded by W. D. Stovel, who writes in *The Baseball Magazine* as follows:

> Canada's millions have always been grateful to their American cousins for the game of baseball. At different times during the history of the summer sport they have had occasion to import hundreds of the products of the "sand-lots" across the line. How to repay has always been a problem. They tried lacrosse, but it failed to "take" to any great extent.
>
> Then they made a tremulous offer of hockey. The first application failed; but not without a hard struggle.
>
> Out in the West the distances to be traveled between Portland, British Columbia, and the Prairies, had proved to be too great a financial strain, in spite of ingenious league schedules, so in 1926 the Western League sold out to the National Hockey League, which was at that time planning an invasion of the Eastern American cities.
>
> Up to that time the Eastern fans, tho acknowledging the excellence of such aggregations as the Victoria Cougars and the Vancouver Maroons, had been somewhat skeptically disposed toward the average Western player. They thought he would show up but dimly alongside the star of the East.
>
> But before the 1926-27 season was many weeks old, the speed and brilliance of the newcomers had the hard-boiled critics sitting right out on the edges of their seats. This was not the get-a-goal-sit-back-and-hold-it game to which they had been accustomed. These Westerners carried the play right to their opponents' citadel with a verve and daring that was nothing short of fascinating.
>
> It is interesting to note the intensity of the training received by the first-rate hockey player. Much as the American youngster haunts the sand-lots, the Canadian boy, as soon as he can stand up on his skates (and you'd be surprized how soon that is), starts pushing a puck or an old sardine tin across the surface of his neighborhood rink. At the age of thirteen or thereabouts, if he becomes proficient enough, he signs up with one of the Midget clubs controlled by the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association. From the very first, the importance of team play is drilled into him, and right here I may state that in few, if any, other team games is this factor strest quite so much. The player is encouraged by the fact that he will be credited with one point in the individual scoring list, whether he actually shoots the winning goal, or passes it to his mate for him to score. Assisted efforts rank equally with solo efforts. Consequently, there is no incentive to play "hog" beyond the natural desire for applause.
>
> By easy stages the lad graduates from Midget into Juvenile, and then into Junior company. When he reaches twenty he becomes a Senior, but the best Juniors often become Seniors, and even professionals, long before that time.
>
> Invariably, the successful hockey player

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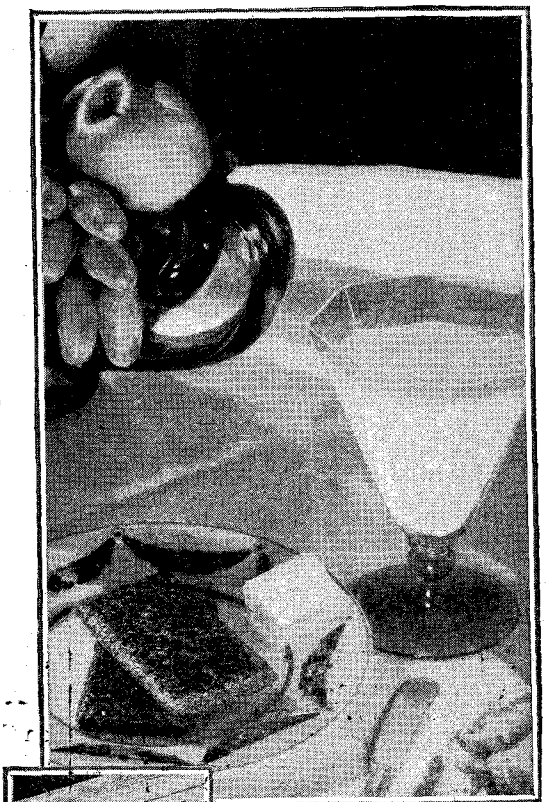

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

is the one who has haunted the back-yard rinks, and the public rinks from the time he was ten years of age. To take an outstanding example, Victor Ripley, the sensational center player, was scarcely out of knee-pants when he signed his first professional contract. He had his meals and slept at home, but apart from that he lived at a public rink near by. Calgary, Alberta, the city in which he learned his hockey, has some 75,000 population—yet there are in operation in it, at a conservative estimate, some 250 hockey teams in the various organized amateur leagues. Consequently, that city, along with such others as Stratford, Port Arthur, Kenora, Selkirk, and Regina, has sons in almost every professional league extant.

ARE ALL-AMERICA TEAMS ABSURD?

"THAT'S all right," said the co-ed hotly, defending her admirer, "he's on the all-America team."

Her friend regarded her with beautiful scorn, says John Kieran, relating the anecdote in *Life*. "Well," she inquired, "who isn't?"

That flash of repartee sums up neatly one bit of criticism recently directed against the great American sport of picking all-America football teams. The self-appointed selectors have only recently finished a busy season of passing judgment on the gridiron achievements of 1928. Beginning after Thanksgiving, the "all-Teams" Marathon ran with progressive vehemence until just before Christmas, when Mr. Grantland Rice, who has succeeded to the mantle of the late Walter Camp, closed the season (but not the discussion) by announcing his selections in *Collier's*.

Among the hostile critics is no less an authority that the great Coach Stagg of the University of Chicago, who himself was chosen by Walter Camp for his first all-America team in 1889. Said Coach Stagg, according to the Associated Press, calling the practise an absurdity:

> "How can any one do it? Why, it takes a football coach in intimate contact with his men two or three weeks and sometimes longer to know which is the best player on his own team for a certain position.
>
> "So how can a so-called football expert, who has to pick from the entire United States, know which man in the country is the best for a particular position? It can't be done.
>
> "There is no measuring rod for an all-America eleven. Some players may be brilliant in running with the ball and very poor at defense, but they are placed on the championship team. I never would pick a man unless he was an all-around player. But, then, I couldn't pick an all-America team."

But, in spite of such august disapproval, the picking of all-Americas goes merrily on. Before us are several of these mythical teams, selected by some of the nation's

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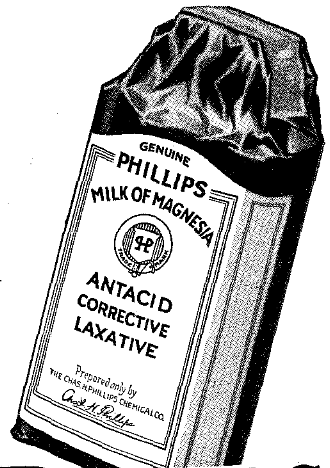

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leading sports authorities. In addition to Mr. Rice's team, there is Lawrence Perry's selection for the Consolidated Press Association and the awards of George Trevor and a corps of correspondents in the New York *Sun.* Three great coaches, Glenn S. Warner, Stanford, Knute Rockne, Notre Dame, and Tad Jones have performed a like function for the New York *World;* and four other leading coaches—Bill Roper, Princeton; Bob Zuppke, Illinois; Howard Jones, Southern California; and Dan McGugin, Vanderbilt—for the New York *Evening World.* In the New York *Morning Telegraph,* James R. Harrison begins by spoofing the custom gently, and then makes his own selections.

Only one player, Cagle, the Army halfback, appears on every one of these teams, and so, by a process of elimination, he would seem to be the season's leading player. Harpster, the quarter-back of Carnegie Tech, is on every team but that of *The Evening World.*

Explanatory comments accompanying team selections have shown differing theories on which teams were chosen. Mr. Rice, for example, depended on a majority vote of more than a hundred of the country's leading coaches, officials and writers. On the other hand, Mr. Perry saw personally every man on his team. Says Mr. Rice further in *Collier's:*

> It might be interesting to know upon what basis this all-America selection has been made. In the first place there has been no attempt to name the strongest team that might go into action, since no all-America teams ever go into action. This, rather, is an attempt to name the outstanding stars who have returned the highest average against the strongest opposition. Here are the leading factors that figured in these selections:
>
> 1. All-around ability at the job; for a back, this includes running, kicking, passing, handling passes, blocking and tackling.
> 2. The quality of the schedule: the number of hard, testing games each leading star had to face.
> 3. The luck in escaping injuries, permitting full service. (Such stars as Nagurski, Minnesota; Marsters, Dartmouth; Hume, Southern Methodist; and Randolph, Indiana, were affected in this way.)
> 4. The quality of play in the more vital games of the year.

But in his Consolidated Press article, Mr. Perry sets forth a different idea:

> While various views obtain as to the theory under which he who selects an all-America football eleven should make his choice, it is and has always been the writer's idea that a team of the sort should be regarded not so much as a Hall of Fame as a combination of men who, could they actually be got together, adequately coached and placed upon the field, would be qualified to defeat any eleven men who could be picked to meet them.
>
> In other words, the writer believes that an all-America team should be regarded as a playing organization and not an honorary group. Often a team formed in accordance with the first theory will not differ from the merit group idea. And sometimes it

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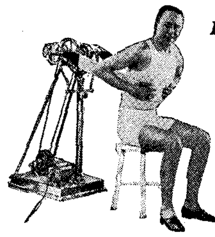
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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

will, albeit the difference ought not to be great.

The ideal way is to see as many teams of the various sections as is feasible, and then to check one's personal impressions with the mass of testimony coming in from far and wide concerning various players.

Proceeding to cases, let us glance at Mr. Rice's team:

Position	*Player*	*College*
End	FESLER	Ohio State
Tackle	GETTO	Pittsburgh
Guard	POST	Stanford
Center	PUND	Ga. Tech.
Guard	BURKE	Navy
Tackle	POMMERENING	Michigan
End	HAYCRAFT	Minnesota
Quarter	HARPSTER	Car. Tech.
Half-back	CAGLE	Army
Half-back	SCULL	Penn.
Full-back	STRONG	N. Y. Univ.

In discussing his selections, Mr. Perry tells us that Cagle, the one man to appear on all the teams, is "one of the great half-backs of all history." Mr. Perry's team follows:

Position	*Player*	*College*
End	FESLER	Ohio State
End	DONCHESS	Pittsburgh
Tackle	POMMERENING	Michigan
Tackle	NOWACK	Illinois
Guard	GETTO	Pittsburgh
Guard	POST	Stanford
Center	PUND	Ga. Tech.
Quarter-back	HARPSTER	Car. Tech.
Half-back	CAGLE	Army
Half-back	PAUL SCULL	Penn.
Full-back	MIZELL	Ga. Tech.

Next we come to the teams selected by boards of coaches. Presenting the choices of Warner, Rockne, and Jones, *The World* explains their method of work:

In making their all-America selections, Glen Warner, Knute Rockne, and Tad Jones witnessed many more teams in action than any one observer possibly could have witnessed. Jones saw the foremost Eastern teams play; Rockne came East with his Notre Dame eleven, went South and to the Pacific coast; Warner saw the West Coast teams and came East with his Stanford squad. In addition, the three coaches were assisted by Capt. L. M. "Biff" Jones, West Point coach. They first selected 120 players, representative of fifty-five colleges and thirty States. From these they chose first, second and third teams and an honorable-mention list.

And the coaches themselves have this to say of some of the players:

Perhaps the greatest all around player in all departments of the game is Carroll of Washington—with one of the weakest teams in the history of his university.

Next we come to Scull of Pennsylvania, not only the preeminent full-back of the year but a stellar performer in all phases of the game. He is one of the best punters seen in the East in recent years, and few if any players in our recollection could surpass him in the art of kicking goals—an art of no great importance until one considers the countless important games

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and many championships that have been squandered by strong teams with weak kickers. Against Cornell on Thanksgiving Day, Scull was asked to convert seven touch-downs, and seven times he added the extra point with the skill and confidence of a master.

Few if any players to-day surpass Scull in taking the forward pass. He is a hard-hitting ball carrier, and likewise an interfering back with few his equal. Scull is the best man at Pennsylvania, and the best man at full-back this board has seen this year.

After Scull, our full-back choice is Holmer of Northwestern, with Hoffman of Stanford, right behind. Most critics put Holmer down as the best full-back in the Big Ten Conference and the Middle West. He passes extremely well, and plays consistent football all the time. The 80,000 who saw "Biff" Hoffman rip the Army line to pieces at New York—and the millions who read about it—will wonder why the Stanford Captain rates no better than third in the full-back selections. The answer is simple, altho unfortunate—Hoffman, a superb, all-around performer, failed to reach his true and topmost form until the final game on Stanford's schedule—and the final game of his own colorful career.

Here is the Warner-Rockne-Jones eleven:

Position	*Player*	*College*
End	Fessler	Ohio State
End	Phillips	California
Tackle	Nowack	Illinois
Tackle	Getto	Pittsburgh
Guard	Post	Stanford
Guard	Gibson	Minnesota
Center	Pund	Ga. Tech.
Quarter-back	Harpster	Car. Tech.
Half-back	Cagle	Army
Half-back	Carroll	Washington
Full-back	Scull	Penn.

Roper, Zuppke, Howard Jones, and McGugin picked these players for *The Evening World:*

Position	*Player*	*College*
End	Phillips	California
Tackle	Nowack	Illinois
Guard	Wietz	Illinois
Center	Howe	Princeton
Guard	Robesky	Stanford
Tackle	Getto	Pittsburgh
End	Haycraft	Minnesota
Quarter-back	Williams	So. Calif.
Half-back	Mizell	Ga. Tech.
Half-back	Cagle	Army
Full-back	Scull	Penn.

The Sun was thorough in choosing its all-America. Here is "no hit-or-miss selection culled at random from sporting head-lines, with a few Texans or Pacific coast players thrown in to make it 'look good,'" says George Trevor, presenting the results. Reading on:

> Guesswork was eliminated. Second-hand information was not accepted unless verified by first-hand observation. With their own eyes *The Sun's* trained observers saw the men named herewith, watched them meet the test of high-grade competition, studied their reactions under big-game pressure.
>
> Staff correspondents of *The Sun* were detailed to cover each important football district. No college, be it ever so humble in gridiron achievement, escaped the attention of these observers. New England, including the smaller Maine colleges and

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

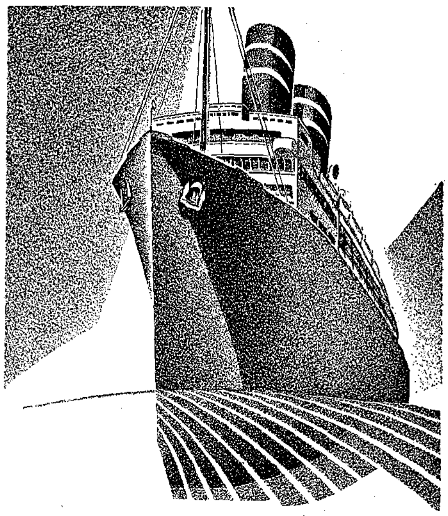
the Little Three; Pennsylvania, a hotbed of football activity; the Southern Conference, lately grown to major estate in gridiron prowess; the Big Ten Conference, breeder of mighty players since the days of Heston and Eckersall; the Pacific coast, regarded by many critics as the modern magnetic pole of football strength; the mesquite-covered Southwest, where flying footballs darken the desert sun, and where boys would rather throw the pigskin than run with it; the Rocky Mountain region, where high altitude makes the breath come in gasps; the virile Northwest, known for its tall trees and tall men; the Missouri Valley, that neglected reservoir of man power—each one of these sections was combed as carefully as the East for gridiron brilliants.

The Sun's choices follow:

Position	*Player*	*College*
End	HAYCRAFT	Minn.
Tackle	POMMERENING	Mich.
Guard	SANDERS	So. Meth.
Center	PUND	Ga. Tech.
Guard	POST	Stanford
Tackle	HIBBS	So. Calif.
End	DONCHESS	Pittsburgh
Quarter-back	HARPSTER	Carnegie
Half-back	STRONG	N. Y. Univ.
Half-back	CAGLE	Army
Full-back	CARROLL,	Univ. of Wash.

And, finally, we come to James R. Harrison, who seems to have his tongue in his cheek as he tells us in *The Morning Telegraph:*

> One of the most intriguing and harmless amusements these days, aside from the six-day bike race and hockey games, is that of selecting an all-America team. The procedure is comparatively simple. Take a pencil and several sheets of blank paper, then think of all the players you have seen, heard of, or read about this season. If you are still conscious, write down eleven of those names and you have an all-America team.
>
> The late Walter Camp was the only man whose all-America selections were graced with official authority. Mr. Camp had been doing the thing so long that he was accepted as the final arbiter. Lesser men picked teams, and when their deluge had trickled dry Mr. Camp would come out with his selection. As the smaller experts saw where they had deviated from the Camp ticket they would bite their nails irritably and say, "Oh, shoot!" or possibly "Zounds!"
>
> At Mr. Camp's death several dozen poor relations fought hungrily for the heritage of being his recognized successor. They bickered and quarreled, and each proclaimed himself the second Walter Camp. The public quickly wearied of these self-appointed prophets; in the last year or two the all-America selections that have commanded most interest are those of Grantland Rice, who gives more thought and labor and time to the task than any other before publishing his verdict in *Collier's*.
>
> As has been said several thousand times before, there are too many good ones in the land to allow for any genuine selection of the eleven best or twenty-two best or thirty-three best. All the foolish critic can do is to pluck out those names that



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commend themselves to him for one reason or another—because he saw them personally, because he read about them, or because he was advised as to their merits by a capable and disinterested observer.

We dare say that a rip-snorting team could be assembled out of players who do not even receive honorable mention. Many a flower is blushing unseen. And many a turnip has been palmed off as a lily by the forces of Ballyhoo. If you talk about a man enough, there are folks who will believe that he must be a second Heston or another Shevlin in the flesh.

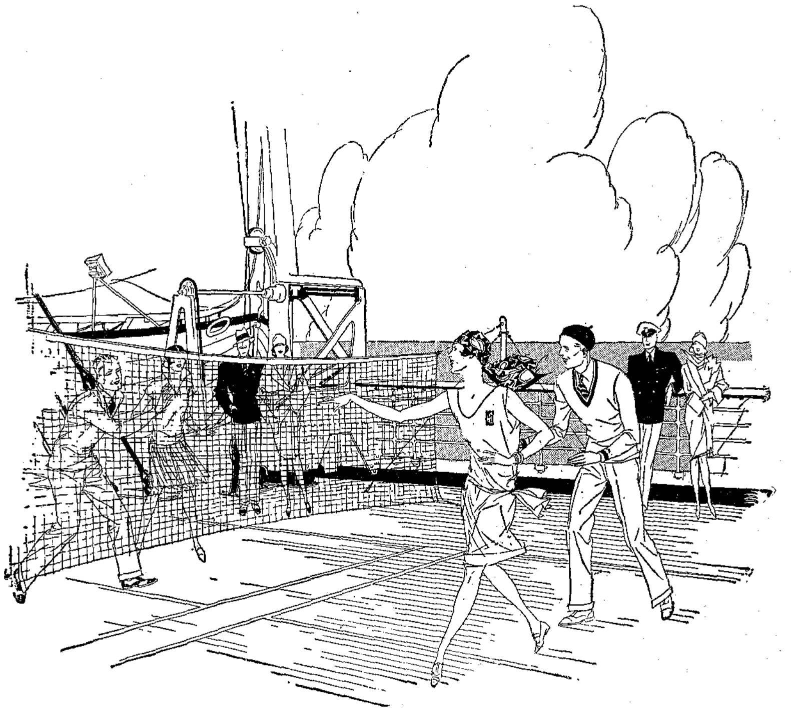
Anyway, it's a lot of good clean fun, this all-America stuff.

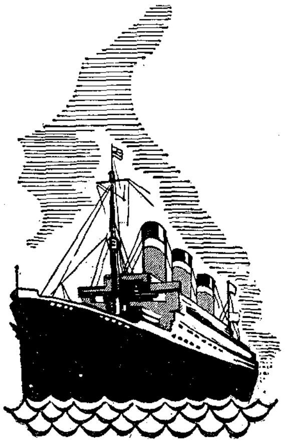
Saying which, Mr. Harrison offers the following nominations:

Position	*Player*	*College*
End	DENCHOSS	Pittsburgh
Tackle	POMMERENING	Mich.
Guard	POST	Stanford
Center	PUND	Ga. Tech.
Guard	GIBSON	Minn.
Tackle	DRESSEL	Wash. State
End	FESLER	Ohio State
Quarter-back	HARPSTER	Car. Tech.
Half-back	STRONG	N. Y. Univ.
Half-back	CAGLE	Army
Full-back	CARROLL	Washington

Now that we have had a look at some of the all-America team members, let us examine some of the missiles being tossed at the all-America idea. Returning to Mr. Kieran in *Life*, we find him elaborating the thesis announced by Coach Stagg. Reading on in Mr. Kieran's remarks:

> Time was when the picking of an all-America football team made only Yale, Harvard and Princeton men sore. Now it infuriates everybody. The demand for all-America selections twenty years ago was so moderate that one man, picking one team, easily supplied the trade. Now everyone who can pound a typewriter or borrow a pencil stub picks two or three all-America teams. One reason for the "spares" is that the first team offered in evidence by any picker is usually torn to pieces and cast into exterior darkness by rival pickers and critics.
>
> There's another notable change. The late Walter Camp used to pick his all-America team by sight. He watched the boys in action and graded them on what he saw them do. Charming simplicity! Almost mid-Victorian. The picking is done almost entirely by ear now. The great heroes of the gridiron are nominated largely on information and belief acquired through hearsay evidence, which is barred in any court of law. The future is brighter still. With the improvement of the radio and television, there will be no need to go to the games at all.
>
> In the meanwhile, there are the current all-America teams. Observe them. Study them. To be a real all-America, a team must have guards, tackles and backs from all sections of the country. How could any critic get more than a brief glimpse at a few flying figures in his own comparatively narrow sector? To give the critics their due, most of them being sensible chaps, they know that an all-America team is the unblushing bunk and they go about the business of picking one with their tongues in their cheeks.
>
> Here's the layout. An observer, by vigorous scrambling, can see at most a dozen football games in a season. Yet





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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

there were no fewer than 243 college contests on the schedule for one Saturday in October. They were not all "important" games, but there may have been some marvelous players on neglected teams. That's their hard luck. Even sticking to the important games and remaining in a limited area, with the conflict in schedules an observer is bound to miss seeing some of the best games, best teams, and best players in his own area. With that as a starting handicap, how can he step out and pick the prize packages from all over the country?

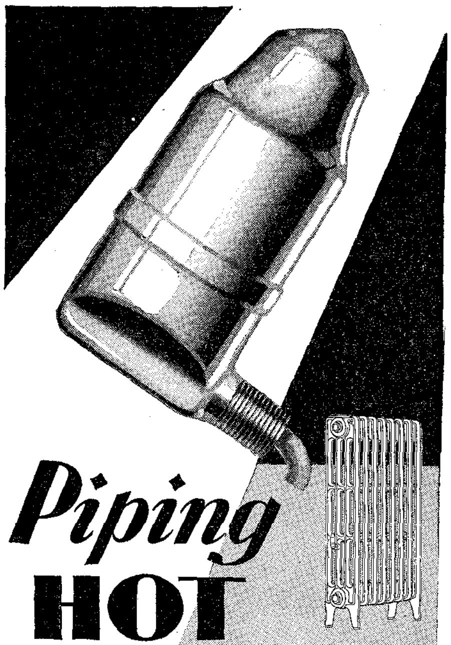
Then how is it done? Well, it's easy enough. Try it this way. There was some talk about Barratt of Ohio State as a great center. Chuck Howe of Princeton outplayed him when they met. Howe has a good reputation around the East. So put Howe down as all-America center, even tho he is a Princeton man and Princeton, Harvard, and Yale, nominations are regarded with suspicion these days. In selecting your guards, you must move on to some other territory.

You could mention Greene and Hall of Yale or Hammack of the Army, but the big idea is to get one guard in the Middle West—any guard will do—and another from the South, like Baccus of Southern Methodist. For tackles you might try "Tiny" Clark of Harvard and match him up with Skidmore of Alabama or Mooney of Georgetown. Grab one end from the West Coast and another from New England, just to show that you are broad-minded.

For backs you can have your choice of Cagle of the Army, Pape of Iowa, Weston of Boston College, Hoffman of Stanford, Nagurski of Minnesota, Strong of New York University, Randolph of Georgia Tech, Eby of Ohio State, and so on. But the trick is to bob up with four men representing four widely scattered sections of the country. That makes it a perfect fit. The all-America team is complete!

The Nation attacks at another point. Telling us that nineteen men were killed in games during the 1928 season, it continues:

> We could pass over the death of these men as an incidental misfortune if it were not for the fact that scores of other young men have been killed in the same way in recent years. (Seventeen players were killed last year—1927—and twenty in 1925.) An analysis of the circumstances under which the nineteen players were killed shows that most of the deaths resulted from injuries due to tackling and collision, the commonest cause of death being a broken neck. Most of the victims of the game died on the altar of senseless tradition, the tradition that mass collision and physical stoppage are necessary to make football exciting. In basketball and soccer the ball is the object of attack and defense; in American football the human body must bear the brunt. We believe that football as played in the United States is not only unnecessarily dangerous but is a third-rate game to watch. In soccer the spectator can see and appreciate every play, because the ball is in the open; in American football half of the plays present the spectacle of a mass of tangled bodies. Perhaps fifty years from now, when the



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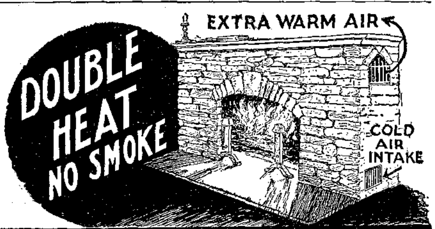

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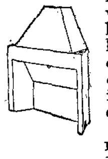

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beauty and skill of open football are duly appreciated, our present game will seem as crude and brutal as a Roman gladitorial combat seems to-day.

Altho all sections of the country are represented in the all-America selections, the close of the football season found some observers declaring that the Pacific coast teams are supreme. Coach Rockne, of Notre Dame, writing in *The World*, conceded them a slight edge, but believed that their spectacular showings against Eastern teams were due partly to their opponents' conditions. W. O. McGeehan of the New York *Herald Tribune* was loud in his praise of the Westerners. He is a native of San Francisco; but George Trevor, who says that he is a dyed-in-the-wool Easterner, writes in *The Sun:*

> There can be no doubt about it—the balance of football power has drifted across the Sierras to remain indefinitely on the Pacific coast. It hurts us to write these words. The writer hates to make an admission that will still further inflate the Pacific slope's already exalted opinion of itself, but there is no profit in burying one's head in the sand. You who saw Oregon State sandbag N. Y. U. and Stanford annihilate Army don't have to be told that the far West rules the football roost.
>
> There is no room even for argument. The alibi concocters now busily explaining that Army was stale and N. Y. U. was over the edge, only make themselves ridiculous. There are some things so self-evident that they can't be explained away. One of them is that coast football is on a higher plane than the brand offered in the East or mid-West. We, of the East, had better stop squawking and take our medicine. Once we set the pace in football. Now we inhale the Pacific's dust. That coast climate was bound to tell sooner or later. As soon as the far West acquired football "savvy," assimilated Eastern methods of coaching, it was inevitable that the Pacific coast would assume gridiron leadership. Well, it has.

Here Mr. Trevor seems to heave a sigh for the vanished dominance of his beloved East, and then, bracing himself for the ordeal, proceeds to set down in black and white a full and free acknowledgment of the Western victory. Thus:

> An Eastern football scout, after watching N. Y. U. and Army buried with full military honors by white-jersied undertakers from the coast, made the blunt statement: "The worst team on the Pacific slope is better than the best team in the East." Making some allowance for rhetorical exaggeration, the writer doesn't think this observer far wrong.
>
> We are satisfied that Southern California (a weaker team than Stanford for all that it beat the Cardinals), Oregon, Washington State, California, and possibly even Washington, could have beaten Army and N. Y. U. as convincingly as Stanford and the Aggies turned the trick. Furthermore, we believe that any leading Pacific coast eleven could have whipt any topnotch Eastern eleven on any given Saturday during the fall campaign. At the corresponding date in their development, the writer thinks that Stanford or Oregon State would have decisively defeated Army and N. Y. U., whether the matches were played in early October or late November.

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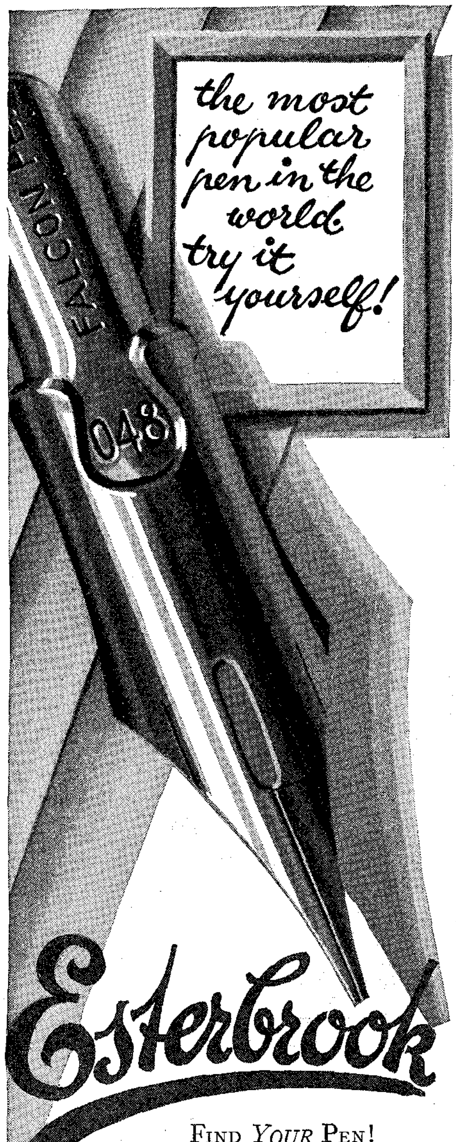
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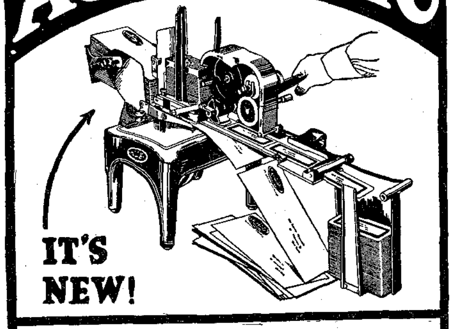

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

JOHN L. AS A LITERARY RIVAL OF GENE TUNNEY

LONG before Gene Tunney, Yale's Shakespearian lecturer, had given "The Winter's Tale" the first of his famous ten readings, recounted in our issue of May 12, another eminent heavyweight was delving into the classics. It was, Robert H. Davis reveals to us in his column, "Bob Davis Recalls," in the New York *Sun*, none other than the great John L. Sullivan. And Mr. Davis seems to think that this circumstance should be called to Mr. Tunney's attention. "What about John L. Sullivan?" he asks. "What of the Boston boy born in a civilization of refinement and erudition?" And thus he tells us what:

Let us examine into the past, remote but pregnant with significance, and get down to the brass tacks of history. After New Orleans, where John L. lost his laurels at the hands of Gentleman Jim, Mr. Sullivan opened a refreshment parlor in the city limits of New York. Here in the midst of his waning glories John held court for a short time against the horizon of a setting sun. Slowly but surely the patrons drifted away, leaving the redoubtable *Cashel Byron* alone in the dusk.

One night two sophomore students strolled into the Sullivan retreat and found the Professor seated in his study, poring with studious interest over a volume.

"Come in, boys, and sit down," said the old educator. "Business is dull, and I have been reading a book. I don't know how it got into my place, but here it is. 'Why not pass the hours away,' says I to myself, 'and peek into it?' So far this book is a piece of cheese, but every once in a while the guy who wrote it throws a crack that I made years ago."

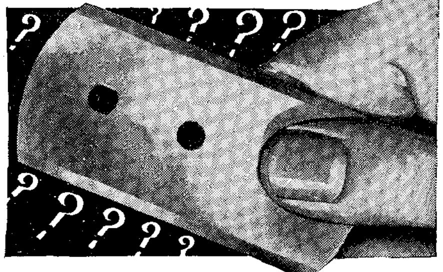
"Who is the author?" asked one of the visitors.

"A lobster who calls himself Marcus Aur-eli-us. Sounds like a fake to me," answered John L. "I know a Marcus Meyer; he lost eight thousand dollars on me at New Orleans, but I never heard of him writing a book. At that, whoever this hick is he has copped some of my stuff. Listen to this: '*Fame after life is no better than oblivion.*' It was me who said: 'Get it now or never.' Which is the snappiest? Pipe this on page 27: '*Let nothing be done rashly and at random, but all things according to the exact and perfect rules of art.*' What the poor slob means is: 'Straight Marquis of Queensbury and no hitting in the clinches.' Who was the best living booster of the manly art? Yours truly, John L. Sullivan."

"I'll say you were," replied both students in unison.

"Here's a swell crack," continued the ex-champion: "*How many of them who came into the world at the same time when I did are already gone out of it?*' Well, Slade, the Maori; Jem Mace, Charlie Mitchell, Steve Taylor, and a whole string of dubs. A feint and a punch; that was all. What'll you boys have? Better take a quart of bubbles. I won't be in this business much longer. When I think of the wad of dough that once was mine, of the reception I got abroad, and the way kings and rulers shook the hand of John L. Sullivan, it gives me a

Solved ...at Last!!!



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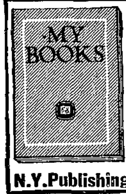

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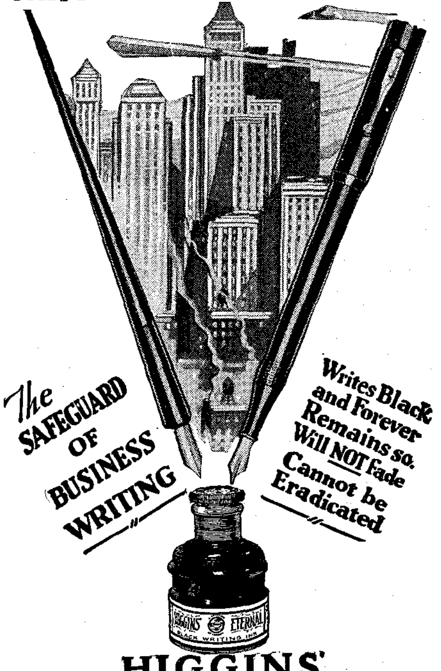
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pain to think that this is the only place where I can be seen now. What I should 'a' done was to write a book; not that I think much of this one, but a book about John L. Sullivan—His Life. Who has had more living than me? Nobody! And I always stood by my friends. When I was in London the King, Edward VII, asks me to give a private bout. I asked Arthur Brisbane to join the party, but the King says 'No outsiders.' 'All right, your Majesty,' I says, 'no Brisbane, no bout.' And the King says to 'forget it and bring Arthur,' which I did."

John L. returned to Marcus Aurelius and plunged again into the pages, with this result:

"What do you know about this: '*He hath a stronger body, and is a better wrestler than I.—What then?*' Nothing except that I always let go a right cross on the jaw and drop the guy for the count. Them rough tactics never went with me. The canvas is all littered up with mugs who tried to strong-arm John L. Most of 'em slept so heavy that they forgot to dream. I see that Marcus mentions a sport named Socrates. That's a good monaker for a prize-fighter: Sock-ra-tes. Wouldn't the newspaper boys eat that up? But John L. Sullivan is good enough for me. What'da think about this book, anyway?"

"If you are through reading it," ventured one of John's guests, "I would like to possess this copy."

"Take it along," said Mr. Sullivan, "so far as I am concerned the whole thing is a bunch of junk. You'll have a tough time with it."

"Would you mind signing your name on the fly leaf?"

"In—a—minute." John stept behind the bar, found a pen and went to work. "I'll make it personal. Who are you?"

The book-lover supplied the information, and the Boston Boy wrote this inscription:

"To Thomas G. Patten, Esq.,
From Yours Truly,
John L. Sullivan."

The recipient of that precious volume, thumb-marked by none other than the great John Lawrence himself, afterward became Postmaster of the City of New York. He now resides in Los Angeles, where among his intellectual friends he conducts a school of philosophy. Among the tomes that he frequently consults is the "Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius, Translated Out of the Greek," and transferred to Tom Patten by the one-time champion heavyweight of the world.

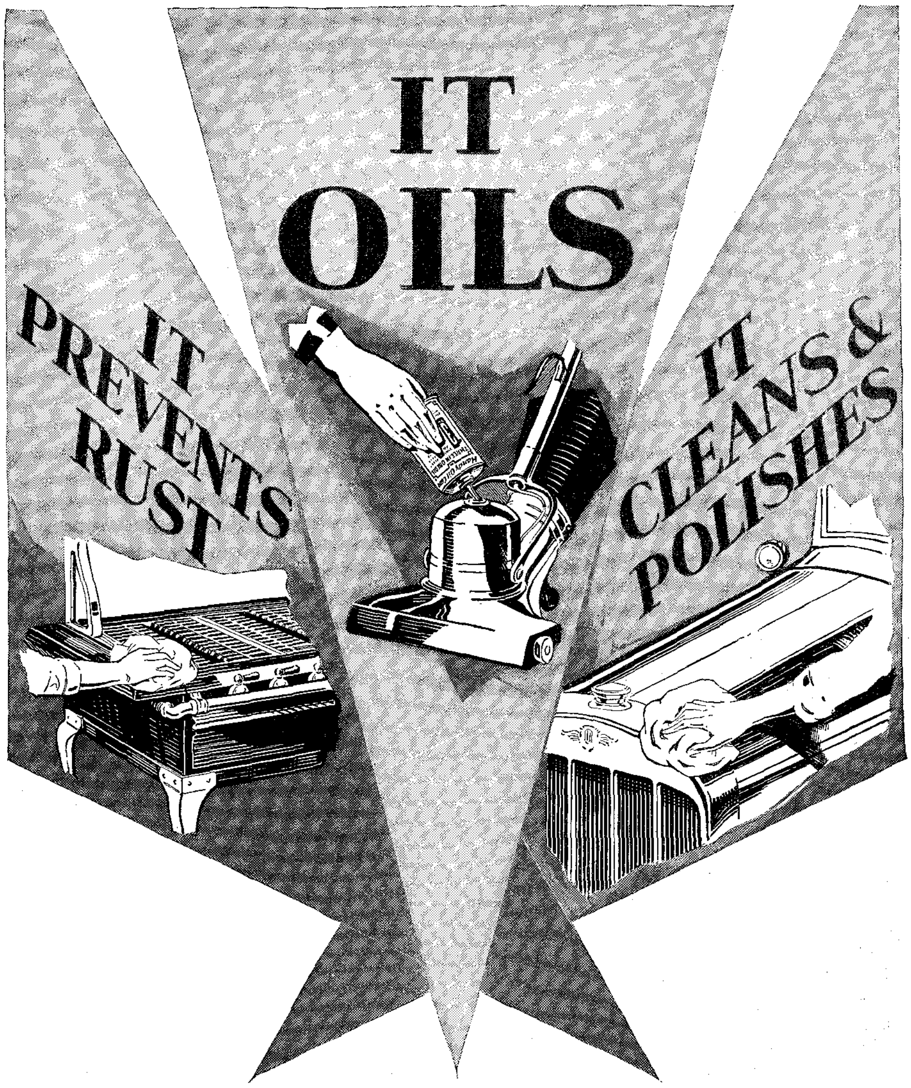
She Needn't Walk Home.—It was their first airplane ride, and the young woman of the party felt quite nervous.

"You will bring us back safely, won't you?" she said to the pilot, with a rather faint smile, as they were about to start.

"Of course I will, miss," he assured her, touching his leather helmet, "I've never left anybody up there yet."—*Boston Transcript.*

Arithmetic After Dark.—Rufus was proudly sporting a new shirt when a friend asked, "How many yards do it take to make a shirt like dat one, Rufus?"

"Well, suh," replied Rufus, "Ah got two shirts like this out'n one yard last night."
—*Successful Farming.*



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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

INDUSTRY'S DUTY TO KEEP THE WORKER BUSY

THE almost universal use of labor-saving devices which make it possible for one man to do the work formerly done by several is said to be largely responsible for unemployment, and President Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad feels that upon industry generally devolves the burden of providing employment for the men displaced. The Washington *Post* recalls the naming by the Interstate Commerce Commission of a committee of railroad executives to study railroad unemployment: "little attention had been given to the coming and going of workers," but the commission "approached the problem with a scientific view-point and made excellent progress." The statement of Mr. Willard's, made recently before a Senate Committee investigating the employment situation, seems most encouraging to the Baltimore *Sun*—"something has been accomplished when great corporations admit their share of responsibility for seeing that labor does not bear the whole burden of reduced costs due to mass production and improvements in machinery which eliminate human hands." The Baltimore paper agrees with Mr. Willard that "this is society's burden, and it must be assumed by society if the nation is to prosper and progress." As Mr. Willard told the Senate Committee on Education and Labor:

> It is for the benefit of society that we have mass production and reduced costs. Then society must assume the responsibility of giving work to these men, and the Baltimore and Ohio, as a unity of society, has its responsibility.

The president of the Baltimore and Ohio explained how the railroads have been stabilizing employment in recent years, and how his own road in particular had been able to reduce its own labor turnover from 20 per cent. in 1923 to 10 per cent. at the present time. He admitted that before the war "we did not have a consciousness of the righteousness of trying to stabilize our employment." Some of the methods now used include the postponement of new building and repair work to times when train movement is lowest. Mr. Willard declared himself imprest with the idea that if society is going to take advantage of mass production and reduced costs, society must assume the responsibility for finding employment for men—

> "We must all accept this responsibility. It is not only just, but it is a dangerous thing to have men idle. Men will steal, for example. I would before I would starve, and I think most men, if they are honest, will admit the same thing."

On the same occasion, Mr. O. S. Jackson, one of the Union Pacific's operating executives, said:

> I am in accord with Mr. Willard's testimony, and wish to emphasize the importance of "a state of mind" in employment stabilization. A will to stabilize is the prime necessity.

But that "a will to stabilize" is not quite sufficient to do the trick is the burden of an editorial in the New York *Journal of Commerce.* It gives full credit to Mr. Willard for his enlightened attitude, and then proceeds:

> Such sentiments do credit to the heart, but the head is puzzled to discover a way to distribute the burden of unemployment among various industries without penalizing the altruistic employer for the benefit of the ruthless one. It is true that employment could be much more effectively regularized throughout the year in many lines of industry by intelligent planning that would cost little, and in many cases yield positive dividends in the better performance of fully employed and contented workmen. A great deal has already been accomplished in this direction, as Mr. Willard notes, in pointing to the reduction in the volume of labor turnover that has occurred in recent years. Improvement in this respect, however, has not precluded a growth in chronic unemployment, which indicates that some workers have paid the extreme penalty to provide greater security of tenure for those having steady employment.
>
> In fact, two distinct problems of regularization have to be considered, corresponding to two quite different types of current unemployment which are existent in the United States and all other industrial countries. There are in addition to the above-mentioned perennial unemployment, seasonal slack and rush periods, ranging from slight to pronounced, in all lines of industry. As Mr. Willard notes, the situation is especially serious for the railroads, whose freight shipments are subject to large fluctuations requiring the services of extra men. Barring a few rare cases, it is not to be expected that individual industries will carry the burden of superfluous labor in dull periods unless coerced by circumstances. The only type of regularization of employment that stands a chance of bringing permanent social benefits through voluntary action by employers is the sort that employers find to be profitable in the long run.
>
> Turning to the larger problem of industrial unemployment due to changes in productive processes, the burden and the responsibility for alleviating it appears to rest directly upon the shoulders of the community instead of industry. A new attitude toward labor is revealed by a growing conviction that society owes a responsibility toward its workers who fall victims to industrial progress. In European countries, it is true, employers are sharing that burden with the State by making contributions to unemployment insurance funds. The effect, however, is to handicap industry and to assess it for the costs of progress that brings benefits to all and

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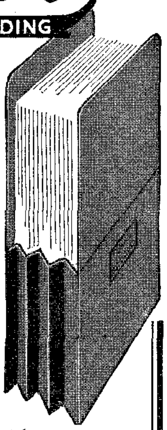

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

should be paid for by all. If employers limit their efforts to the more modest field of reducing their labor turnover to the lowest terms consonant with the highest industrial efficiency, they will be doing all that the public can ask and all that they ought to attempt.

The Willard statement raises many a question in the mind of the editor of the Philadelphia *Record*, the chief of all being: "Is Man to remain the master of the Machine, or to become its slave?" Fortunately, he goes on, men of vision are not ignoring these problems, but "are studying the situation, planning, acting—"

The terms of the problem are simple enough. During the last few years mechanical invention has so increased the output per worker that there is a diminishing demand for labor, altho to some degree the employees released are absorbed by new industries. Henry Ford, who sees in mass production both the cause of prosperity and the insurance of its continuity, is confident:

"To those who say that machinery causes idleness, the reply is it's just the other way. It produces work. For making machines means making more machines, and consequently you have more production, more people working, more wages, and more consumption. Mass production has resulted in higher wages than any other method in industry. The reason is that it enables the worker to earn more, and thus to buy and have more."

THE MORAL HAZARD IN AUTOMOBILE RISKS

"THE moral hazard feature of automobile underwriting is growing to a point where more information than ever before is being demanded of inspection companies which furnish the information that supplements the daily reports sent in by the agents," we are told by *The Eastern Underwriter*. In particular, "the method by which bootleggers and other undesirable risks are hiding their real vocation behind the occupation smoke-screen they give to the agents is taking on new angles of ingenuity every day." A leading automobile underwriter tells the editor of the New York insurance weekly that among the occupations which the Retail Credit Company and the Hooper-Holmes Bureau are asked to investigate very closely are these: "real estate," "manager," "broker," "housewife," "clerk," "salesman," "retired," "hotel proprietor," "delicatessen," "boarding-house keeper," "actor," and "pool hall." We read on:

The occupation which seems to attract the most attention is that of broker. In the old days it meant somebody down-town in Wall Street. Then along came the insurance broker and the real-estate broker. Nowadays there is a wide area embraced in that occupation, including hijacking and bootlegging.

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says he is "retired," the companies through the inspection companies now want to know from what business he is retired. "Manager" also covers a multitude of activities. Not every delicatessen store now confines itself to delicatessen. The same is true of confectionery stores. When occupation reads "housewife," the company wants to know why insurance is taken out in her name.

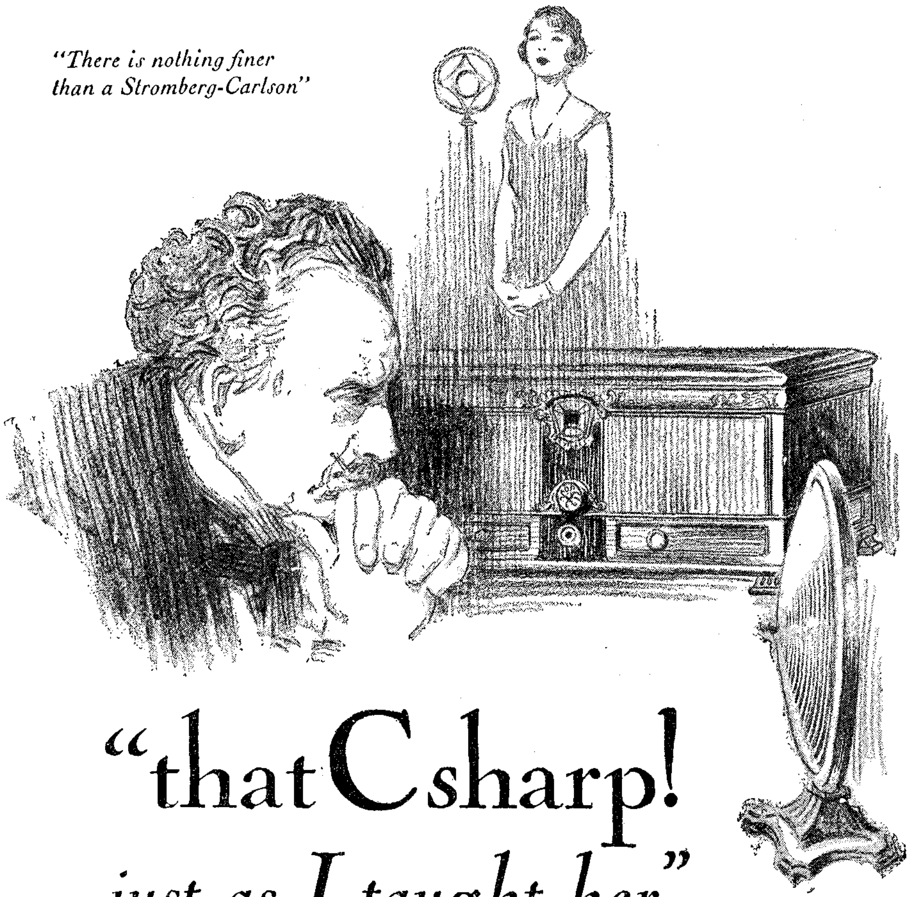
Bayard Holmes of the Hooper-Holmes Bureau says that the moral hazard in automobile insurance has grown tremendously since 1920. In the post-war period, and in the prosperity that went with it, wages went up tremendously, and all sorts of people bought cars. Then wages went down and moral hazard grew. A few years ago Mr. Holmes made a statement that the automobile was the bootleggers' best friend, and he said recently that the situation has not changed a bit, unless the fact that more bootleggers own automobiles is a change.

The Eastern Underwriter then proceeds to devote nearly a column to a list of the questions which the Retail Credit Company of Atlanta has answered in confidential automobile insurance reports. They have to do with such things as the informant's personal knowledge of the assured; the latter's business activities past and present; his income, his character, whether his car "is habitually parked on the street all day or all night"; his capacity and habits as a driver; what other persons drive his car; whether any one who uses the car is suspected of selling or carrying liquor; how the car is used, and similar details.

KING CORN'S NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL SWAY

AT a time when American business men are looking ahead trying to determine the factors that will make for economic stability during the new year, it is worth recording that the corn crop in this country in 1928 amounted to approximately 3,000,000,000 bushels. Corn, as *The Wall Street Journal* (New York) notes, is our largest and most valuable crop. It not only furnishes one of the most important items in our food supply, but also raises the purchasing power of a large part of the farming community. This last point is not always given due weight in business forecasts. *The Wall Street Journal* tells us further:

> It is as true to-day as ever it was that corn is king, and holds sway over a large proportion of the country. Especially in the Middle West or corn-belt States where "farm-relief" has been demanded and prayed for, corn is supreme. The coming of the king last year in such large proportions means real farm-relief for at least a season. It can not do everything and effect a complete and lasting relief in the one season, but it does assure a substantial change in the farm situation and farm business.
>
> Since the first of October corn has made a substantial advance. There has been no wild uprush, but instead there has been a steady upward creep as both domestic and foreign conditions have unfolded, showing the prospect for a heavy demand on the supply. This, of course, adds real value to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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

the corn. In this respect the corn-crib of a farmer of the corn belt is similar to an investor's safety deposit box that holds securities of a corporation whose increasing earning power is adding to their value.

But the price of corn in the crib is the smallest part of the present outlook. The corn belt is also the live-stock belt. The real value of the corn crop is to be measured in the returns to be received from the marketings of live stock and live-stock products. Prices indicate satisfactory returns for the farmers who market their corn through live stock. Taking the live-stock situation as a whole, it is better than at any time since the post-war depression.

The importance of corn as a national and international factor is clearly brought out, and illumined from many angles, in one of the recent *Trade Information Bulletins,* published by the United States Department of Commerce. From it we learn:

For the five-year period, 1923 to 1927, the world production of corn averaged approximately 4,450,000,000 bushels, to which amount the United States contributed 2,750,000,000 bushels. Argentina, the next largest producer, supplied less than one-tenth as much, but the large proportion (about 72 per cent.) of the crop which is exported gives Argentina its position of first importance in the international trade in corn.

The aggregate export shipment from all countries during the last crop years is valued at around $300,000,000. The principal sources of corn entering international trade are Argentina, the countries of the Danube Basin (Roumania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Hungary), the United States, and the Union of South Africa, in the order named, but with Argentina far in the lead. The principal importing area is western Europe, including Great Britain, which receives from 92 to 96 per cent. of the oversea shipments.

Average annual exports of corn from the United States for the calendar years 1923 to 1927, inclusive, as exprest in the approximate grain equivalents, were as follows, by quantity and value: Grain, 21,961,000 bushels, $20,031,000; meal and flour, 1,848,000 bushels, $2,247,000; hominy and grits, 622,000 bushels, $624,000; other corn preparations for table use, 136,000 bushels, $544,000.

Imports of corn into the United States have ranged from 2,000 bushels to 12,368,000 bushels a year during the last forty years, with an annual average of 1,524,400 bushels during that period.

Every State of the Union harvests some corn, but the bulk of the crop is grown on the fertile prairie and bottom lands of eleven States, stretching from Ohio to the Missouri River and beyond. As a rule, these States produce nearly 70 per cent. of the entire crop. The six largest producers among them, commonly referred to as the corn belt (Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Indiana and Ohio), produce about 50 per cent.

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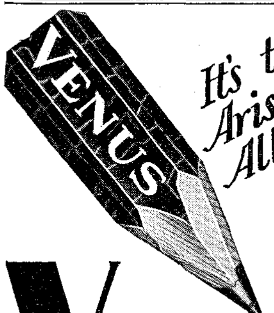

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

December 27.—The texts of treaties recently signed by China with Great Britain, Denmark, Portugal, Holland, and Sweden, as published by the Nationalist Government, follow the general lines of the latest Chinese-American treaty, and recognize unequivocally China's full right to complete tariff autonomy.

December 28.—Gen. Chang Hsueh-liang, who inherited the overlordship of Manchuria from his father, Marshal Chang Tso-lin, announces his acceptance of the authority of the Nationalist Government in China.

Lieut-Com. J. M. Kenworthy, Member of Parliament, addresses to Representative Fred Britten of Illinois, Chairman of the House Naval Committee, a proposal for a joint meeting of representative members of Parliament and of Congress in the early spring to discuss naval limitations and sea laws.

December 30.—The French Chamber of Deputies passes the Poincaré budget, in which, for the third time since 1914, the estimated receipts exceed the expenses.

January 1.—Gen. José Marie Moncada, Liberal, is inaugurated as President of Nicaragua. In his inaugural address he praises American supervision of the election.

DOMESTIC

December 24.—President Coolidge consents to Americans serving on the commission to arrange a settlement of German reparations, with the understanding that they are to be appointed by the six Powers concerned, and are not to be regarded as official representatives of the United States Government.

December 25.—Chester P. Mills, former Prohibition administrator in New York, is announced as winner of the $25,000 prize offered by W. C. Durant for the best 2,000-word plan for making the Eighteenth Amendment effective.

President and Mrs. Coolidge go to Sapelo Island, off the coast of Georgia, as the guests of Howard E. Coffin, for their Christmas vacation.

December 26.—Commander Richard E. Byrd announces by wireless through the New York *Times* that his party has reached the great ice barrier of the Antarctic.

December 27.—Federal Judge William H. Kirkpatrick decides, in a case before him in Philadelphia, that a buyer of liquor from a bootlegger for individual use is guilty of violating the law only if the purchase arrangement includes transportation.

December 29.—The Department of Justice announces the filing of a suit against the Sinclair oil interests to recover the profits made out of the sale of about 20,000,000 barrels of royalty oil taken from the Salt Creek field in Wyoming.

The Paraguayan Government informs its legation in Washington that the plan adopted by the Pan-American Conference on Conciliation and Arbitration to settle the boundary dispute with Bolivia is generally acceptable.

December 31.—Charitable gifts for 1928 amount approximately to $2,330,600,000, according to the estimates of the John Price Jones Corporation, reported through the Associated Press.

A COLD?

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD WHICH

MAKES YOU WANT TO SLINK

UNDER THE BACK PORCH ◆ ◆ ◆

THERE'S STILL ONE CIGARETTE

THAT ALWAYS TASTES GOOD

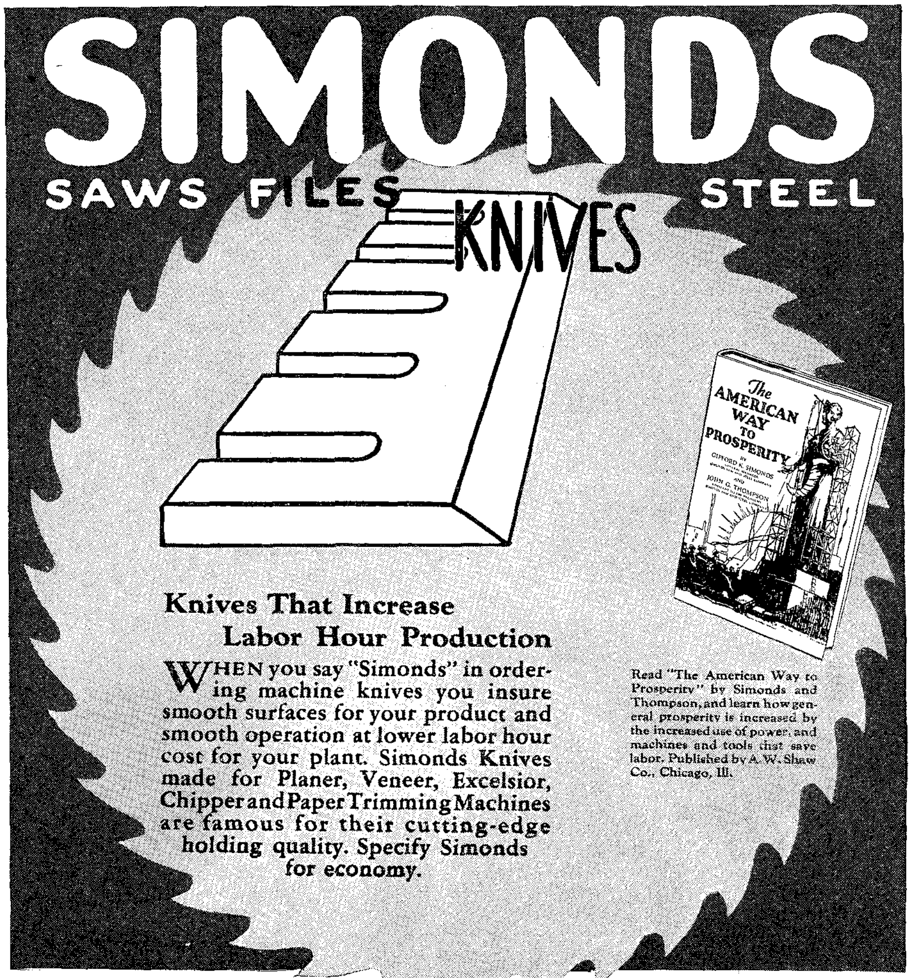
◆

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES-20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.



Knives That Increase Labor Hour Production

WHEN you say "Simonds" in ordering machine knives you insure smooth surfaces for your product and smooth operation at lower labor hour cost for your plant. Simonds Knives made for Planer, Veneer, Excelsior, Chipper and Paper Trimming Machines are famous for their cutting-edge holding quality. Specify Simonds for economy.

Read "The American Way to Prosperity" by Simonds and Thompson, and learn how general prosperity is increased by the increased use of power, and machines and tools that save labor. Published by A. W. Shaw Co., Chicago, Ill.

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
"The Saw Makers" Fitchburg, Mass. *Established 1832*
BRANCH OFFICES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

REST or ROMANCE at ALBUQUERQUE

On The Rio Grande

Where the Rio Grande heads straight toward the south and the border, just where the big ranges of the southern Rockies break up into tremendous mesas, lies Albuquerque, the cosmopolitan little city of the old Southwest. At the gateway to the magic empire of unspoiled New Mexico, the center of a hundred ancient Spanish settlements, forgotten cliff dwellings, Indian pueblos and big ranches, Albuquerque is the very heart of the last of the real West.

On the streets of this fascinating little city you are apt to meet Wall Street bankers, famous artists, travellers, people from home. You will pass blanket-wrapped Indians—Pueblos, Navajos, perhaps Apaches. You will see cowmen in from the range, distinct in boots and sombreros. And you will find metropolitan accommodations for a stay of a day or a year.

Come to Albuquerque now—while the Old West still lingers. Come for a rest in a climate famous for its constant, curative sunshine; come to play or to live in this friendly land. These booklets tell more, and are free. Will you have one of them?

ALBUQUERQUE CIVIC COUNCIL
1005 First National Bank Bldg.,
Albuquerque, New Mexico.
Please send me your booklet—
"Albuquerque for Health" ( )
"Tourist New Mexico" ( )

Name..........

Address..........

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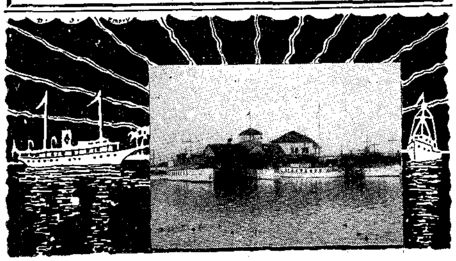

Yachts Riding at Anchor

How many famous people visit Daytona Beach each winter? Count the yachts in the tropical river that bisects the city and you will hit perhaps 10 per cent. Yachtsmen like Daytona Beach. There's good anchorage, for one thing. Unobtrusive hospitality, too. Golf and fishing unsurpassed. Matchless surf, world-renowned speed trials. Talley, Elman and others in concert this season. Address 14-B, Chamber of Commerce.

DAYTONA BEACH FLORIDA
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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Compliment for Somebody.—The puppy is a constant reminder of the giver.—*Ad in the Denver Post.*

Path of Peace.—"I have no luck with women."

"Lucky fellow!"—*Nebelspalter (Zurich).*

Fallen Upstart.—A waste-basket must embitter a circular letter that has crossed the country in a plane.—*Akron Beacon-Journal.*

Pets' Purgatory.—Should, however, the animal be deceased beyond cure they are put out of their misery.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

Holiday Exuberance.—

THANKSGIVING SPIRIT GRIPS CITY
Woman Slugged, Oil Station Robbed.—
—*Head-lines in the Lansing (Mich.) News.*

Angel Island.—A Kansas City young man has been pretty busy lately, trying to decide what ten girls he'd take along to spend the rest of his life on a desert island. —*Kansas City Star.*

Cruelty to a Car.—

AUTO PARKED ON
HIGHWAY STRUCK
BY MORGAN MAN
—*Sterling (Col.) paper.*

Own Up, Mom!—"Mamma, if you had met Colonel Lindbergh before you met pop, would you have married him instead?"

"Why, no, dear, of course not."

"My golly, you're dumb, ma!"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Pleasant Surprize.—Miss Josie Diviny and Fred Browne were married at Hoxie, Kansas, some weeks ago. . . . They are both very highly respected and we did not suspect it until yesterday.—*Wilsonville (Neb.) paper.*

Pedigreed Performer.—In amazement I watched the trained flea do his stunts.

"Did you educate that flea yourself?" I asked the man.

"Yes," he replied proudly, "I raised him from a pup."—*Life.*

When a Kick Is Unwelcome.—It is easy enough to understand why men don't waste any time trying to keep cider sweet, but hard to figure why they don't think it is worth the effort to try to keep their wives that way.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Tickling the Colonel.—It was a dark night at Aldershot, and in the gloom could be heard the sound of an approaching horse.

"Halt! Who goes there?" barked the picket.

"Regimental commander."

"Dismount, sir, and advance to be recognized."

The colonel dismounted and came over to the picket, who presented arms with a snap.

"Proceed, sir!" he said.

As he laboriously got back on his horse, the colonel asked: "By the way, who posted you there?"

"Oh, nobody, sir," replied the picket. "I'm just practising."—*Answers.*

Will He Sit on His Own Case?—Ten violation cards were turned in last week by the schoolboy patrol. One report stated that a car was parked on a coroner.—*Bluefield (W. Va.) paper.*

Might Be Sorrier.—"Thankful? What have I got to be thankful for? I can't even pay my bills."

"Why, man, be thankful that you are not one of your creditors."—*Montreal Star.*

Just His Size.—"Got anything snappy in rubber bands?" asked the boy from the big town.

"No," said the salesgirl sweetly, "but we've got something awfully catchy in fly paper."—*Capper's Weekly.*

Changing the Flavor.—WIFE—"Don't you think I have put too much salt in the soup, dear?"

MODEL HUSBAND—"Not at all, darling, there is, perhaps, a little too little soup for the salt, that is all."—*London Passing Show.*

Wrong Pasteboards.—MRS. HENPECK (sarcastically)—"I suppose you've been to see a sick friend—holding his hand all evening!"

MR. HENPECK (sadly)—"If I'd been holding his hands I'd have made some money."—*Jester.*

Early Crime Wave.—Sabbath—An evidence of the immorality of this community was perceptible on the Scioto yesterday. Between 1,000 and 2,000 people of both sexes were out in the afternoon skating and sliding on the ice.—*Ohio State Journal, quoting its own issue of December 16, 1865.*

Sign on the Dotted Line.—

MR..................................

regrets exceedingly
his deplorable conduct while a guest
at your
☐ Dance ☐ Party
last.............................. evening
and humbly craves your pardon
for the
Breach of Etiquette
checked in the column inside

- ☐ Striking hostess with bottle.
- ☐ Spanking hostess or female guests.
- ☐ Riding to hounds in drawing-room.
- ☐ Riding to hounds in ballroom.
- ☐ Excessive screaming.
- ☐ Frequent absence from party.
- ☐ Protracted absence from party.
- ☐ Extreme inebriation.
- ☐ Excessive destruction of furniture.
- ☐ Complete loss of equilibrium.
- ☐ Partial loss of equilibrium.
- ☐ Throwing glasses.
- ☐ Insulting guests.
- ☐ Indiscreet petting.
- ☐ Nausea.

—*Social form letter issued in New York.*